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Winter Animals

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Walden, and On The Duty Of Civil Disobedience*, by Henry David Thoreau

When the ponds were firmly frozen, they afforded not only new and shorter routes to many points, but new views from their surfaces of the familiar landscape around them. When I crossed Flint's Pond, after it was covered with snow, though I had often paddled about and skated over it, it was so unexpectedly wide and so strange that I could think of nothing but Baffin's Bay. The Lincoln hills rose up around me at the extremity of a snowy plain, in which I did not remember to have stood before; and the fishermen, at an indeterminable distance over the ice, moving slowly about with their wolfish dogs, passed for sealers, or Esquimaux, or in misty weather loomed like fabulous creatures, and I did not know whether they were giants or pygmies. I took this course when I went to lecture in Lincoln in the evening, travelling in no road and passing no house between my own hut and the lecture room. In Goose Pond, which lay in my way, a colony of muskrats dwelt, and raised their cabins high above the ice, though none could be seen abroad when I crossed it. Walden, being like the rest usually bare of snow, or with only shallow and interrupted drifts on it, was my yard where I could walk freely when the snow was nearly two feet deep on a level elsewhere and the villagers were confined to their streets. There, far from the village street, and except at very long intervals, from the jingle of sleigh-bells, I slid and skated, as in a vast moose-yard well trodden, overhung by oak woods and solemn pines bent down with snow or bristling with icicles.

For sounds in winter nights, and often in winter days, I heard the forlorn but melodious note of a hooting owl indefinitely far; such a sound as the frozen earth would yield if struck with a suitable plectrum, the very lingua vernacula of Walden Wood, and quite familiar to me at last, though I never saw the bird while it was making it. I seldom opened my door in a winter evening without hearing it; Hoo hoo hoo, hoorer, hoo, sounded sonorously, and the first three syllables accented somewhat like how der do; or sometimes hoo, hoo only. One night in the beginning of winter, before the pond froze over, about nine o'clock, I was startled by the loud honking of a goose, and, stepping to the door, heard the sound of their wings like a tempest in the woods as they flew low over my house. They passed over the pond toward Fair Haven, seemingly deterred from settling by my light, their commodore honking all the while with a regular beat. Suddenly an unmistakable cat-owl from very near me, with the most harsh and tremendous voice I ever heard from any inhabitant of the woods, responded at regular intervals to the goose, as if determined to expose and disgrace this intruder from Hudson's Bay by exhibiting a greater compass and volume of voice in a native, and boo-hoo him out of Concord horizon. What do you mean by alarming the citadel at this time of night consecrated to me? Do

you think I am ever caught napping at such an hour, and that I have not got lungs and a larynx as well as yourself? Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo! It was one of the most thrilling discords I ever heard. And yet, if you had a discriminating ear, there were in it the elements of a concord such as these plains never saw nor heard.

I also heard the whooping of the ice in the pond, my great bed-fellow in that part of Concord, as if it were restless in its bed and would fain turn over, were troubled with flatulency and had dreams; or I was waked by the cracking of the ground by the frost, as if some one had driven a team against my door, and in the morning would find a crack in the earth a quarter of a mile long and a third of an inch wide.

Sometimes I heard the foxes as they ranged over the snow-crust, in moonlight nights, in search of a partridge or other game, barking raggedly and demoniacally like forest dogs, as if laboring with some anxiety, or seeking expression, struggling for light and to be dogs outright and run freely in the streets; for if we take the ages into our account, may there not be a civilization going on among brutes as well as men? They seemed to me to be rudimental, burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation. Sometimes one came near to my window, attracted by my light, barked a vulpine curse at me, and then retreated.

Usually the red squirrel (*Sciurus Hudsonius*) waked me in the dawn, coursing over the roof and up and down the sides of the house, as if sent out of the woods for this purpose. In the course of the winter I threw out half a bushel of ears of sweet corn, which had not got ripe, on to the snow-crust by my door, and was amused by watching the motions of the various animals which were baited by it. In the twilight and the night the rabbits came regularly and made a hearty meal. All day long the red squirrels came and went, and afforded me much entertainment by their manoeuvres. One would approach at first warily through the shrub oaks, running over the snow-crust by fits and starts like a leaf blown by the wind, now a few paces this way, with wonderful speed and waste of energy, making inconceivable haste with his "trotters," as if it were for a wager, and now as many paces that way, but never getting on more than half a rod at a time; and then suddenly pausing with a ludicrous expression and a gratuitous somerset, as if all the eyes in the universe were eyed on him--for all the motions of a squirrel, even in the most solitary recesses of the forest, imply spectators as much as those of a dancing girl--wasting more time in delay and circumspection than would have sufficed to walk the whole distance -- before you could say Jack Robinson, he would be in the top of a young pitch pine, winding up his clock and chiding all imaginary spectators, soliloquizing and talking to all the universe at the same time--for no reason that I could ever detect, or he himself was aware of, I suspect. At length he would reach the corn, and selecting a suitable ear, frisk about in the same uncertain trigonometrical way to the topmost stick of my wood-pile, before my window, where he looked me in the face, and there sit for hours, supplying himself with a new ear from time to time, nibbling at first voraciously and throwing the half-naked cobs about; till at length he grew more dainty still and played with his food, tasting only the inside of the kernel, and the ear, which was held balanced over the stick by one paw, slipped from

his careless grasp and fell to the ground, when he would look over at it with a ludicrous expression of uncertainty, as if suspecting that it had life, with a mind not made up whether to get it again, or a new one, or be off; now thinking of corn, then listening to hear what was in the wind. So the little impudent fellow would waste many an ear in a forenoon; till at last, seizing some longer and plumper one, considerably bigger than himself, and skilfully balancing it, he would set out with it to the woods, like a tiger with a buffalo, by the same zig-zag course and frequent pauses, scratching along with it as if it were too heavy for him and falling all the while, making its fall a diagonal between a perpendicular and horizontal, being determined to put it through at any rate;--a singularly frivolous and whimsical fellow;--and so he would get off with it to where he lived, perhaps carry it to the top of a pine tree forty or fifty rods distant, and I would afterwards find the cobs strewn about the woods in various directions.

At length the jays arrive, whose discordant screams were heard long before, as they were warily making their approach an eighth of a mile off, and in a stealthy and sneaking manner they flit from tree to tree, nearer and nearer, and pick up the kernels which the squirrels have dropped. Then, sitting on a pitch pine bough, they attempt to swallow in their haste a kernel which is too big for their throats and chokes them; and after great labor they disgorge it, and spend an hour in the endeavor to crack it by repeated blows with their bills. They were manifestly thieves, and I had not much respect for them; but the squirrels, though at first shy, went to work as if they were taking what was their own.

Meanwhile also came the chickadees in flocks, which, picking up the crumbs the squirrels had dropped, flew to the nearest twig and, placing them under their claws, hammered away at them with their little bills, as if it were an insect in the bark, till they were sufficiently reduced for their slender throats. A little flock of these titmice came daily to pick a dinner out of my woodpile, or the crumbs at my door, with faint flitting lisping notes, like the tinkling of icicles in the grass, or else with sprightly day day day, or more rarely, in spring-like days, a wiry summery phe-be from the woodside. They were so familiar that at length one alighted on an armful of wood which I was carrying in, and pecked at the sticks without fear. I once had a sparrow alight upon my shoulder for a moment while I was hoeing in a village garden, and I felt that I was more distinguished by that circumstance than I should have been by any epaulet I could have worn. The squirrels also grew at last to be quite familiar, and occasionally stepped upon my shoe, when that was the nearest way.

When the ground was not yet quite covered, and again near the end of winter, when the snow was melted on my south hillside and about my wood-pile, the partridges came out of the woods morning and evening to feed there. Whichever side you walk in the woods the partridge bursts away on whirring wings, jarring the snow from the dry leaves and twigs on high, which comes sifting down in the sunbeams like golden dust, for this brave bird is not to be scared by winter. It is frequently covered up by drifts, and, it is said, "sometimes plunges from on wing into the soft snow, where it remains concealed for a day or two." I used to start

them in the open land also, where they had come out of the woods at sunset to "bud" the wild apple trees. They will come regularly every evening to particular trees, where the cunning sportsman lies in wait for them, and the distant orchards next the woods suffer thus not a little. I am glad that the partridge gets fed, at any rate. It is Nature's own bird which lives on buds and diet drink.

In dark winter mornings, or in short winter afternoons, I sometimes heard a pack of hounds threading all the woods with hounding cry and yelp, unable to resist the instinct of the chase, and the note of the hunting-horn at intervals, proving that man was in the rear. The woods ring again, and yet no fox bursts forth on to the open level of the pond, nor following pack pursuing their Actaeon. And perhaps at evening I see the hunters returning with a single brush trailing from their sleigh for a trophy, seeking their inn. They tell me that if the fox would remain in the bosom of the frozen earth he would be safe, or if he would run in a straight line away no foxhound could overtake him; but, having left his pursuers far behind, he stops to rest and listen till they come up, and when he runs he circles round to his old haunts, where the hunters await him. Sometimes, however, he will run upon a wall many rods, and then leap off far to one side, and he appears to know that water will not retain his scent. A hunter told me that he once saw a fox pursued by hounds burst out on to Walden when the ice was covered with shallow puddles, run part way across, and then return to the same shore. Ere long the hounds arrived, but here they lost the scent. Sometimes a pack hunting by themselves would pass my door, and circle round my house, and yelp and hound without regarding me, as if afflicted by a species of madness, so that nothing could divert them from the pursuit. Thus they circle until they fall upon the recent trail of a fox, for a wise hound will forsake everything else for this. One day a man came to my hut from Lexington to inquire after his hound that made a large track, and had been hunting for a week by himself. But I fear that he was not the wiser for all I told him, for every time I attempted to answer his questions he interrupted me by asking, "What do you do here?" He had lost a dog, but found a man.

One old hunter who has a dry tongue, who used to come to bathe in Walden once every year when the water was warmest, and at such times looked in upon me, told me that many years ago he took his gun one afternoon and went out for a cruise in Walden Wood; and as he walked the Wayland road he heard the cry of hounds approaching, and ere long a fox leaped the wall into the road, and as quick as thought leaped the other wall out of the road, and his swift bullet had not touched him. Some way behind came an old hound and her three pups in full pursuit, hunting on their own account, and disappeared again in the woods. Late in the afternoon, as he was resting in the thick woods south of Walden, he heard the voice of the hounds far over toward Fair Haven still pursuing the fox; and on they came, their hounding cry which made all the woods ring sounding nearer and nearer, now from Well Meadow, now from the Baker Farm. For a long time he stood still and listened to their music, so sweet to a hunter's ear, when suddenly the fox appeared, threading the solemn aisles with an easy coursing pace, whose sound was concealed by a sympathetic rustle of the leaves, swift and still, keeping the round, leaving his pursuers far behind; and, leaping upon a rock amid the woods, he sat erect and listening, with his back to the hunter. For

a moment compassion restrained the latter's arm; but that was a short-lived mood, and as quick as thought can follow thought his piece was levelled, and whang!--the fox, rolling over the rock, lay dead on the ground. The hunter still kept his place and listened to the hounds. Still on they came, and now the near woods resounded through all their aisles with their demoniac cry. At length the old hound burst into view with muzzle to the ground, and snapping the air as if possessed, and ran directly to the rock; but, spying the dead fox, she suddenly ceased her hounding as if struck dumb with amazement, and walked round and round him in silence; and one by one her pups arrived, and, like their mother, were sobered into silence by the mystery. Then the hunter came forward and stood in their midst, and the mystery was solved. They waited in silence while he skinned the fox, then followed the brush a while, and at length turned off into the woods again. That evening a Weston squire came to the Concord hunter's cottage to inquire for his hounds, and told how for a week they had been hunting on their own account from Weston woods. The Concord hunter told him what he knew and offered him the skin; but the other declined it and departed. He did not find his hounds that night, but the next day learned that they had crossed the river and put up at a farmhouse for the night, whence, having been well fed, they took their departure early in the morning.

The hunter who told me this could remember one Sam Nutting, who used to hunt bears on Fair Haven Ledges, and exchange their skins for rum in Concord village; who told him, even, that he had seen a moose there. Nutting had a famous foxhound named Burgoyne--he pronounced it Bugine--which my informant used to borrow. In the "Wast Book" of an old trader of this town, who was also a captain, town-clerk, and representative, I find the following entry. Jan. 18th, 1742-3, "John Melven Cr. by 1 Grey Fox 0--2--3"; they are not now found here; and in his ledger, Feb, 7th, 1743, Hezekiah Stratton has credit "by 1/2 a Catt skin 0--1--4+"; of course, a wild-cat, for Stratton was a sergeant in the old French war, and would not have got credit for hunting less noble game. Credit is given for deerskins also, and they were daily sold. One man still preserves the horns of the last deer that was killed in this vicinity, and another has told me the particulars of the hunt in which his uncle was engaged. The hunters were formerly a numerous and merry crew here. I remember well one gaunt Nimrod who would catch up a leaf by the roadside and play a strain on it wilder and more melodious, if my memory serves me, than any hunting-horn.

At midnight, when there was a moon, I sometimes met with hounds in my path prowling about the woods, which would skulk out of my way, as if afraid, and stand silent amid the bushes till I had passed.

Squirrels and wild mice disputed for my store of nuts. There were scores of pitch pines around my house, from one to four inches in diameter, which had been gnawed by mice the previous winter--a Norwegian winter for them, for the snow lay long and deep, and they were obliged to mix a large proportion of pine bark with their other diet. These trees were alive and apparently flourishing at midsummer, and many of them had grown a foot, though completely girdled; but after another winter such were without exception dead. It is remarkable that a single mouse should thus be allowed a whole pine tree for its dinner, gnawing round instead of up and down it; but perhaps it is necessary in order to thin these

trees, which are wont to grow up densely.

The hares (*Lepus Americanus*) were very familiar. One had her form under my house all winter, separated from me only by the flooring, and she startled me each morning by her hasty departure when I began to stir--thump, thump, thump, striking her head against the floor timbers in her hurry. They used to come round my door at dusk to nibble the potato parings which I had thrown out, and were so nearly the color of the ground that they could hardly be distinguished when still. Sometimes in the twilight I alternately lost and recovered sight of one sitting motionless under my window. When I opened my door in the evening, off they would go with a squeak and a bounce. Near at hand they only excited my pity. One evening one sat by my door two paces from me, at first trembling with fear, yet unwilling to move; a poor wee thing, lean and bony, with ragged ears and sharp nose, scant tail and slender paws. It looked as if Nature no longer contained the breed of nobler bloods, but stood on her last toes. Its large eyes appeared young and unhealthy, almost dropsical. I took a step, and lo, away it scud with an elastic spring over the snow-crust, straightening its body and its limbs into graceful length, and soon put the forest between me and itself--the wild free venison, asserting its vigor and the dignity of Nature. Not without reason was its slenderness. Such then was its nature. (*Lepus, levipes, light-foot*, some think.)

What is a country without rabbits and partridges? They are among the most simple and indigenous animal products; ancient and venerable families known to antiquity as to modern times; of the very hue and substance of Nature, nearest allied to leaves and to the ground--and to one another; it is either winged or it is legged. It is hardly as if you had seen a wild creature when a rabbit or a partridge bursts away, only a natural one, as much to be expected as rustling leaves. The partridge and the rabbit are still sure to thrive, like true natives of the soil, whatever revolutions occur. If the forest is cut off, the sprouts and bushes which spring up afford them concealment, and they become more numerous than ever. That must be a poor country indeed that does not support a hare. Our woods teem with them both, and around every swamp may be seen the partridge or rabbit walk, beset with twiggy fences and horse-hair snares, which some cow-boy tends.

WOOL CULTURE AND SPINNING

Project Gutenberg's *Home Life in Colonial Days*, by Alice Morse Earle
With a Postscript on Cotton

The art of spinning was an honorable occupation for women as early as the ninth century; and it was so universal that it furnished a legal title by which an unmarried woman is known to this day. Spinster is the only one of all her various womanly titles that survives; webster, shepster, litster, brewster, and baxter are obsolete. The occupations are also obsolete save those indicated by shepster and baxter--that is, the cutting out of cloth and baking of bread; these are the only duties among them all that she still performs.

The wool industry dates back to prehistoric man. The patience, care, and skill involved in its manufacture have ever exercised a potent influence on civilization. It is, therefore, interesting and gratifying to note the intelligent eagerness of our first colonists for wool culture. It was quickly and proudly noted of towns and of individuals as a proof of their rapid and substantial progress that they could carry on any of the steps of the cloth industry. Good Judge Sewall piously exulted when Brother Moody started a successful fulling-mill in Boston. Johnson in his *Wonder-working Providence* tells with pride that by 1654 New Englanders "have a fulling-mill and caused their little ones to be very dilligent in spinning cotton-woole, many of them having been clothiers in England." This has ever seemed to me one of the fortunate conditions that tended to the marked success of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, that so many had been "clothiers" or cloth-workers in England; or had come from shires in England where wool was raised and cloth made, and hence knew the importance of the industry as well as its practical workings.

As early as 1643 the author of *New England's First Fruits* wrote: "They are making linens, fustians, dimities, and look immediately to woollens from their own sheep." Johnson estimated the number of sheep in the colony of Massachusetts, about 1644, as three thousand. Soon the great wheel was whirring in every New England house. The raising of sheep was encouraged in every way. They were permitted to graze on the commons; it was forbidden to send them from the colony; no sheep under two years old could be killed to sell; if a dog killed a sheep, the dog's owner must hang him and pay double the cost of the sheep. All persons who were not employed in other ways, as single women, girls, and boys, were required to spin. Each family must contain one spinner. These spinners were formed into divisions or "squadrons" of ten persons; each division had a director. There were no drones in this hive; neither the wealth nor high station of parents excused children from this work. Thus all were levelled to one kind of labor, and by this levelling all were also elevated to independence. When the open expression of revolt came, the homespun industries seemed a firm rock for the foundation of liberty. People joined in agreements to eat no lamb or mutton, that thus sheep might be preserved, and to wear no imported woollen cloth. They gave prizes for spinning and weaving.

Great encouragement was given in Virginia in early days to the raising and manufacture of wool. The Assembly estimated that five children not over thirteen years of age could by their work readily spin and weave enough to keep thirty persons clothed. Six pounds of tobacco was paid to any one bringing to the county court-house where he resided a yard of homespun woollen cloth, made wholly in his family; twelve pounds of tobacco were offered for reward for a dozen pair of woollen hose knitted at home. Slaves were taught to spin; and wool-wheels and wool-cards are found by the eighteenth century on every inventory of planters' house furnishings.

The Pennsylvania settlers were early in the encouragement of wool manufacture. The present industry of hosiery and knit goods long known as Germantown goods began with the earliest settlers of that Pennsylvania town. Stocking-weavers were there certainly as early as 1723; and it is asserted there were knitting-machines. At any rate, one

Mack, the son of the founder of the Dunkers, made "leg stockings" and gloves. Rev. Andrew Burnaby, who was in Germantown in 1759, told of a great manufacture of stockings at that date. In 1777 it was said that a hundred Germantown stocking-weavers were out of employment through the war. Still it was not till 1850 that patents for knitting-machines were taken out there.

Among the manufactures of the province of Pennsylvania in 1698 were druggets, serges, and coverlets; and among the registered tradesmen were dyers, fullers, comb-makers, card-makers, weavers, and spinners. The Swedish colony as early as 1673 had the wives and daughters "employing themselves in spinning wool and flax and many in weaving." The fairs instituted by William Penn for the encouragement of domestic manufactures and trade in general, which were fostered by Franklin and continued till 1775, briskly stimulated wool and flax manufacture.

In 1765 and in 1775 rebellious Philadelphians banded together with promises not to eat or suffer to be eaten in their families any lamb or "meat of the mutton kind"; in this the Philadelphia butchers, patriotic and self-sacrificing, all joined. A wool-factory was built and fitted up and an appeal made to the women to save the state. In a month four hundred wool-spinners were at work. But the war cut off the supply of raw material, and the manufacture languished. In 1790, after the war, fifteen hundred sets of irons for spinning-wheels were sold from one shop, and mechanics everywhere were making looms.

New Yorkers were not behindhand in industry. Lord Cornbury wrote home to England, in 1705, that he "had seen serge made upon Long Island that any man might wear; they make very good linen for common use; as for Woollen I think they have brought that to too great perfection."

In Cornbury's phrase, "too great perfection," may be found the key for all the extraordinary and apparently stupid prohibitions and restrictions placed by the mother-country on colonial wool manufacture. The growth of the woollen industry in any colony was regarded at once by England with jealous eyes. Wool was the pet industry and principal staple of Great Britain; and well it might be, for until the reign of Henry VIII. English garments from head to foot were wholly of wool, even the shoes. Wool was also received in England as currency. Thomas Fuller said, "The wealth of our nation is folded up in broadcloth." Therefore, the Crown, aided by the governors of the provinces, sought to maintain England's monopoly by regulating and reducing the culture of wool in America through prohibiting the exportation to England of any American wool or woollen materials. In 1699 all vessels sailing to England from the colonies were prohibited taking on board any "Wool, Woolfells, Shortlings, Moslings, Wool Flocks, Worsteds, Bays, Bay or Woollen Yarn, Cloath, Serge, Kersey, Says, Frizes, Druggets, Shalloons, etc."; and an arbitrary law was passed prohibiting the transportation of home-made woollens from one American province to another. These laws were never fully observed and never checked the culture and manufacture of wool in this country. Hence our colonies were spared the cruel fate by which England's same policy paralyzed and obliterated in a few years the glorious wool industry of Ireland. Luckily for us, it is further across the Atlantic Ocean than across St. George's Channel.

The "all-wool goods a yard wide," which we so easily purchase to-day, meant to the colonial dame or daughter the work of many weeks and months, from the time when the fleeces were first given to her deft hands. Fleeces had to be opened with care, and have all pitched or tarred locks, dag-locks, brands, and feltings cut out. These cuttings were not wasted, but were spun into coarse yarn. The white locks were carefully tossed and separated and tied into net bags with tallies to be dyed. Another homely saying, "dyed in the wool," showed a process of much skill. Blue, in all shades, was the favorite color, and was dyed with indigo. So great was the demand for this dye-stuff that indigo-pedlers travelled over the country selling it.

Madder, cochineal, and logwood dyed beautiful reds. The bark of red oak or hickory made very pretty shades of brown and yellow. Various flowers growing on the farm could be used for dyes. The flower of the goldenrod, when pressed of its juice, mixed with indigo, and added to alum, made a beautiful green. The juice of the pokeberry boiled with alum made crimson dye, and a violet juice from the petals of the iris, or "flower-de-luce," that blossomed in June meadows, gave a delicate light purple tinge to white wool.

The bark of the sassafras was used for dyeing yellow or orange color, and the flowers and leaves of the balsam also. Fustic and copperas gave yellow dyes. A good black was obtained by boiling woollen cloth with a quantity of the leaves of the common field-sorrel, then boiling again with logwood and copperas.

In the South there were scores of flowers and leaves that could be used for dyes. During the Revolutionary War one enterprising South Carolinian got a guinea a pound for a yellow dye he made from the sweet-leaf or horse-laurel. The leaves and berries of gall-berry bush made a good black much used by hatters and weavers. The root of the barberry gave wool a beautiful yellow, as did the leaves of the devil's-bit. The petals of Jerusalem artichoke and St.-John's-wort dyed yellow. Yellow root is a significant name and reveals its use: oak, walnut, or maple bark dyed brown. Often the woven cloth was dyed, not the wool.

The next process was carding; the wool was first greased with rape oil or "melted swine's grease," which had to be thoroughly worked in; about three pounds of grease were put into ten pounds of wool. Wool-cards were rectangular pieces of thin board, with a simple handle on the back or at the side; to this board was fastened a smaller rectangle of strong leather, set thick with slightly bent wire teeth, like a coarse brush. The carder took one card with her left hand, and resting it on her knee, drew a tuft of wool across it several times, until a sufficient quantity of fibre had been caught upon the wire teeth. She then drew the second wool-card, which had to be warmed, across the first several times, until the fibres were brushed parallel by all these "tummings." Then by a deft and catchy motion the wool was rolled or carded into small fleecy rolls which were then ready for spinning.

Wool-combs were shaped like the letter T, with about thirty long steel teeth from ten to eighteen inches long set at right angles with the top of the T. The wool was carefully placed on one comb, and with careful strokes the other comb laid the long staple smooth for hard-twisted

spinning. It was tedious and slow work, and a more skilful operation than carding; and the combs had to be kept constantly heated; but no machine-combing ever equalled hand-combing. There was a good deal of waste in this combing, that is, large clumps of tangled wool called noil were combed out. They were not really wasted, we may be sure, by our frugal ancestors, but were spun into coarse yarn.

An old author says: "The action of spinning must be learned by practice, not by relation." Sung by the poets, the grace and beauty of the occupation has ever shared praise with its utility.

Wool-spinning was truly one of the most flexible and alert series of movements in the world, and to its varied and graceful poises our grandmothers may owe part of the dignity of carriage that was so characteristic of them. The spinner stood slightly leaning forward, lightly poised on the ball of the left foot; with her left hand she picked up from the platform of the wheel a long slender roll of the soft carded wool about as large round as the little finger, and deftly wound the end of the fibres on the point of the spindle. She then gave a gentle motion to the wheel with a wooden peg held in her right hand, and seized with the left the roll at exactly the right distance from the spindle to allow for one "drawing." Then the hum of the wheel rose to a sound like the echo of wind; she stepped backward quickly, one, two, three steps, holding high the long yarn as it twisted and quivered. Suddenly she glided forward with even, graceful stride and let the yarn wind on the swift spindle. Another pinch of the wool-roll, a new turn of the wheel, and _da capo_.

The wooden peg held by the spinner deserves a short description; it served the purpose of an elongated finger, and was called a driver, wheel-peg, etc. It was about nine inches long, an inch or so in diameter; and at about an inch from the end was slightly grooved in order that it might surely catch the spoke and thus propel the wheel.

It was a good day's work for a quick, active spinner to spin six skeins of yarn a day. It was estimated that to do that with her quick backward and forward steps she walked over _twenty miles_.

The yarn might be wound directly upon the wooden spindle as it was spun, or at the end of the spindle might be placed a spool or broach which twisted with the revolving spindle, and held the new-spun yarn. This broach was usually simply a stiff roll of paper, a corn-cob, or a roll of corn-husk. When the ball of yarn was as large as the broach would hold, the spinner placed wooden pegs in certain holes in the spokes of her spinning-wheel and tied the end of the yarn to one peg. Then she took off the belt of her wheel and whirled the big wheel swiftly round, thus winding the yarn on the pegs into hanks or clews two yards in circumference, which were afterwards tied with a loop of yarn into knots of forty threads; while seven of these knots made a skein. The clock-reel was used for winding yarn, also a triple reel.

The yarn might be wound from the spindle into skeins in another way,--by using a hand-reel, an implement which really did exist in every farmhouse, though the dictionaries are ignorant of it, as they are of its universal folk-name, niddy-noddy. This is fortunately preserved in

an every-day domestic riddle:--

"Niddy-noddy, niddy-noddy,
Two heads and one body."

The three pieces of these niddy-noddys were set together at curious angles, and are here shown rather than described in words. Holding the reel in the left hand by seizing the central "body" or rod, the yarn was wound from end to end of the reel, by an odd, waving, wobbling motion, into knots and skeins of the same size as by the first process described. One of these niddy-noddys was owned by Nabby Marshall of Deerfield, who lived to be one hundred and four years old. The other was brought from Ireland in 1733 by Hugh Maxwell, father of the Revolutionary patriot Colonel Maxwell. As it was at a time of English prohibitions and restrictions of American manufactures, this niddy-noddy, as an accessory and promoter of colonial wool manufacture, was smuggled into the country.

Sometimes the woollen yarn was spun twice; especially if a close, hard-twisted thread was desired, to be woven into a stiff, wiry cloth. When there were two, the first spinning was called a roving. The single spinning was usually deemed sufficient to furnish yarn for knitting, where softness and warmth were the desired requisites.

It was the pride of a good spinster to spin the finest yarn, and one Mistress Mary Prigge spun a pound of wool into fifty hanks of eighty-four thousand yards; in all, nearly forty-eight miles. If the yarn was to be knitted, it had to be washed and cleansed. The wife of Colonel John May, a prominent man in Boston, wrote in her diary for one day:--

"A large kettle of yarn to attend upon. Lucretia and self rinse, scour through many waters, get out, dry, attend to, bring in, do up and sort 110 score of yarn; this with baking and ironing. Then went to hackling flax."

It should be remembered that all those bleaching processes, the wringing out and rinsing in various waters, were far more wearisome than they would be to-day, for the water had to be carried laboriously in pails and buckets, and drawn with pumps and well-sweeps; there were no pipes and conduits. Happy the household that had a running brook near the kitchen door.

Of course all these operations and manipulations usually occupied many weeks and months, but they could be accomplished in a much shorter time. When President Nott of Union College, and his brother Samuel, the famous preacher, were boys on a stony farm in Connecticut, one of the brothers needed a new suit of clothes, and as the father was sick there was neither money nor wool in the house. The mother sheared some half-grown fleece from her sheep, and in less than a week the boy wore it as clothing. The shivering and generous sheep were protected by wrappings of braided straw. During the Revolution, it is said that in a day and a night a mother and her daughters in Townsend, Massachusetts, sheared a black and a white sheep, carded from the fleece a gray wool, spun, wove, cut and made a suit of clothes for a boy to wear off to fight for

liberty.

The wool industry easily furnished home occupation to an entire family. Often by the bright firelight in the early evening every member of the household might be seen at work on the various stages of wool manufacture or some of its necessary adjuncts, and varied and cheerful industrial sounds fill the room. The old grandmother, at light and easy work, is carding the wool into fleecy rolls, seated next the fire; for, as the ballad says, "she was old and saw right dimly." The mother, stepping as lightly as one of her girls, spins the rolls into woollen yarn on the great wheel. The oldest daughter sits at the clock-reel, whose continuous buzz and occasional click mingles with the humming rise and fall of the wool-wheel, and the irritating scratch, scratch, of the cards. A little girl at a small wheel is filling quills with woollen yarn for the loom, not a skilled work; the irregular sound shows her intermittent industry. The father is setting fresh teeth in a wool-card, while the boys are whittling hand-reels and loom-spools.

One of the household implements used in wool manufacture, the wool-card, deserves a short special history as well as a description. In early days the leather back of the wool-card was pierced with an awl by hand; the wire teeth were cut off from a length of wire, were slightly bent, and set and clinched one by one. These cards were laboriously made by many persons at home, for their household use. As early as 1667 wire was made in Massachusetts; and its chief use was for wool-cards. By Revolutionary times it was realized that the use of wool-cards was almost the mainspring of the wool industry, and £100 bounty was offered by Massachusetts for card-wire made in the state from iron mined in what they called then the "United American States." In 1784 a machine was invented by an American which would cut and bend thirty-six thousand wire teeth an hour. Another machine pierced the leather backs. This gave a new employment to women and children at home and some spending-money. They would get boxes of the bent wire teeth and bundles of the leather backs from the factories and would set the teeth in the backs while sitting around the open fire in the evening. They did this work, too, while visiting--spending an afternoon; and it was an unconscious and diverting work like knitting; scholars set wool-cards while studying, and schoolmistresses while teaching. This method of manufacture was superseded fifteen years later by a machine invented by Amos Whittemore, which held, cut, and pierced the leather, drew the wire from a reel, cut and bent a looped tooth, set it, bent it, fastened the leather on the back, and speedily turned out a fully made card. John Randolph said this machine had everything but an immortal soul. By this time spinning and weaving machinery began to crowd out home work, and the machine-made cards were needed to keep up with the increased demand. At last machines crowded into every department of cloth manufacture; and after carding-machines were invented in England--great rollers set with card-teeth--they were set up in many mills throughout the United States.

Families soon sent all their wool to these mills to be carded even when it was spun and woven at home. It was sent rolled up in a homespun sheet or blanket pinned with thorns; and the carded rolls ready for spinning were brought home in the same way, and made a still bigger bundle which was light in weight for its size. Sometimes a red-cheeked farmer's lass would be seen riding home from the carding-mill, through New England

woods or along New England lanes, with a bundle of carded wool towering up behind her bigger than her horse.

Of the use and manufacture of cotton I will speak very shortly. Our greatest, cheapest, most indispensable fibre is also our latest one. It never formed one of the homespun industries of the colonies; in fact, it was never an article of extended domestic manufacture.

A little cotton was always used in early days for stuffing bedquilts, petticoats, warriors' armor, and similar purposes. It was bought by the pound, East India cotton, in small quantities; the seeds were picked out one by one, by hand; it was carded on wool-cards, and spun into a rather intractable yarn which was used as warp for linsey-woolsey and rag carpets. Even in England no cotton weft, no all-cotton fabrics, were made till after 1760, till Hargreave's time. Sometimes a twisted yarn was made of one thread of cotton and one of wool which was knit into durable stockings. Cotton sewing-thread was unknown in England. Pawtucket women named Wilkinson made the first cotton thread on their home spinning-wheels in 1792.

Cotton was planted in America, Bancroft says, in 1621, but MacMaster asserts it was never seen growing here till after the Revolution save as a garden ornament with garden flowers. This assertion seems oversweeping when Jefferson could write in a letter in 1786:--

"The four southermost States make a great deal of cotton. Their poor are almost entirely clothed with it in winter and summer. In winter they wear shirts of it and outer clothing of cotton and wool mixed. In summer their shirts are linen, but the outer clothing cotton. The dress of the women is almost entirely of cotton, manufactured by themselves, except the richer class, and even many of these wear a great deal of homespun cotton. It is as well manufactured as the calicoes of Europe."

Still cotton was certainly not a staple of consequence. We were the last to enter the list of cotton-producing countries and we have surpassed them all.

The difficulty of removing the seeds from the staple practically thrust cotton out of common use. In India a primitive and cumbersome set of rollers called a churka partially cleaned India cotton. A Yankee schoolmaster, Eli Whitney, set King Cotton on a throne by his invention of the cotton-gin in 1792. This comparatively simple but inestimable invention completely revolutionized cloth manufacture in England and America. It also changed general commerce, industrial development, and the social and economic order of things, for it gave new occupations and offered new modes of life to hundreds of thousands of persons. It entirely changed and cheapened our dress, and altered rural life both in the North and South.

A man could, by hand-picking, clean only about a pound of cotton a day. The cotton-gin cleaned as much in a day as had taken the hand-picker a year to accomplish. Cotton was at once planted in vast amounts; but it certainly was not plentiful till then. Whitney had never seen cotton nor cotton seed when he began to plan his invention; nor did he, even in

Savannah, find cotton to experiment with until after considerable search.

After the universal manufacture and use of the cotton-gin, negro women wove cotton in Southern houses, sometimes spinning their own cotton thread; more frequently buying it mill-spun. But, after all, this was in too small amounts to be of importance; it needed the spinning-jennies and power-looms of vast mills to use up the profuse supply afforded by the gin.

A very interesting account of the domestic manufacture of cotton in Tennessee about the year 1850 was written for me by Mrs. James Stuart Pilcher, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Tennessee. A portion of her pleasant story reads:--

"There were two looms in the loom-room, and two negro women were kept busy all the time weaving; there were eight or ten others who did nothing but spin cotton and woollen thread; others spooled and reeled it into hanks. The spinning was all done on the large wheel, from the raw cotton; a corn-shuck was wrapped tightly around the steel spindle, then the thread was run and spun on this shuck until it was full; then these were reeled off into hanks of thread, then spooled on to corn-cobs with holes burned through them. These were placed in an upright frame, with long slender rods of hickory wood something like a ramrod run through them. The frame held about one hundred of these cob-spools; the end of the cotton thread from each spool was gathered up by an experienced warper who carried all the threads back and forth on the large warping-bars; this was a difficult task; only the brightest negro women were warpers. The thread had been dyed before spooling and the vari-colored cob-spools could be arranged to make stripes lengthwise of the cloth; and the hanks had also been dipped in a boiling-hot sizing made of meal and water. The warp-threads were carefully taken from the bars and rolled upon the wooden beam of the loom, the ends passed through the sley and tied. The weaver then began her work. The thread for the filling (called the woof by the negroes) was reeled from the hank on the winding-blades, upon small canes about four inches long which, when full, were placed in the wooden shuttles. These women spun and wove all the clothing worn by the negroes on the plantation; cotton cloth for women and men in the summer time; and jeans for the men; linsey-woolsey for the women and children for winter. All were well clothed. The women taught us to spin, but the weavers were cross and would not let us touch the loom, for they said we broke the threads in the warp. My grandmother never interfered with them when they were careful in their work. We would say, 'Please make Aunt Rhody let me weave!' She answered, 'No, she is managing the loom; if she is willing, very well; if not, you must not worry her.' We thought it great fun to try to weave, but generally had to pay Aunt Rhody for our meddling by giving her cake, ribbons, or candy."

The colonists were constantly trying to find new materials for spinning, and also used many makeshifts. Parkman, in his *Old Régime*, tells that in the year 1704, when a ship was lost that was to bring cloth and wool to Quebec, a Madame de Rêpentigny, one of the aristocrats of the

French-Canadian colony, spun and wove coarse blankets of nettle and linden bark. Similar experiments were made by the English colonists. Coarse thread was spun out of nettle-fibre by pioneers in western New York. Levi Beardsley, in his *_Reminiscences_*, tells of his mother at the close of the last century, in her frontier home at Richfield Springs, weaving bags and coarse garments from the nettles which grew so rankly everywhere in that vicinity. Deer hair and even cow's hair was collected from the tanners, spun with some wool, and woven into a sort of felted blanket.

Silk-grass, a much-vaunted product, was sent back to England on the first ships and was everywhere being experimented with. Coarse wicking was spun from the down of the milkweed--an airy, feathery material that always looks as if it ought to be put to many uses, yet never has seemed of much account in any trial that has been made of it.

RUBINSTEIN'S OPPOSITION TO WAGNER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Memories of a Musical Life*, by William Mason

Rubinstein's well-known dislike of Wagner, it seems to me, was temperamental in a large degree, and it was quite natural that he was not in agreement with him. Doubtless Chopin would not have approved of Wagner's music, whatever he might have thought of his method. The melodies of Chopin and Rubinstein are full of sentiment and well defined, and their compositions run in entirely opposite channels from those of Wagner, whose music is a vast sensuous upheaval, which proceeds uninterruptedly from the beginning of an act to the end.

All musicians have a good deal of self-esteem. Rubinstein had his own way of composing, which corresponded to his musical temperament. He had to write everything just as it suited his musical ear, and he could not conceive of any one else having as fine a musical ear as he. At all events, he never stopped long enough to find out if any one else had. Few musicians do. Liszt was fond of Rubinstein, and used to call him the "young Beethoven," on account of a certain fancied resemblance he bore to the great composer. He also recognized Rubinstein's great ability as a pianist, although I think that as a player he rated Tausig much higher. Many years after I left Weimar a relative of mine met Liszt in Rome. She had a short time previous to this heard Rubinstein in concert, and was in a state of great enthusiasm about his playing, and so expressed herself to Liszt. His sole comment was, "Have you ever heard Tausig?" The inference was that those who had heard Rubinstein and not Tausig had missed hearing the greater of the two. I think Liszt regarded Tausig as the best of all his pupils.

As I have said once before in these pages, I never saw Liszt after leaving Weimar in July, 1854. I occasionally received letters from him--several of them quite long and exceedingly entertaining. One of these (the original in French) is reproduced here because it is characteristic of his pleasantry and good humor:

MY DEAR MASON: Although I do not know at what stage of your brilliant artistic peregrinations these lines will reach you, I feel assured that you are not ignorant that I am very, very sincerely and affectionately obliged to you for keeping me in kind remembrance, a fact to which the musical journals which you have sent me bear good witness. The "Musical Gazette" of New York has in particular given me genuine satisfaction, not alone on account of the agreeable and flattering things concerning me personally which it contains, but furthermore because this journal seems to me to inculcate an excellent and superior direction of opinion in your country. As you know, my dear Mason, I have no other self-interest than to serve the good cause of art so far as is possible, and wherever I find men who are making conscientious efforts in the same direction, I rejoice and am strengthened by the good example which they give me. Be so good as to present to your brother, the head editor of the "Musical Review", as I suppose, my very sincere thanks and compliments. If he would like to receive some communication from Weimar upon matters of interest which occur in the musical world of Germany, I will willingly have them sent to him through the medium of Mr. Pohl, who, by the way, does not live any longer at Dresden, where the numbers of the "Musical Gazette" were addressed by mistake, but at Weimar in the Kaufstrasse. His wife, one of the best harpists that I know, stands among the virtuosos of our "Chapelle", and is an important factor in the representation of the opera, as also in concerts.

Apropos of concerts, in a few days I will send you the program of a series of symphonic performances, which ought to have been established here several years ago, and to which I consider it an honor and a duty to give definite encouragement from the year 1855.

I expect Berlioz toward the end of January. We shall then hear his trilogy "L'Enfance du Christ", of which you already know "La Fuite en Egypte". To this he has added two other short oratorios, "Le Songe d'Herode" and "L'Arrivée à Saïs".

The dramatic symphony "Faust" (in four parts, with solos and choruses) will also be given in full during his stay here.

In regard to visits from artists who have been personally agreeable to me during the last month, I would name Clara Schumann and Litolff.

In Brendel's journal, "Neue Zeitschrift", you will find an article signed with my name, on Mme. Schumann, whom I have again heard with that sympathy and absolute admiration which her talent compels.

As for Litolff, I confess that he has made a very vivid impression on me. His fourth concerto symphony (manuscript) is a very remarkable composition, and he played it in so masterly a manner, with such verve, with such boldness and certainty, that I derived intense pleasure from it.

If there was a little of the quadruped in the amazing execution of Dreyschock (and this comparison should not vex him; is not the lion

classed among quadrupeds as well as the poodle?), in that of Litolff, there is certainly something _winged_; moreover, he has all the superiority over Dreyschock that a biped having ideas, imagination, and sensibility has over another biped which imagines itself possessed of all this wealth--often very embarrassing!

Do you continue your familiar intercourse with the Old Cognac in the New World, my dear Mason? Let me again commend _measure_ to you, an essential quality for musicians. In truth, I am not too well qualified to extol the _quantity_ of this _quality_, for, if I remember rightly, I have often employed tempo rubato when I was giving my concerts (work which I would not begin again for anything in the world), and even quite recently I have written a long symphony in three parts, called "Faust" (without text or vocal parts), in which the _horrible_ measures 7/8, 7/4, 5/4 alternate with common time and 3/4. By virtue of which I conclude that you should be satisfied with 7/8 of a little bottle of old cognac in the evening, and never exceed five quarts!

Raff, in his first volume of "Wagner Frage", has thoroughly realized something like _five quarts_ of doctrinal sufficiency, but that is an unadvisable example to copy in a critical matter, and above all in the matter of cognac and other spirits!

My dear Mason, excuse these bad jokes, justified only by my good intentions; that you may bear yourself valiantly, physically and morally, is the most cordial wish of

Your very friendly affectionate
F. LISZT.

WEIMAR, December 14, 1854.

You did not know Rubinstein in Weimar?[2] He spent some time here, and was conspicuously different from the opaque mass of self-styled _composer-pianists_ who do not even know what it is to play the piano, still less with what fuel it is necessary to heat one's self in order to compose, so that with what they lack in talent for composition they fancy themselves pianists, and vice versa.

Rubinstein will publish forthwith about fifty compositions--concertos, trios, symphonies, songs, light pieces, etc., which deserve notice.

Laub has left Weimar. Ed. Singer takes his place in our orchestra. The latter gives much pleasure here, and is pleased himself also.

Cornelius, Pohl, Raff, Pruckner, Schreiber, and all the new school of the new Weimar send you their friendliest greetings, to which I add a hearty _shake-hand_.

F. L.

Other letters received from Liszt are perhaps not very important, but

with one exception never having been published before, they are printed in the Appendix.

[Illustration: Autograph of Ferdinand Laub]

Pupils of Liszt and Thalberg and their pupils in search of an entertaining diversion may amuse themselves by tracing their musical pedigree back to Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, and thus lay claim to very distinguished ancestry, as shown in the following table:

Liszt, Franz, born Oct. 22, 1811.
Czerny, Carl, born Feb. 21, 1791.
Beethoven, Ludwig van, born Dec. 16, 1770.
Neeffe, Christian G., born Feb. 5, 1748.
Hiller, Johann A., born Dec. 25, 1728.
Homilius, G. A., born Feb. 2, 1714.
Bach, Johann Sebastian, born March 21, 1685.
Thalberg, Sigismond, born Jan. 7, 1812.
Hummel, J. N., born Nov. 14, 1778.
Mozart, Wolfgang A., born Jan. 27, 1756.

If there be any whose pride is not sufficiently nourished by this display, they may go still further and show, by authentic records, a descent through Bach from Josquin Desprez, the most eminent contrapuntist of the Netherlands school, who lived about 1450-1521.

During the winter of 1879-80, which I spent at Wiesbaden on account of ill health, I received a very cordial invitation to visit Liszt at Weimar some time in July, and made plans to do so, which were frustrated, however, through unforeseen circumstances. Bülow, when on his first visit here, in 1875, told me that the old charm had entirely passed away. The "Golden Time" was among the things that were.

The last message I had from Liszt was brought to me by Mr. Louis Geilfuss of Steinway & Sons, who met Liszt in one of the streets of Bayreuth only a few days before his death, which occurred somewhat unexpectedly on July 31, 1886.

POLITICAL APPEAL TO AMERICAN WORKERS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Labor and Freedom*, by Eugene V. Debs

Opening Speech of National Campaign, Riverview Park, Chicago, June 16, 1912.

Friends, Comrades and Fellow-Workers: We are today entering upon a national campaign of the profoundest interest to the working class and the country. In this campaign there are but two parties and but one issue. There is no longer even the pretense of difference between the so-called Republican and Democratic parties. They are substantially one in what they stand for. They are opposed to each other on no question of

principle but purely in a contest for the spoils of office.

To the workers of the country these two parties in name are one in fact. They, or rather, it, stands for capitalism, for the private ownership of the means of subsistence, for the exploitation of the workers, and for wage-slavery.

Both of these old capitalist class machines are going to pieces. Having outlived their time they have become corrupt and worse than useless and now present a spectacle of political degeneracy never before witnessed in this or any other country. Both are torn by dissension and rife with disintegration. The evolution of the forces underlying them is tearing them from their foundations and sweeping them to inevitable destruction.

We have before us in this city at this hour an exhibition of capitalist machine politics which lays bare the true inwardness of the situation in the capitalist camp. Nothing that any Socialist has ever charged in the way of corruption is to be compared with what Taft and Roosevelt have charged and proven upon one another. They are both good Republicans, just as Harmon and Bryan are both good Democrats--and they are all agreed that Socialism would be the ruination of the country.

Puppets of the Ruling Class.

Taft and Roosevelt in the exploitation of their boasted individualism and their mad fight for official spoils have been forced to expose the whole game of capitalist class politics and reveal themselves and the whole brood of capitalist politicians in their true role before the American people. They are all the mere puppets of the ruling class. They are literally bought, paid for and owned, body and soul, by the powers that are exploiting this nation and enslaving and robbing its toilers.

What difference is there, judged by what they stand for, between Taft, Roosevelt, La Follette, Harmon, Wilson, Clark and Bryan?

Do they not all alike stand for the private ownership of industry and the wage-slavery of the working class?

What earthly difference can it make to the millions of workers whether the Republican or Democratic political machine of capitalism is in commission?

That these two parties differ in name only and are one in fact is demonstrated beyond cavil whenever and wherever the Socialist party constitutes a menace to their misrule. Milwaukee is a case in point and there are many others. Confronted by the Socialists these long pretended foes are forced to drop their masks and fly into each other's arms.

Twin Agencies of Wall Street.

The baseness, hypocrisy and corruption of these twin political agencies of Wall Street and the ruling class cannot be expressed in words. The imagination is taxed in contemplating their crimes. There is no depth of

dishonor to which they have not descended--no depth of depravity they have not sounded.

To the extent that they control elections the franchise is corrupted and the electorate debauched, and when they succeed in power it is but to execute the will of the Wall Street interests which finance and control them. The police, the militia, the regular army, the courts and all the powers lodged in class government are all freely at the service of the ruling class, especially in suppressing discontent among the slaves of the factories, mills and mines, and keeping them safely in subjugation to their masters.

How can any intelligent, self-respecting wage-worker give his support to either of these corrupt capitalist parties? The emblem of a capitalist party on a working man is the badge of his ignorance, his servility and shame.

Marshaled in battle array, against these corrupt capitalist parties is the young, virile, revolutionary Socialist party, the party of the awakening working class, whose red banners, inscribed with the inspiring shibboleth of class-conscious solidarity, proclaim the coming triumph of international Socialism and the emancipation of the workers of the world.

The Two Political Forces.

Contrast these two political forces and the parties through which these forces find concrete expression! On the one side are the trusts, the corporations, the banks, the railroads, the plutocrats, the politicians, the bribe-givers, the ballot-box stuffers, the repeaters, the parasites, retainers and job-hunters of all descriptions; the corruption funds, the filth, slime and debauchery of ruling class politics; the press and pulpit and college, all wearing capitalism's collar, and all in concert applauding its "patriotism" and glorifying in its plundering and profligate regime.

On the other side are the workers and producers of the nation coming into consciousness of their interests and their power as a class, filled with the spirit of solidarity and thrilled with the new-born power that throbs within them; scorning further affiliation with the parties that so long used them to their own degradation and looking trustfully to themselves and to each other for relief from oppression and for emancipation from the power which has so long enslaved them.

Honest toil, useful labor, against industrial robbery and political rottenness!

These are the two forces which are arrayed against each other in deadly and uncompromising hostility in the present campaign.

Corrupt Capitalist Politics.

We are not here to play the filthy game of capitalist politics. There is

the same relative difference between capitalist class politics and working class politics that there is between capitalism and Socialism.

Capitalism, having its foundation in the slavery and exploitation of the masses, can only rule by corrupt means and its politics are essentially the reflex of its low and debasing economic character.

The Socialist party as the party of the working class stands squarely upon its principles in making its appeal to the workers of the nation. It is not begging for votes, nor seeking for votes, nor bargaining for votes. It is not in the vote market. It wants votes, but only of those who want it--those who recognize it as their party and come to it of their own free will.

If, as the Socialist candidate for president, I were seeking office and the spoils of office I would be a traitor to the Socialist party and a disgrace to the working class.

To be sure we want all the votes we can get and all that are coming to us but only as a means of developing the political power of the working class in the struggle for industrial freedom, and not that we may revel in the spoils of office.

Political Power.

The workers have never yet developed or made use of their political power. They have played the game of their masters for the benefit of the master class--and now many of them, disgusted with their own blind and stupid performance, are renouncing politics and refusing to see any difference between the capitalist parties financed by the ruling class to perpetuate class rule and the Socialist party organized and financed by the workers themselves as a means of wresting the control of government and of industry from the capitalists and making the working class the ruling class of the nation and the world.

The Socialist party enters this campaign under conditions that could scarcely be more favorable to the cause it represents. For the first time every state in the union is now organized and represented in the national party, and every state will have a full ticket in the field; and for the first time the Socialists of the United States have a party which takes its rightful place in the great revolutionary working class movement of the world.

Four years ago with a membership of scarcely forty thousand we succeeded in polling nearly half a million votes; this year when the campaign is fairly opened we shall have a hundred and fifty thousand dues-paying members and an organization in all regards incalculably superior to that we had in the last campaign.

We are united, militant, aggressive, enthusiastic as never before. From the Eastern coast to the Pacific shore and from the Canadian line to the Mexican gulf the red banner of the proletarian revolution floats unchallenged and the exultant shouts of the advancing hosts of labor are borne on all the breezes.

There Is But One Issue.

There is but one issue that appeals to this conquering army--the unconditional surrender of the capitalist class. To be sure this cannot be achieved in a day and in the meantime the party enforces to the extent of its power its immediate demands and presses steadily onward toward the goal. It has its constructive program by means of which it develops its power and its capacity, step by step, seizing upon every bit of vantage to advance and strengthen its position, but never for a moment mistaking reform for revolution and never losing sight of the ultimate goal.

Socialist reform must not be confounded with so-called capitalist reform. The latter is shrewdly designed to buttress capitalism; the former to overthrow it. Socialist reform vitalizes and promotes the social revolution.

The National Convention.

The national convention of the Socialist party recently held at Indianapolis was in all respects the greatest gathering of representative Socialists ever held in the United States. The delegates there assembled demonstrated their ability to deal efficiently with all the vital problems which confront the party. The convention was permeated in every fiber with the class-conscious, revolutionary spirit and was thoroughly representative of the working class. Every question that came before that body was considered and disposed of in accordance with the principles and program of the international movement and on the basis of its relation to and effect upon the working class.

The platform adopted by the convention is a clear and cogent enunciation of the party's principles and a frank and forceful statement of the party's mission. This platform embodies labor's indictment of the capitalist system and demands the abolition of that system. It proclaims the identity of interests of all workers and appeals to them in clarion tones to unite for their emancipation. It points out the class struggle and emphasizes the need of the economic and political unity of the workers to wage that struggle to a successful issue. It declares relentless war upon the entire capitalist regime in the name of the rising working class and demands in uncompromising terms the overthrow of wage-slavery and the inauguration of industrial democracy.

In this platform of the Socialist party the historic development of society is clearly stated and the fact made manifest that the time has come for the workers of the world to shake off their oppressors and exploiters, put an end to their age-long servitude, and make themselves the masters of the world.

To this end the Socialist party has been organized; to this end it is bending all its energies and taxing all its resources; to this end it makes its appeal to the workers and their sympathizers throughout the nation.

The Capitalist System Condemned.

In the name of the workers the Socialist party condemns the capitalist system. In the name of freedom it condemns wage-slavery. In the name of modern industry it condemns poverty, idleness and famine. In the name of peace it condemns war. In the name of civilization it condemns the murder of little children. In the name of enlightenment it condemns ignorance and superstition. In the name of the future it arraigns the past at the bar of the present, and in the name of humanity it demands social justice for every man, woman and child.

The Socialist party knows neither color, creed, sex, nor race. It knows no aliens among the oppressed and down-trodden. It is first and last the party of the workers, regardless of their nationality, proclaiming their interests, voicing their aspirations, and fighting their battles.

It matters not where the slaves of the earth lift their bowed bodies from the dust and seek to shake off their fetters, or lighten the burden that oppresses them, the Socialist party is pledged to encourage and support them to the full extent of its power. It matters not to what union they belong, or if they belong to any union, the Socialist party which sprang from their struggle, their oppression, and their aspiration, is with them through good and evil report, in trial and defeat, until at last victory is inscribed upon their banner.

Fighting Labor's Battles.

Whether it be in the textile mills of Lawrence and other mills of New England where men, women and children are ground into dividends to gorge a heartless, mill-owning plutocracy; or whether it be in the lumber and railroad camps of the far Northwest where men are herded like cattle and insulted, beaten and deported for peaceably asserting the legal right to organize; or in the conflict with the civilized savages of San Diego where men who dare be known as members of the Industrial Workers of the World are kidnaped, tortured and murdered in cold blood in the name of law and order; or in the city of Chicago where that gorgon of capitalism, the newspaper trust, is bent upon crushing and exterminating the pressmen's union; or along the Harriman lines of railroad where the slaves of the shops have been driven to the alternative of striking or sacrificing the last vestige of their manhood and self-respect, in all these battles of the workers against their capitalist oppressors the Socialist party has the most vital concern and is freely pledged to render them all the assistance in its power.

These are the battles of the workers in the war of the classes and the battles of the workers, wherever and however fought, are always and everywhere the battles of the Socialist party.

When Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were seized by the brutal mine owners of the western states and by their prostitute press consigned to the gallows, the Socialist party lost not an hour in going to the rescue, and but for its prompt and vigorous action and the resolute work of its

press another monstrous crime against the working class would have blackened the pages of American history.

Persecution of Loyal Leaders.

In the unceasing struggle of the workers with their exploiters the truly loyal leaders are always marked for persecution. Joseph Ettor and Arturo Giovannitti would not now be in jail awaiting trial for murder had they betrayed the slaves of the Lawrence mills. They were staunch and true; their leadership made for industrial unity and victory, and for this reason alone the enraged and defeated mill-owners are now bent upon sending them to the electric chair.

These fellow-workers of ours who are now on trial for murder are not one whit more guilty of the crime with which they are charged than I am. The man who committed the murder was a policeman, an officer of the law; the victim of the crime was as usual a striker, a wage-slave, a poor working girl. Ettor and Giovannitti were two miles from the scene at the time and when the news came to them they broke into tears--and these two workingmen who would have protected that poor girl's life with their own are now to be tried for her murder.

Was ever anything in all the annals of heartless persecution more monstrous than this? Have the mill-owners gone stark mad? Have they in their brutal rage become stone-blind? Whatever the answer may be, it is certain that the Socialist party and organized labor in general will never see these two innocent workers murdered in cold blood, nor will their agitation and protest cease until they have been given their freedom.

The Campaign Now Opening.

In the great campaign now pending the people, especially the toilers and producers, will be far more receptive to the truths of Socialism than ever before.

Since the last national campaign they have had four years more of capitalism, of political corruption, industrial stagnation, low wages and high prices, and many, very many of them have come to realize that these conditions are inherent in the capitalist system and that it is vain and foolish to hope for relief through the political parties of that system. These people have had their eyes opened in spite of themselves. They have been made to see what the present system means to them and to their children, and they have been forced to turn against it by the sheer instinct of self-preservation.

They look abroad and they see this fair land being rapidly converted into the private preserves of a plutocracy as brutal and defiant as any privileged class that ever ruled in a foreign despotism; they see machinery and misery go hand in hand; they see thousands idle and poverty-stricken all about them while a few are glutted to degeneracy; they see troops of child-slaves ground into luxuries for the rich while their fathers have become a drug on the labor market; they see parasites

in palaces and automobiles and honest workers in hovels or tramping the ties; they see the politics of the ruling corporations dripping with corruption and putridity; they see vice and crime rampant, prostitution eating like a cancer, and insanity and disease sapping the mental and physical powers of the body social, and involuntarily they cry out in horror and protest, THIS IS ENOUGH! THERE MUST BE A CHANGE! And they turn with loathing and disgust from the Republican and Democratic parties under whose joint and several maladministration these appalling conditions have been brought upon the country.

The message of Socialism, which a few years ago was spurned by these people, falls today upon eager ears and receptive minds. Their prejudice has melted away. They are now prepared to cast their fortunes with the only political party that proposes a change of system and the only party that has a right to appeal to the intelligence of the people.

First Socialist Congressman.

The political beginning of the Socialist party in this country is now distinctly recognized by its most implacable enemies. A single Socialist congressman has been sufficient to arouse the whole nation to the vital issue of Socialism which confronts it. Victor L. Berger as the first and until now the only representative of labor, has had the power, single-handed and alone, to compel the respectful consideration of the American congress, for the first time in its history, of the rights and interests of the working class. To be sure the capitalists do not relish this and so they have consolidated the Republican and Democratic forces in Berger's district to defeat him, but the rising tide of Socialism will overwhelm them both and not only triumphantly re-elect Berger but a score of others to make the next congress resound with the demands of the working class.

Now is the time for the workers of this nation to develop and assert their political as well as their economic power, to demonstrate their unity and solidarity.

Back up the economic victory at Lawrence with an overwhelming victory at the ballot box! Sweep the minions of the mill-owners from power and fill every office from the ranks of the workers! Deliver a crushing rebuke to the hireling-officials of San Diego by a united vote of the workers that will rescue the city from the rule of the degenerates and place it forever under a working class administration.

The Only Democratic Party.

The Socialist party is the only party of the people, the only party opposed to the rule of the plutocracy, the only truly democratic party in the world.

It is the only party in which women have equal rights with men, the only party which denies membership to a man who refuses to recognize woman as his political equal, the only party that is pledged to strike the fetters of economic and political slavery from womanhood and pave the

way for a race of free women.

The Socialist party is the only party that stands a living protest against the monstrous crime of child labor. It is the only party whose triumph will sound once and forever the knell of child slavery.

There is no hope under the present decaying system. The worker who votes the Republican or Democratic ticket does worse than throw his vote away. He is a deserter of his class and his own worst enemy, though he may be in blissful ignorance of the fact that he is false to himself and his fellow-workers and that sooner or later he must reap what he has sown.

Wages and Cost of Living.

The latest census reports, covering the year 1909, show that the 6,615,046 workers in manufactories in the United States were paid an average wage of \$519 for the year, an increase of not quite 9 per cent in five years, and an increase of 21 per cent in ten years, but the average cost of living increased more than 40 per cent during the same time, so that in point of fact the wages of these workers have been and are being steadily reduced in the progressive development of production under the capitalist system, and this in spite of all the resistance that has been or can be brought to bear by the federated craft unions. Here we are brought face to face with the imperative need of the revolutionary industrial union, embracing all the workers and fighting every battle for increased wages, shorter hours and better conditions with a solid and united front, while at the same time pressing steadily forward in harmonious co-operation and under the restraints of self-discipline, developing the latent abilities of the workers, increasing their knowledge, and fitting them for the mastery and control of industry when the victorious hosts of labor conquer the public powers and transfer the title-deeds of the mines and mills and factories from the idle plutocrats to the industrial workers to be operated for the common good.

Industrial Unity.

If the printing trades were organized on the basis of industrial unionism the spectacle of local unions in the same crafts pitted against each other to their mutual destruction would not be presented to us in the City of Chicago, and the capitalist newspaper trust would not now have its heel upon the neck of the union pressmen. For this lamentable state of affairs the craft union and William Randolph Hearst, its chief patron and promoter, are entirely responsible.

The Socialist party presents the farm workers as well as the industrial workers with a platform and program which must appeal to their intelligence and command their support. It points out to them clearly why their situation is hopeless under capitalism, how they are robbed and exploited, and why they are bound to make common cause with the industrial workers in the mills and factories of the cities, along the railways and in the mines in the struggle for emancipation.

The education, organization and co-operation of the workers, the entire body of them, is the conscious aim and the self-imposed task of the Socialist party. Persistently, unceasingly and enthusiastically this great work is being accomplished. It is the working class coming into consciousness of itself, and no power on earth can prevail against it in the hour of its complete awakening.

Socialism Is Inevitable.

The laws of evolution have decreed the downfall of the capitalist system. The handwriting is upon the wall in letters of fire. The trusts are transforming industry and next will come the transformation of the trusts by the people. Socialism is inevitable. Capitalism is breaking down and the new order evolving from it is clearly the Socialist commonwealth.

The present evolution can only culminate in industrial and social democracy, and in alliance therewith and preparing the way for the peaceable reception of the new order, is the Socialist movement, arousing the workers and educating and fitting them to take possession of their own when at last the struggle of the centuries has been crowned with triumph.

In the coming social order, based upon the social ownership of the means of life and the production of wealth for the use of all instead of the private profit of the few, for which the Socialist party stands in this and every other campaign, peace will prevail and plenty for all will abound in the land. The brute struggle for existence will have ended, and the millions of exploited poor will be rescued from the skeleton clutches of poverty and famine. Prostitution and the white slave traffic, fostered and protected under the old order, will be a horror of the past.

The social conscience and the social spirit will prevail. Society will have a new birth, and the race a new destiny. There will be work for all, leisure for all, and the joys of life for all.

Competition there will be, not in the struggle for existence, but to excel in good work and in social service. Every child will then have an equal chance to grow up in health and vigor of body and mind and an equal chance to rise to its full stature and achieve success in life.

Socialist Ideals.

These are the ideals of the Socialist party and to these ideals it has consecrated all its energies and all its powers. The members of the Socialist party are the party and their collective will is the supreme law. The Socialist party is organized and ruled from the bottom up. There is no boss and there never can be unless the party deserts its principles and ceases to be a Socialist party.

The party is supported by a dues-paying membership. It is the only political party that is so supported. Each member has not only an equal

voice but is urged to take an active part in all the party councils. Each local meeting place is an educational center. The party relies wholly upon the power of education, knowledge, and mutual understanding. It buys no votes and it makes no canvass in the red-light districts.

The press of the party is the most vital factor in its educational propaganda and the workers are everywhere being aroused to the necessity of building up a working class press to champion their cause and to discuss current issues from their point of view for the enlightenment of the masses.

__This Is Our Year.__

Comrades and friends, the campaign before us gives us our supreme opportunity to reach the American people. They have but to know the true meaning of Socialism to accept its philosophy and the true mission of the Socialist party to give it their support. Let us all unite as we never have before to place the issue of Socialism squarely before the masses. For years they have been deceived, misled and betrayed, and they are now hungering for the true gospel of relief and the true message of emancipation.

This is our year in the United States! Socialism is in the very air we breathe. It is the grandest shibboleth that ever inspired men and women to action in this world. In the horizon of labor it shines as a new-risen sun and it is the hope of all humanity.

Onward, comrades, onward in the struggle, until Triumphant Socialism proclaims an Emancipated Race and a New World!

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
THE BOY SURVEYOR AND YOUNG SOLDIER
Project Gutenberg's *American Leaders and Heroes*, by Wilbur Fisk Gordy

[1732-1799]

[Illustration: George Washington.]

As a pioneer in leading the way along the Ohio and the Mississippi, La Salle did much for France. He hoped to do far more. His cherished dream was to build up in this vast and fertile territory an empire for France. But the French King foolishly feared that planting colonies in America would take too many of his subjects out of France, and refused to do that which might have made his new possessions secure. The opportunity thus neglected was seized fifty years later by the hardy English settlers who pushed westward across the Alleghany Mountains. This movement brought on a struggle between the two nations, a few events of which are important to mention.

You will remember that two years after the coming of John Smith to Jamestown, Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence and settled Quebec for the French. You will also recall that the French explorers, priests, and traders had been gradually making their way into the heart of the continent, by way of the Great Lakes, until at last La Salle glided down to the mouth of the Mississippi, and took possession of the land in the name of the French King. This was in 1681, the year the Quakers were settling Pennsylvania and fifty-two years before the settlement of Georgia, the youngest of the thirteen original colonies.

Just one year before this last settlement there was born in Westmoreland County, Va., a boy who was to play a large part in the history not only of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, but of the whole country. This boy was George Washington. He was born on February 22, 1732, in an old-fashioned Virginia farm-house, near the Potomac River, on what was known as Bridge's Creek Plantation. The house had four rooms on the ground floor, with an attic of long sloping roofs and an enormous brick chimney at each end.

[Illustration: Washington's Birthplace.]

George's father was a wealthy planter, owning land in four counties, more than 5,000 acres in all. Some of his lands were on the banks of the Rappahannock River, near which he had money invested in iron-mines. To this plantation the family removed when George was seven years old, the new home being nearly opposite Fredericksburg, then a small village.

Here he was sent to a small school and taught by a man named Hobby, a sexton of the church and tenant of George's father. It was a simple sort of training the boy received from such a school-master. He learned a little reading, a little writing, and a little ciphering, but that was about all. Later in life he became a fairly good penman, writing a neat round hand; but he never became a good speller.

When George was eleven years old his father died, leaving to him the home where they lived on the Rappahannock, and to his brother Lawrence the great plantation on the Potomac afterward called Mount Vernon. Lawrence went to live at Mount Vernon, while George remained with his mother at the house opposite Fredericksburg.

Now left without a father, George received his home training from his mother. Fortunate, indeed, was he to have such a mother to teach him; for she was kind, firm, and had a strong practical sense. She loved her son, and he deeply appreciated her fond care of him. Some of George's youthful letters to his mother are full of interest. After the manner of the time he addressed her formally as "Honored Madam," and signed himself "Your dutiful son."

[Illustration: WASHINGTON CROSSING THE ALLEGHANY RIVER]

Nor was his mother the only strong and wholesome influence over his home life. His eldest brother, Lawrence, played an important part in shaping his character. According to the custom of those days, Lawrence, as the eldest son of a Virginia planter, would inherit the bulk of his father's estate. He was therefore sent to an excellent school in England, to

receive the training which would fit him to be a gentleman and a leader in social life. For learning was not held in such high esteem as ability to look after the business of a large plantation and take a leading part in the public life of the county and the colony.

With such a training Lawrence returned from England, a young man of culture and fine manners and well fitted to be a man of affairs. From this time on George, now only seven or eight years old, looked up to his brother, fourteen years his senior, with cordial admiration. Lawrence became George's model of manhood, and returned his younger brother's devotion with a tender love.

Soon after the death of his father, the boy went to live with his brother Augustine on the Bridge's Creek Plantation, in order to have the advantages of a good school there. Many of his copy-books and books of exercises, containing such legal forms as receipts, bills and deeds, as well as pictures of birds and faces, have been preserved. In these books there are, also, his rules of conduct, maxims which he kept before him as aids to good behavior. The following are a few of them:

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

"Speak not evil of the absent: for it is unjust.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

[Illustration: The English Colonies and the French Claims in 1754.]

In George's school-days he heard many stories about wars with the Indians and about troubles between the English and the French colonies. Moreover, his brother Lawrence had been a soldier in the West Indies in a war between England and Spain, from which he had returned full of enthusiasm about what he had felt and seen. It was at this time that Lawrence changed the name of his plantation on the Potomac to Mount Vernon, in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whose command he had fought.

Catching his brother's military spirit, George organized his boy friends into little military companies, and, as their commander, drilled them, paraded them, and led them in their sham battles in the school-yard.

Naturally the boys looked to him as leader, for he was strong in mind and body, and fond of athletic sports. It is said that no boy of his age was his match in running, leaping, wrestling, and pitching quoits. His athletic skill expressed itself also in his fearless horsemanship. The story is told that he once mounted a colt that had successfully resisted all attempts to remain on his back. But George held on until the spirited animal, in a frenzy of effort to throw off the persistent young

rider, reared, broke a blood-vessel, and fell dead. His keen enjoyment of a spirited horse, and of hunting in the freedom of woods and fields for such game as foxes, deer, and wild-cats, lasted to a late period of his life.

George's good qualities were not confined to out-door sports requiring skill and physical strength alone. He was a manly boy, stout-hearted and truthful. All the boys trusted him because they knew he was fair-minded, and often called upon him to settle their disputes.

But we must not think of him as a perfect boy, finding it easy always to do the right thing. George Washington had his faults, as some of the rest of us have. For instance, he had a quick temper which he found it hard to control. In fact, he found this a harder thing to do than many brave deeds for which he became famous in his manhood.

The humdrum quiet of a Virginia plantation did not satisfy this alert boy longing for a life of action. He had heard from Lawrence about life on a war-vessel, and had also seen, year after year, the annual return to the plantation wharf of the vessel that carried a cargo of tobacco to England and brought back in exchange such goods as the planter needed.

[Illustration: The French in the Ohio Valley.]

Eager for a change of surroundings, he made all his plans to go to sea. The chest containing his clothing had been packed and sent down to the wharf, but at the last moment he yielded to his mother's persuasion, and gave up his cherished plan of becoming a sailor-boy. He was then fourteen years old.

Returning to school, George continued to be careful and exact in all his work, his motto being "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." He was also methodical, and herein lay one of the secrets of his ability to accomplish so much when he came to manhood.

His love of out-door sport gave him a natural bent for surveying, to the study of which he applied himself diligently. He soon became proficient enough to command confidence in his ability as a trustworthy surveyor.

In the autumn of his sixteenth year he went to live with his brother Lawrence on the Mount Vernon plantation, where he spent much of his time in surveying. Here he met a man who exerted a large influence on his later life. This man was Lord Fairfax, a tall, courtly, white-haired English gentleman of about sixty years of age, who was living at Belvoir, a large plantation a few miles from Mount Vernon.

At this time George was a shy, awkward youth, somewhat overgrown for his age, with long arms, and a tall, large frame. But in his serious face there was a sign of quiet self-control and firm purpose.

The provincial youth of fifteen and the cultured English lord of sixty, though so far apart in age and experience, soon became close friends. They were much together. Sometimes they would spend the morning in surveying, and start out in the afternoon on their horses for a gay time

in fox-hunting. They doubtless talked freely to each other, and as Lord Fairfax had seen much of the best English life and had read some of the best English books, he was an interesting companion to his earnest and thoughtful young friend.

This warm friendship soon had a practical turn. Lord Fairfax owned an immense tract of country in the Shenandoah Valley--by some said to be as much as one-fifth of the present State of Virginia. Wishing to learn more about it and observing George to be exceedingly careful and accurate in his surveying, he decided to send him over the Blue Ridge into the wild region to find out and report to him something about the lands there.

He was to have only one companion, George William Fairfax, who was the eldest son of Lord Fairfax's cousin, and was then about twenty-two years old. About the middle of March, 1748, when George Washington was barely sixteen years old, these two young fellows started out together on horseback, to travel through the forest a distance of 100 miles before they reached the Shenandoah Valley. They carried guns in their hands, for until their return about a month later they would have to depend mainly upon hunting for their supply of food. The account which George himself has left enables us to picture them riding alone through the forest with no road except perhaps, at times, a path made by Indians or wild animals.

After reaching the wild country they had to live in the most primitive fashion. For instance, Washington tells of a night in a woodman's cabin when he had nothing but a mat of straw for his bed, with but a single blanket for cover, and that alive with vermin. He wrote in his diary: "I made a promise to sleep so no more, choosing rather to sleep in the open air before the fire."

Again, in a letter to a friend, he says: "I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear-skin, with man, wife and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire."

Sometimes they tried life in a tent. Once in a storm the tent was blown over, and at another time the smoke from the fire drove the occupants out of doors. One night, according to the same diary, "we camped in the woods, and after we had pitched our tent, and made a large fire, we pulled out our knapsacks to recruit ourselves. Every one was his own cook. Our spits were forked sticks; our plates were large chips." As for bread, most of the time, if not all, they had none, and they drank only pure water from running streams.

On another occasion they fell in with a war-party of painted warriors whom Washington and his friend Fairfax fearlessly joined, all gathering about a huge fire built under the trees. As the great logs blazed in the midst of the dark forest, the Indians joined in one of their wild, weird dances. They leaped to and fro, whooped and shrieked like mad beings, while one of their companions thumped upon a drum made by drawing a deer-skin across a pot filled with water, and another rattled a gourd containing shot and decorated with a horse's tail, "to make it look

fine."

It was a strange experience which these two youths had that month. But Washington was well paid, earning from \$7 to \$21 a day. On the return of the young surveyor to Mount Vernon his employer, Lord Fairfax, was so much pleased with the report that he secured his appointment as public surveyor. For the next three years George lived the life of a surveyor, spending much of his time with Lord Fairfax at his wilderness home, Greenway Court, not far from Winchester.

During this time George was gaining valuable knowledge of the forest, and becoming so intimate with Indian life that, as people said, he came to walk like an Indian. His life in the woods developed fearlessness, patience, and self-reliance, qualities which, joined to his ability and character, inspired men's confidence and established his leadership. Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, appointed him an officer in the State militia, with the rank of major. And as an officer, his influence continued to increase.

Some two years afterward his brother Lawrence died and left the Mount Vernon estate to his daughter, with George Washington as guardian. On her death, a little later, Washington became owner of the immense plantation at Mount Vernon, and hence a wealthy man.

Fortune had favored him, and he might have chosen to enter upon a life of ease, but events soon occurred which called into action all his heroic qualities. The strife between the English and the French for control in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys was advancing rapidly toward war.

The French had long considered this territory their own. We recall that La Salle had explored it, and attempted to plant colonies here. For many years, French explorers, priests, and traders had toiled on, patiently pushing their way through the forests, and planting stronghold after stronghold. At length, pressing closer on the English border, they began to build forts between Lake Erie and the head of the Ohio. For the English also had their eyes on the fertile valley of the Ohio, and were beginning to occupy it.

At once a company composed largely of Virginia planters was organized for the purpose of making settlements in the Ohio Valley. Before they could do much, however, the French had boldly advanced far into territory claimed by England.

The people of Virginia in alarm, said, "This advance must stop. What can be the plans of the French? How many are already in the forts lying between Lake Erie and the Ohio River?" Governor Dinwiddie and other Virginia gentlemen grew excited as they asked such questions. They decided, therefore, to send out to the French commander in the fort near Lake Erie, a trusty messenger who should ask by what right the French were invading a country belonging to England. This messenger was also to find out what he could about the forces of the French in that vicinity, and about their plans. Moreover, he was to make a strong effort to win over to the English the Indians, whose friendship the French were trying to gain. As a suitable man for this dangerous enterprise, all eyes

turned to George Washington, still only twenty-one years of age.

[Illustration: THE DEATH OF BRADDOCK.]

The journey of 1,000 miles through trackless forests, in the bitter cold of Winter, did not offer a cheerful outlook. But on October 30, 1753, with seven companions, including an Indian and a French interpreter, George Washington started from Williamsburg. Stopping at Fredericksburg to bid good-bye to his mother, he went on by way of Alexandria to Winchester, the familiar spot where he had spent many happy days with Lord Fairfax. Here he got horses and various supplies needed for his journey.

From Winchester the little band of men moved forward to Will's Creek (now Cumberland, Md.), and then plunged boldly into the forest. From that time on, the difficulties of the journey were wellnigh overwhelming; but by perseverance in climbing lofty mountains and in swimming rivers swollen by heavy rains, the end of their journey was at last reached.

On receiving an answer from the French commander, who promised nothing, Washington started back home. The horses soon proved too weak to make much headway through the dense forests and deep snow, and it seemed best to push on without them. He also left behind him all of his party except a trusty woodsman. Then putting on an Indian costume with a heavy cloak drawn over it, he strapped upon his back the pack containing his papers and, gun in hand, started off. A little later they were joined by an Indian guide, who soon gave evidence of his treachery by suddenly turning and discharging his gun at Washington.

Washington had another narrow escape from death. He had expected on reaching the Alleghany River to cross on the ice, but to his dismay he found the ice broken up and the stream filled with whirling blocks. There was no way of getting over except on a raft which he and his companion had to make with a single hatchet. Having at last finished it, they pushed off, and then began a desperate struggle with the current and, great blocks of floating ice. Washington, in trying to guide the raft with a pole, was thrown violently into the water. By catching hold of one of the raft logs he recovered himself, and by heroic effort succeeded in reaching an island nearby. Here the travellers suffered through a night of intense cold, not daring to kindle a fire for fear of the Indians.

On January 16th they reached Williamsburg, where Washington delivered to Governor Dinwiddie the unsatisfactory letter he had brought from the French commander. Although the result of the expedition was not what the Virginians had hoped for, Washington had so well succeeded in carrying out his perilous mission that he was highly praised for his effort.

The defiant answer of the French commander made it seem probable to the people of Virginia that war would follow. Therefore a company of men was sent out to build a fort at the place where the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers unite to form the Ohio. Washington's quick eye had noted the importance of this site, afterward known as the "Gateway of the West."

In the meantime Washington was drilling men for service, and in April he set out with the rank of lieutenant-colonel with two companies for the frontier. He had not gone very far when he learned that the French had driven off with a large force the men who had been sent to the head of the Ohio to build a fort; but he continued his march. When a little later the approach of a small body of French was reported, the Virginians surprised them, killing, wounding, or capturing all but one. Colonel Washington was in the thickest of the fight, and wrote in a letter, "I heard the bullets whistle and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

After this fight, which began the war, Washington returned to Great Meadows, and, learning that a large body of French were marching against him, hastily threw up rough earthworks, which he called Fort Necessity. When attacked soon after by two or three times his own number, the brave young colonel did not shrink. For nine hours, in a heavy downpour of rain, he and his sturdy followers stood up to their knees in mud and water in the trenches. Being so greatly outnumbered, his troops were of course defeated, but the House of Burgesses gave their commander a vote of thanks in recognition of his bravery.

The war now began in bitter earnest, and England promptly sent over troops, with General Braddock in command. When on reaching Virginia he heard of Colonel Washington, Braddock appointed him a member of his staff. Colonel Washington soon discovered that General Braddock was not the man to handle an army in woodland warfare. He would gladly have advised him, but the haughty British general would hear no suggestions from a colonial officer.

With 2,000 soldiers, General Braddock marched against the French, stationed at Fort Duquesne at the head of the Ohio. On the morning of July 9th, when the army was only eight miles from the fort, it was suddenly attacked by the French and Indians, who lay in ambush in the thick forest. The English soldiers, standing in solid masses, were shot down by squads, but the Virginians fought from behind trees in true Indian fashion.

Braddock, who has been rightly called a gallant bull-dog, rode madly to and fro, giving orders to his men, but in vain. He shortly fell from his horse, with a mortal wound. The manly figure of Colonel Washington was a conspicuous mark for the enemy's guns. Two horses fell under him; four bullets tore through his clothing; but he escaped injury.

The result was a sore defeat for the English army. It lost 700 men out of 2,000, and three-fourths of its officers. Nothing but retreat could be thought of. The brave but narrow-minded Braddock had made an enormous and expensive blunder.

After Braddock's defeat Washington was given command of the Virginia troops. Later in the war he led an expedition against Fort Duquesne, as Braddock had done. But on hearing of his approach the French fled. The war having subsided in the Ohio Valley, Washington resigned his commission, returned to Mount Vernon, and soon afterward married Mrs. Martha Custis, a rich young widow.

We have seen him first as a robust lad, then as a fearless woodsman, and later as a brave soldier. We will leave him for a while at Mount Vernon, where in the refined society of old Virginia he came to be equally well known as a high-bred gentleman.

THE STARS OF WINTER.

Project Gutenberg's *Astronomy with an Opera-glass*, by Garrett Putman Serviss

I have never beheld the first indications of the rising of Orion without a peculiar feeling of awakened expectation, like that of one who sees the curtain rise upon a drama of absorbing interest. And certainly the magnificent company of the winter constellations, of which Orion is the chief, make their entrance upon the scene in a manner that may be described as almost dramatic. First in the east come the world-renowned Pleiades. At about the same time Capella, one of the most beautiful of stars, is seen flashing above the northeastern horizon. These are the sparkling ushers to the coming spectacle. In an hour the fiery gleam of Aldebaran appears at the edge of the dome below the Pleiades, a star noticeable among a thousand for its color alone, besides being one of the brightest of the heavenly host. The observer familiar with the constellations knows, when he sees this red star which marks the eye of the angry bull, Taurus, that just behind the horizon stands Orion with starry shield and upraised club to meet the charge of his gigantic enemy. With Aldebaran rises the beautiful V-shaped group of the Hyades. Presently the star-streams of Eridanus begin to appear in the east and southeast, the immediate precursors of the rising of Orion:

"And now the river-flood's first winding reach
The becalmed mariner may see in heaven,
As he watches for Orion to espy if he hath aught to say
Of the night's measure or the slumbering winds."

The first glimpse we get of the hero of the sky is the long bending row of little stars that glitter in the lion's skin which, according to mythology, serves him for a shield. The great constellation then advances majestically into sight. First of its principal stars appears Bellatrix in the left shoulder; then the little group forming the head, followed closely by the splendid Betelgeuse, "the martial star," flashing like a decoration upon the hero's right shoulder. Then come into view the equally beautiful Rigel in the left foot, and the striking row of three bright stars forming the Belt. Below these hangs another starry pendant marking the famous sword of Orion, and last of all appears Saiph in the right knee. There is no other constellation containing so many bright stars. It has two of the first magnitude, Betelgeuse and Rigel; the three stars in the Belt, and Bellatrix in the left shoulder, are all of the second magnitude; and besides these there are three stars of the third magnitude, more than a dozen of the fourth, and innumerable twinklers of smaller magnitudes, whose commingled scintillations form a celestial illumination of singular splendor.

"Thus graced and armed he leads the starry host."

By the time Orion has chased the Bull half-way up the eastern slope of the firmament, the peerless Dog-Star, Sirius, is flaming at the edge of the horizon, while farther north glitters Procyon, the little Dog-Star, and still higher are seen the twin stars in Gemini. When these constellations have advanced well toward the meridian, as shown in our circular map, their united radiance forms a scene never to be forgotten. Counting one of the stars in Gemini as of the first rank, there are no less than seven first-magnitude stars ranged around one another in a way that can not fail to attract the attention and the admiration of the most careless observer. Aldebaran, Capella, the Twins, Procyon, Sirius, and Rigel mark the angles of a huge hexagon, while Betelgeuse shines with ruddy beauty not far from the center of the figure. The heavens contain no other naked-eye view comparable with this great array, not even the glorious celestial region where the Southern Cross shines supreme, being equal to it in splendor.

As an offset to the discomforts of winter observations of the stars, the observer finds that the softer skies of summer have no such marvelous brilliants to dazzle his eyes as those that illumine the hyemal heavens. To comprehend the real glories of the celestial sphere in the depth of winter one should spend a few clear nights in the rural districts of New York or New England, when the hills, clad with sparkling blankets of crusted snow, reflect the glitter of the living sky. In the pure frosty air the stars seem splintered and multiplied indefinitely, and the brighter ones shine with a splendor of light and color unknown to the denizen of the smoky city, whose eyes are dulled and blinded by the glare of streetlights. There one may detect the delicate shade of green that lurks in the imperial blaze of Sirius, the beautiful rose-red light of Aldebaran, the rich orange hue of Betelgeuse, the blue-white radiance of Rigel, and the pearly luster of Capella. If you have never seen the starry heavens except as they appear from city streets and squares, then, I had almost said, you have never seen them at all, and especially in the winter is this true. I wish I could describe to you the impression that they can make upon the opening mind of a country boy, who, knowing as yet nothing of the little great world around him, stands in the yawning silence of night and beholds the illimitably great world above him, looking deeper than thought can go into the shining vistas of the universe, and overwhelmed with the wonder of those marshaled suns.

[Illustration: MAP. 18.]

Looking now at Map 18, we see the heavens as they appear at midnight on the 1st of December, at 10 o'clock P. M. on the 1st of January, and at 8 o'clock P. M. on the 1st of February. In the western half of the sky we recognize Andromeda, Pegasus, Pisces, Cetus, Aries, Cassiopeia, and other constellations that we studied in the "Stars of Autumn." Far over in the east we see rising Leo, Cancer, and Hydra, which we included among the "Stars of Spring." Occupying most of the southern and eastern heavens are the constellations which we are now to describe under the name of the "Stars of Winter," because in that season they are seen under the most favorable circumstances. I have already referred to the admirable way in which the principal stars of some of these

constellations are ranged round one another. By the aid of the map the observer can perceive the relative position of the different constellations, and, having fixed this in his mind, he will be prepared to study them in detail.

[Illustration: MAP 19.]

Let us now begin with Map No. 19, which shows us the constellations of Eridanus, Lepus, Orion, and Taurus. Eridanus is a large though not very conspicuous constellation, which is generally supposed to represent the celebrated river now known as the Po. It has had different names among different peoples, but the idea of a river, suggested by its long, winding streams of stars, has always been preserved. According to fable, it is the river into which Phaeton fell after his disastrous attempt to drive the chariot of the sun for his father Phoebus, and in which hare-brained adventure he narrowly missed burning the world up. The imaginary river starts from the brilliant star Rigel, in the left foot of Orion, and flows in a broad upward bend toward the west; then it turns in a southerly direction until it reaches the bright star Gamma ([gamma]), where it bends sharply to the north, and then quickly sweeps off to the west once more, until it meets the group of stars marking the head of Cetus. Thence it runs south, gradually turning eastward, until it flows back more than half-way to Orion. Finally it curves south again and disappears beneath the horizon. Throughout the whole distance of more than 100° the course of the stream is marked by rows of stars, and can be recognized without difficulty by the amateur observer.

The first thing to do with your opera-glass, after you have fixed the general outlines of the constellation in your mind by naked-eye observations, is to sweep slowly over the whole course of the stream, beginning at Rigel, and following its various wanderings. Eridanus ends in the southern hemisphere near a first-magnitude star called Achernar, which is situated in the stream, but can not be seen from our latitudes. Along the stream you will find many interesting groupings of the stars. In the map see the pair of stars below and to the right of Nu ([nu]). These are the two Omicrons, the upper one being [omicron]¹ and the lower one [omicron]². The latter is of an orange hue, and is remarkable for the speed with which it is flying through space. There are only one or two stars whose proper motion, as it is called, is more rapid than that of [omicron]² in Eridanus. It changes its place nearly seven minutes of arc in a century. The records of the earliest observations we possess show that near the beginning of the Christian era it was about half-way between [omicron]¹ and [nu]. Its companion [omicron]¹, on the contrary, seems to be almost stationary, so that [omicron]² will gradually draw away from it, passing on toward the southwest until, in the course of centuries, it will become invisible from our latitudes. This flying star is accompanied by two minute companions, which in themselves form a close and very delicate double star. These two little stars, of only 9.5 and 10.5 magnitude, respectively, are, of course beyond the ken of the observer with an opera-glass. The system of which they form a part, however, is intensely interesting, since the appearances indicate that they belong, in the manner of satellites, to [omicron]², and are fellow-voyagers of that wonderful star.

[Illustration: THE "GOLDEN HORNS" OF TAURUS.]

Having admired the star-groups of Eridanus, one of the prettiest of which is to be seen around Beta ([beta]), let us turn next to Taurus, just above or north of Eridanus. Two remarkable clusters at once attract the eye, the Hyades, which are shaped somewhat like the letter [V], with Aldebaran in the upper end of the left-hand branch, and the Pleiades, whose silvery glittering has made them celebrated in all ages. The Pleiades are in the shoulder and the Hyades in the face of Taurus, Aldebaran most appropriately representing one of his blazing eyes as he hurls himself against Orion. The constellation-makers did not trouble themselves to make a complete Bull, and only the head and fore-quarters of the animal are represented. If Taurus had been completed on the scale on which he was begun, there would have been no room in the sky for Aries; one of the Fishes would have had to abandon his celestial swimming-place, and even the fair Andromeda would have found herself uncomfortably situated. But, as if to make amends for neglecting to furnish their heavenly Bull with hind-quarters, the ancients gave him a most prodigious and beautiful pair of horns, which make the beholder feel alarm for the safety of Orion. Starting out of the head above the Hyades, as illustrated in our cut, the horns curve upward and to the east, each being tipped by a bright star. Along and between the horns runs a scattered and broken stream of minute stars which seem to be gathered into knots just beyond the end of the horns, where they dip into the edge of the Milky-Way. Many of these stars can be seen, on a dark night, with an ordinary opera-glass, but, to see them well, one should use as large a field-glass as he can obtain. With such a glass their appearance almost makes one suspect that Virgil had a poetic prevision of the wonders yet to be revealed by the telescope when he wrote, as rendered by Dryden, of the season--

"When with his _golden horns_ in full career
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year."

Below the tips of the horns, and over Orion's head, there are also rich clusters of stars, as if the Bull were flaunting shreds of sparkling raiment torn from some celestial victim of his fury. With an ordinary glass, however, the observer will not find this star-sprinkled region around the horns of Taurus as brilliant a spectacle as that presented by the Hyades and the group of stars just above them in the Bull's ear. The two stars in the tips of the horns are both interesting, each in a different way. The upper and brighter one of the two, marked Beta ([beta]) in Map No. 19, is called El Nath. It is common to the left horn of Taurus and the right foot of Auriga, who is represented standing just above. It is a singularly white star. This quality of its light becomes conspicuous when it is looked at with a glass. The most inexperienced observer will hardly fail to be impressed by the pure whiteness of El Nath, in comparison with which he will find that many of the stars he had supposed to be white show a decided tinge of color. The star in the tip of the right or southern horn, Zeta ([zeta]), is remarkable, not on its own account, but because it serves as a pointer to a famous nebula, the discovery of which led Messier to form his catalogue of nebulae. This is sometimes called the "Crab Nebula," from the long sprays of nebulous matter which were seen surrounding it with Lord Rosse's great telescope. Our little sketch is simply intended to enable the observer to locate this strange object. If he wishes to study its appearance, he must use a

powerful telescope. But with a first-rate field-glass he can see it as a speck of light in the position shown in the cut, where the large star is Zeta and the smaller ones are faint stars, the relative position of which will enable the observer to find the nebula, if he keeps in mind that the top of the cut is toward the north. It is noteworthy that this nebula for a time deceived several of the watchers who were on the lookout for the predicted return of Halley's comet in 1835.

[Illustration: THE CRAB NEBULA.]

And now let us look at the Hyades, an assemblage of stars not less beautiful than their more celebrated sisters the Pleiades. The leader of the Hyades is Aldebaran, or Alpha Tauri, and his followers are worthy of their leader. The inexperienced observer is certain to be surprised by the display of stars which an opera-glass brings to view in the Hyades. Our illustration will give some notion of their appearance with a large field-glass. The "brackish poet," of whose rhymes Admiral Smyth was so fond, thus describes the Hyades:

"In lustrous dignity aloft see Alpha Tauri shine,
The splendid zone he decorates attests the Power divine:
For mark around what glitt'ring orbs attract the wandering eye,
You'll soon confess no other star has such attendants nigh."

The redness of the light of Aldebaran is a very interesting phenomenon. Careful observation detects a decided difference between its color and that of Betelgeuse, or Alpha Orionis, which is also a red star. It differs, too, from the brilliant red star of summer, Antares. Aldebaran has a trace of rose-color in its light, while Betelgeuse is of a very deep orange, and Antares may be described as fire-red. These shades of color can easily be detected by the naked eye after a little practice. First compare Aldebaran and Betelgeuse, and glance from each to the brilliant white, or bluish-white, star Rigel in Orion's foot. Upon turning the eye back from Rigel to Aldebaran the peculiar color of the latter is readily perceived. Spectroscopic analysis has revealed the presence in Aldebaran of hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. And so modern discoveries, while they have pushed back the stars to distances of which the ancients could not conceive, have, at the same time, and equally, widened the recognized boundaries of the physical universe and abolished forever the ancient distinction between the heavens and the earth. It is a plain road from the earth to the stars, though mortal feet can not tread it.

[Illustration: THE HYADES.]

Keeping in mind that in our little picture of the Hyades the top is north, the right hand west, and the left hand east, the reader will be able to identify the principal stars in the group. Aldebaran is readily recognized, because it is the largest of all. The bright star near the upper edge of the picture is Epsilon Tauri, and its sister star, forming the point of the [V], is Gamma Tauri. The three brightest stars between Epsilon and Gamma, forming a little group, are the Deltas, while the pair of stars surrounded by many smaller ones, half-way between Aldebaran and Gamma, are the Thetas. These stars present a very pretty appearance, viewed with a good glass, the effect being heightened by a

contrast of color in the two Thetas. The little pair southeast of Aldebaran, called the Sigmas, is also a beautiful object. The distance apart of these stars is about seven minutes of arc, while the distance between the two Thetas is about five and a half minutes of arc. These measures may be useful to the reader in estimating the distances between other stars that he may observe. It will also be found an interesting test of the eye-sight to endeavor to see these stars as doubles without the aid of a glass. Persons having keen eyes will be able to accomplish this.

North of the star Epsilon will be seen a little group in the ear of the Bull (see cut, "The Golden Horns of Taurus"), which presents a brilliant appearance with a small glass. The southernmost pair in the group are the Kappas, whose distance apart is very nearly the same as that of the Thetas, described above; but I think it improbable that anybody could separate them with the naked eye, as there is a full magnitude between them in brightness, and the smaller star is only of magnitude 6.5, while sixth-magnitude stars are generally reckoned as the smallest that can be seen by the naked eye. Above the Kappas, and in the same group in the ear, are the two Upsilons, forming a wider pair.

Next we come to the Pleiades:

"Though small their size and pale their light, wide is their fame."

In every age and in every country the Pleiades have been watched, admired, and wondered at, for they are visible from every inhabited land on the globe. To many they are popularly known as the Seven Stars, although few persons can see more than six stars in the group with the unaided eye. It is a singular fact that many of the earliest writers declare that only six Pleiades can be seen, although they all assert that they are seven in number. These seven were the fabled daughters of Atlas, or the Atlantides, whose names were Merope, Alcyone, Celæno, Electra, Taygeta, Asterope, and Maia. One of the stories connected with them is that Merope married a mortal, whereupon her star grew dim among her sisters. Another fable assures us that Electra, unable to endure the sight of the burning of Troy, hid her face in her hands, and so blotted her star from the sky. While we may smile at these stories, we can not entirely disregard them, for they are intermingled with some of the richest literary treasures of the world, and they come to us, like some old keepsake, perfumed with the memory of a past age. The mythological history of the Pleiades is intensely interesting, too, because it is world-wide. They have impressed their mark, in one way or another, upon the habits, customs, traditions, language, and history of probably every nation. This is true of savage tribes as well as of great empires. The Pleiades furnish one of the principal links that appear to connect the beginnings of human history with that wonderful prehistoric past, where, as through a gulf of mist, we seem to perceive faintly the glow of a golden age beyond. The connection of the Pleiades with traditions of the Flood is most remarkable. In almost every part of the world, and in various ages, the celebration of a feast or festival of the dead, dimly connected by traditions with some great calamity to the human race in the past, has been found to be directly related to the Pleiades. This festival or rite, which has been discovered in various forms among the ancient Hindoos, Egyptians, Persians, Peruvians, Mexicans, Druids, etc.,

occurs always in the month of November, and is regulated by the culmination of the Pleiades. The Egyptians directly connected this celebration with a deluge, and the Mexicans, at the time of the Spanish conquest, had a tradition that the world had once been destroyed at the time of the midnight culmination of the Pleiades. Among the savages inhabiting Australia and the Pacific island groups a similar rite has been discovered. It has also been suggested that the Japanese feast of lanterns is not improbably related to this world-wide observance of the Pleiades, as commemorating some calamitous event in the far past which involved the whole race of man in its effects.

The Pleiades also have a supposed connection with that mystery of mysteries, the great Pyramid of Cheops. It has been found that about the year 2170 B. C., when the beginning of spring coincided with the culmination of the Pleiades at midnight, that wonderful group of stars was visible, just at midnight, through the mysterious southward-pointing passage of the Pyramid. At the same date the then pole-star, Alpha Draconis, was visible through the northward-pointing passage of the Pyramid.

Another curious myth involving the Pleiades as a part of the constellation Taurus is that which represents this constellation as the Bull into which Jupiter changed himself when he carried the fair Europa away from Phoenicia to the continent that now bears her name. In this story the fact that only the head and fore-quarters of the Bull are visible in the sky is accounted for on the ground that the remainder of his body is beneath the water through which he is swimming. Here, then, is another apparent link with the legends of the Flood, with which the Pleiades have been so strangely connected, as by common consent among many nations, and in the most widely separated parts of the earth.

With the most powerful field-glass you may be able to see all of the stars represented in our picture of the Pleiades. With an ordinary opera-glass the fainter ones will not be visible; yet even with such a glass the scene is a remarkable one. Not only all of the "Seven Sisters," but many other stars, can be seen twinkling among them. The superiority of Alcyone to the others, which is not so clear to the naked eye, becomes very apparent. Alcyone is the large star below the middle of the picture with a triangle of little stars beside it. To the left or east of Alcyone the two most conspicuous stars are Atlas and Pleione. The latter--which is the uppermost one--is represented too large in the picture. It requires a sharp eye to see Pleione without a glass, while Atlas is plainly visible to the unaided vision, and is always counted among the naked-eye Pleiades, although it does not bear the name of one of the mythological sisters, but that of their father. The bright star below and to the right of Alcyone is Merope; the one near the right-hand edge of the picture, about on a level with Alcyone, is Electra. Above, or to the north of Electra, are two bright stars lying in a line pointing toward Alcyone; the upper one of these, or the one farthest from Alcyone, is Taygeta, and the other is Maia. Above Taygeta and Maia, and forming a little triangle with them, is a pair of stars which bears the name of Asterope. About half-way between Taygeta and Electra, and directly above the latter, is Celæno.

[Illustration: THE PLEIADES.]

The naked-eye observer will probably find it difficult to decide which he can detect the more easily, Celæno or Pleione, while he will discover that Asterope, although composed of two stars, as seen with a glass, is so faint as to be much more difficult than either Celæno or Pleione. Unless, as is not improbable, the names have become interchanged in the course of centuries, the brightness of these stars would seem to have undergone remarkable changes. The star of Merope, it will be remembered, was said to have become indistinct, or disappeared, because she married a mortal. At present Merope is one of those that can be plainly seen with the naked-eye, while the star of Asterope, who was said to have had the god Mars for her spouse, has faded away until only a glass can show it. It would appear, then, that notwithstanding an occasional temporary eclipse, it is, in the long run, better to marry a plain mortal than a god. Electra, too, who hid her eyes at the sight of burning Troy, seems to have recovered from her fright, and is at present, next to Alcyone, the brightest star in the cluster. But, however we may regard those changes in the brightness of the Pleiades which are based upon tradition, there is no doubt that well-attested changes have taken place in the comparative brilliancy of stars in this cluster since astronomy became an exact science.

Observations of the proper motions of the Pleiades have shown that there is an actual physical connection between them; that they are, literally speaking, a flight of suns. Their common motion is toward the southwest, under the impulse of forces that remain as yet beyond the grasp of human knowledge. Alcyone was selected by Mädler as the central sun around which the whole starry system revolved, but later investigations have shown that his speculation was not well founded, and that, so far as we can determine, the proper motions of the stars are not such as to indicate the existence of any common center. They appear to be flying with different velocities in every direction, although--as in the case of the Pleiades--we often find groups of them associated together in a common direction of flight.

Still another curious fact about the Pleiades is the existence of some rather mysterious nebulous masses in the cluster. In 1859 Temple discovered an extensive nebula, of a broad oval form, with the star Merope immersed in one end of it. Subsequent observations showed that this strange phenomenon was variable. Sometimes it could not be seen; at other times it was very plain and large. In Jaurat's chart of the Pleiades, made in 1779, a vast nebulous mass is represented near the stars Atlas and Pleione. This has since been identified by Goldschmidt as part of a huge, ill-defined nebula, which he thought he could perceive enveloping the whole group of the Pleiades. Many observers, however, could never see these nebulous masses, and were inclined to doubt their actual existence. Within the past few years astronomical photography, having made astonishing progress, has thrown new light upon this mysterious subject. The sensitized plate of the camera, when applied at the focus of a properly constructed telescope, has proved more effective than the human retina, and has, so to speak, enabled us to see beyond the reach of vision by means of the pictures it makes of objects which escape the eye. In November, 1885, Paul and Prosper Henry turned their great photographing telescope upon the Pleiades, and with it discovered a nebula apparently attached to the star Maia. The most

powerful telescopes in the world had never revealed this to the eye. Yet of its actual existence there can be no question. Their photograph also showed the Merope nebula, although much smaller, and of a different form from that represented by its discoverer and others. There evidently yet remains much to be discovered in this singular group, and the mingling of nebulous matter with its stars makes Tennyson's picturesque description of the Pleiades appear all the more life-like:

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like _a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid_."

The reader should not expect to be able to see the nebulæ in the Pleiades with an opera-glass. I have thought it proper to mention these singular objects only in order that he might be in possession of the principal and most curious facts about those interesting stars.[C]

[Footnote C: The Henry Brothers have continued the photographic work described above, and their later achievements are even more interesting and wonderful. They have found that there are many nebulous masses involved in the group of the Pleiades, and have photographed them. One of the most amazing phenomena in their great photograph of the Pleiades is a long wisp or streak of nebulous matter, along which eight or nine stars are strung in a manner which irresistibly suggests an intimate connection between the stars and the nebula. This recalls the recent (August, 1888) discovery made by Prof. Holden, with the great Lick telescope, concerning the structure of the celebrated ring nebula in Lyra, which, it appears, is composed of concentric ovals of stars and nebulous stuff, so arranged that we must believe they are intimately associated in a most wonderful community.]

Orion will next command our attention. You will find the constellation in Map No. 19:

"Eastward beyond the region of the Bull
Stands great Orion; whoso kens not him in cloudless night
Gleaming aloft, shall cast his eyes in vain
To find a brighter sign in all the heaven."

To the naked eye, to the opera-glass, and to the telescope, Orion is alike a mine of wonders. This great constellation embraces almost every variety of interesting phenomena that the heavens contain. Here we have the grandest of the nebulæ, some of the largest and most beautifully colored stars, star-streams, star-clusters, nebulous stars, variable stars. I have already mentioned the positions of the principal stars in the imaginary figure of the great hunter. I may add that his upraised arm and club are represented by the stars seen in the map above Alpha ([alpha]) or Betelgeuse, one of which is marked Nu ([nu]), and another, in the knob of the club, Chi ([chi]). I have also, in speaking of Aldebaran, described the contrast in the colors of Betelgeuse and Beta ([beta]) or Rigel. Betelgeuse, it may be remarked, is slightly variable. Sometimes it appears brighter than Rigel, and sometimes less brilliant. It is interesting to note that, according to Secchi's division of the stars into types, based upon their spectra, Betelgeuse falls into the third order, which seems to represent a type of suns in which the process of cooling, and the formation of an absorptive envelope or

shell, have gone on so far that we may regard them as approaching the point of extinction. Rigel, on the other hand, belongs to the first order or type which represents suns that are probably both hotter and younger in the order of development. So, then, we may look upon the two chief stars of this great constellation as representing two stages of cosmical existence. Betelgeuse shows us a sun that has almost run its course, that has passed into its decline, and that already begins to faint and flicker and grow dim before the on-coming and inevitable fate of extinction; but in Rigel we see a sun blazing with the fires of youth, splendid in the first glow of its solar energies, and holding the promise of the future yet before it. Rigel belongs to a new generation of the universe; Betelgeuse to the universe that is passing. We may pursue this comparison one step farther back and see in the great nebula, which glows dimly in the middle of the constellation, between Rigel triumphant and Betelgeuse languishing, a still earlier cosmical condition--the germ of suns whose infant rays may illuminate space when Rigel itself is growing dim.

[Illustration: THE SWORD OF ORION AND THE GREAT NEBULA.]

Turn your glass upon the three stars forming the Belt. You will not be likely to undertake to count all the twinkling lights that you will see, especially as many of them appear and disappear as you turn your attention to different parts of the field. Sweep all around the Belt and also between the Belt and Gamma ([gamma]) or Bellatrix. According to the old astrologers, women born under the influence of the star Bellatrix were lucky, and provided with good tongues. Of course, this was fortunate for their husbands too!

Below the Belt will be seen a short row of stars hanging downward and representing the sword. In the middle of this row is the great Orion nebula. The star Theta ([theta]) involved in the nebula is multiple, and the position of this little cluster of suns is such that, as has been said, they seem to be feeding upon the substance of the nebula surrounding them. Other stars are seen scattered in different parts of the nebula. This phenomenon can be plainly seen with an opera-glass. Our picture of the Sword of Orion shows its appearance with a good field-glass. With such a glass several fine test-objects will be found in the Sword. One of the best of these is formed by the two five-pointed stars seen in the picture close together above the nebula. No difficulty will be encountered in separating these stars with a field-glass, but it will require a little sharp watching to detect the small star between the two and just above the line joining them. So, the bending row of faint stars above and to the right of the group just described will be found rather elusive as individuals, though easily glimpsed as a whole. Of the great nebula itself not much detail can be seen. Yet by averting the eyes the extension of the nebulous light in every direction from the center can be detected and traced, under favorable circumstances, to a considerable distance. The changes that this nebula certainly has undergone in the brilliancy, if not in the form, of different parts of it, are perhaps indications of the operation of forces, which we know must prevail there, and whose tendency can only be in the direction of condensation, and the ultimate formation of future suns and worlds. Yet, as the appearance of the nebula in great telescopes shows, we can not expect that the processes of creation will here produce a homologue of

our solar system. The curdled appearance of the nebula indicates the formation of various centers of condensation, the final result of which will doubtless be a group of stars like some of those which we see in the heavens, and whose common motion shows that they are bound together in the chains of reciprocal gravitation. The Pleiades are an example of such a group.

Do not fail to look for a little star just west of Rigel, which, with a good opera-glass, appears to be almost hidden in the flashing rays of its brilliant companion. If you have also a field-glass, after you have detected this shy little twinkler with your opera-glass, try the larger glass upon it. You will find then that the little star originally seen is not the only one there. A still smaller star, which had before been completely hidden, will now be perceived. I may add that, with telescopes, Rigel is one of the most beautiful double stars in the sky, having a little blue companion close under its wing. Run your glass along the line of little stars forming the lion's skin or shield that Orion opposes to the onset of Taurus. Here you will find some interesting combinations, and the star marked on the map π^6 will especially attract your eye, because it is accompanied, about fifteen minutes to the northwest, by a seventh-magnitude star of a rich orange hue.

Look next at the little group of three stars forming the head of Orion. Although there is no nebula here, yet these stars, as seen with the naked eye, have a remarkably nebulous look, and Ptolemy regarded the group as a nebulous star. The largest star is called Lambda (λ); the others are Phi (ϕ) one and two. An opera-glass will show another star above (λ), and a fifth star below ϕ^2 which is the farthest of the two Phis from Lambda. It will also reveal a faint twinkling between λ and ϕ^1 . A field-glass shows that this twinkling is produced by a pretty little row of three stars of the eighth and ninth magnitudes.

In fact, Orion is such a striking object in the sky that more than one attempt has been made to steal away its name and substitute that of some modern hero. The University of Leipsic, in 1807, formally resolved that the stars forming the Belt and Sword of Orion should henceforth be known as the constellation of Napoleon. As if to offset this, an Englishman proposed to rename Orion for the British naval bull-dog Nelson. But "Orion armed" has successfully maintained his name and place against all comers. As becomes the splendor of his constellation, Orion is a tremendous hero of antiquity, although it must be confessed that his history is somewhat shadowy and uncertain, even for a mythological story. All accounts agree, however, that he was the mightiest hunter ever known, and the Hebrews claimed that he was no less a person than Nimrod himself.

[Illustration: MAP 20.]

The little constellations of Lepus and Columba, below Orion, need not detain us long. You will find in them some pretty combinations of stars. In Lepus is the celebrated "Crimson Star," which has been described as resembling a drop of blood in color--a truly marvelous hue for a sun--but, as it is never brighter than the sixth magnitude, and from

that varies down to the ninth, we could hardly hope to see its color well with an opera-glass. Besides, the observer would have difficulty in finding it.

We will now turn to the constellation of Canis Major, represented in Map No. 20. Although, as a constellation, it is not to be compared with the brilliant Orion, yet, on account of the unrivaled magnificence of its chief star, Canis Major presents almost as attractive a scene as its more extensive rival. Everybody has heard of Sirius, or the Dog-Star, and everybody must have seen it flashing and scintillating so splendidly in the winter heavens, that to call it a first-magnitude star does it injustice, since no other star of that magnitude is at all comparable with it. Sirius, in fact, stands in a class by itself as the brightest star in the sky. Its light is white, with a shade of green, which requires close watching to be detected. When it is near the horizon, or when the atmosphere is very unsteady, Sirius flashes prismatic colors like a great diamond. The question has been much discussed, as to whether Sirius was formerly a red star. It is described as red by several ancient authors, but it seems to be pretty well established that these descriptions are most of them due to a blunder made by Cicero in his translation of the astronomical poem of Aratus. It is not impossible, though it is highly improbable, that Sirius has changed color.

So intimately was Sirius connected in the minds of the ancient Egyptians with the annual rising of the Nile, that it was called the Nile-star. When it appeared in the morning sky, just before sunrise, the season of the overflowing of the great river was about to begin, and so the appearance of this star was regarded as foretelling the coming of the floods. The dog-days got their name from Sirius, as they occur at the time when that star rises with the sun.

Your eyes will be fairly dazzled when you turn your glass upon this splendid star. By close attention you will be able to perceive a number of faint stars, mere points by comparison, in the immediate neighborhood of Sirius. There are many interesting objects in the constellation. The star marked Nu ([nu]) in the map is really triple, as the smallest glass will show. Look next at the star-group 41 M. The cloud of minute stars of which it is composed can be very well seen with a field-glass or a powerful opera-glass. The star 22 is of a very ruddy color that contrasts beautifully with the light of Epsilon ([epsilon]), which can be seen in the same field of view with an opera-glass. Between the stars Delta ([delta]) and [omicron]¹ and [omicron]² there is a remarkable array of minute stars, as shown in the accompanying cut. One never sees stars arranged in streams or rows, like these, without an irresistible impression that the arrangement can not be accidental; that some law must have been in operation which associated them together in the forms which we see. Yet, when we reflect that these are all suns, how far do we seem to be from understanding the meaning of the universe!

[Illustration: DELTA CANIS MAJORIS AND ITS NEIGHBORS.]

The extraordinary size and brilliancy of Sirius might naturally enough lead one to suppose that it is the nearest of the stars, and such it was once believed to be. Observations of stellar parallax, however, show

that this was a mistake. The distance of Sirius is so great that no satisfactory determination of it has yet been made. We may safely say, though, that that distance is, at the least calculation, 50,000,000,000,000 miles. In other words, Sirius is about 537,000 times as far from the earth as the sun is. Then, since light diminishes as the square of the distance increases, the sun, if placed as far from us as Sirius is, would send us, in round numbers, 288,000,000,000 times less light than we now receive from it. But Sirius actually sends us only about 4,000,000,000 times less light than the sun does; consequently Sirius must shine $288,000,000,000/4,000,000,000 = 72$ times as brilliantly as the sun. If we adopt Wollaston's estimate of the light of Sirius, as compared with that of the sun, viz., $1/20,000,000,000$, we shall still find that the actual brilliancy of that grand star is more than fourteen times as great as that of our sun. But as observations on the companion of Sirius show that Sirius's mass is fully twenty times the sun's, and since the character of Sirius's spectrum indicates that its intrinsic brightness, surface for surface, is much superior to the sun's, it is probable that our estimate of the star's actual brilliancy, as compared with what the sun would possess at the same distance, viz., seventy-two times, is much nearer the truth. It is evident that life would be insupportable upon the earth if it were placed as near to Sirius as it is to the sun. If the earth were a planet belonging to the system of Sirius, in order to enjoy the same amount of heat and light it now receives, it would have to be removed to a distance of nearly 800,000,000 miles, or eight and a half times its distance from the sun. Its time of revolution around Sirius would then be nearly five and a half years, or, in other words, the year would be lengthened five and a half times.

But, as I have said, the estimate of Sirius's distance used in these calculations is the smallest that can be accepted. Good authorities regard the distance as being not less than 100,000,000,000,000 miles; in which case the star's brilliancy must be as much as 228 times greater than that of the sun! And yet even Sirius is probably not the greatest sun belonging to the visible universe. There can be little doubt that Canopus, in the southern hemisphere, is a grander sun than Sirius. To our eyes, Canopus is only about half as bright as Sirius, and it ranks as the second star in the heavens in the order of brightness. But while Sirius's distance is measurable, that of Canopus is so unthinkably immense that astronomers can get no grip upon it. If it were only twice as remote as Sirius, it would be equal to two of the latter, but in all probability its distance is much greater than that. And possibly even Canopus is not the greatest gem in the coronet of creation.

Sirius, as we saw when talking of Procyon (see Chapter I), is a double star. For many years after Bessel had declared his belief that the Dog-Star was subjected to the attraction of an invisible companion, telescopes failed to reveal the accompanying star.[D] Finally, in 1862, a new telescope that Alvan Clark had just finished and was testing, brought the hidden star into view. The suggestion that it may shine by reflected light from Sirius has been made. In that case it must, of course, be a planet, but a planet of such stupendous magnitude that the imagination can scarcely grasp it; a planet probably as large as our sun, perhaps larger; a planet equal in size to more than a million earths! But, as was remarked of the faint stars in Alpha Capricornis, it

is probable that the hypothesis of reflected light is not the true one. More probably the companion of Sirius shines with light of its own, though its excessive faintness in comparison with its bulk indicates that its condition must be very different from that of an ordinary star.

[D] The following extract from a letter by Bessel to Humboldt, written in 1844 (see "Cosmos," vol. iii, p. 186), is interesting, in view of the discoveries made since then: "At all events I continue in the belief that Procyon and Sirius are true double stars, consisting of a visible and an invisible star. No reason exists for considering luminosity an essential property of these bodies. The fact that numberless stars are visible is evidently no proof against the existence of an equally incalculable number of invisible ones. The physical difficulty of a change in the proper motion is satisfactorily set aside by the hypothesis of dark stars."

Readers of Voltaire will remember that the hero of his extraordinary story of "Micromegas" came from an imaginary planet circling around Sirius. Inasmuch as Voltaire, together with Dean Swift, ascribed two moons to Mars many years before they were discovered (probably suggested by a curiously mistaken interpretation by Kepler of an anagram in which Galileo had concealed his discovery of the ring of Saturn), it is all the more interesting that the great infidel should have imagined an enormous planet circling around the Dog-Star. But Voltaire went far astray when he ascribed a gigantic stature to his "Sirian." He makes Micromegas, whose world was 21,600,000 times larger in circumference than the earth, more than twenty miles tall, so that when he visited our little planet he was able to wade through the oceans and step over the mountains without inconvenience, and, when he had scooped up some of the inhabitants on his thumb-nail, was obliged to use a powerful microscope in order to see them. Voltaire should rather have gone to some of the most minute of the asteroids for his giant, for under the tremendous gravitation of such a world as he has described Micromegas himself would have been a fit subject for microscopic examination. But, however much we may doubt the stature of Voltaire's visitor from Sirius, we can not doubt the soundness of the conclusion at which he arrived, after having, by an ingenious arrangement, succeeded in holding a conversation with some earthly philosophers under his microscope, namely, that these infinitely little creatures possessed a pride that was almost infinitely great.

East and south of Canis Major, which, by-the-way, is said to represent one of Orion's hounds, is part of the constellation Argo, which stands for the ship in which Jason sailed in search of the golden fleece. The observer will find many objects of interest here, although some of them are so close to the horizon in our latitudes that much of their brilliancy is lost. Note the two stars [zeta] and [pi] near the lower edge of the map, then sweep slowly over the space lying between them. About half-way your attention will be arrested by a remarkable stellar arrangement, in which a beautiful half-circle of small stars curving above a larger star, which is reddish in color, is conspicuous. This neighborhood will be found rich in stars that the naked eye can not see. Just below the star [eta], in Canis Major, is another fine group. The

star [π], which is deep yellow or orange, has three little stars above it, two of which form a pretty pair. The star [χ] has a companion, which forms a fine test for an opera-glass, and is well worth looking for. Look also at the cluster 93 M, just above and to the west of [χ]. The stars [μ] and [κ] are seen double with an opera-glass.

The two neighboring clusters, 46 M and 38⁸, are very interesting objects. To see them well, use a powerful field-glass. A "fiery fifth-magnitude star," as Webb calls it, can be seen in the field at the same time. The presence of the Milky-Way is manifest by the sprinkling of stars all about this region. In fact, the attentive observer will before this have noticed that the majority of the most brilliant constellations lie either in the Milky-Way or along its borders. Cassiopeia, as we saw, sits athwart the galaxy whose silvery current winds in and out among the stars of her "chair"; Perseus is aglow with its sheen as it wraps him about like a mantle of stars; Taurus has the tips of his horns dipped in the great stream; it flows between the shining feet of Gemini and the head and shoulders of Orion as between starry banks; the peerless Sirius hangs like a gem pendent from the celestial girdle. In the southern hemisphere we should find the beautiful constellation of the ship Argo, containing Canopus, sailing along the Milky-Way, blown by the breath of old romance on an endless voyage; the Southern Cross glitters in the very center of the galaxy; and the bright stars of the Centaur might be likened to the heads of golden nails pinning this wondrous scarf, woven of the beams of millions of tiny stars, against the dome of the sky. Passing back into the northern hemisphere we find Scorpio, Sagittarius, Aquila, the Dolphin, Cygnus, and resplendent Lyra, all strung along the course of the Milky-Way.

Turning now to the constellation Monoceros, we shall find a few objects worthy of attention. This constellation is of comparatively modern origin, having been formed by Bartschius, whose chief title to distinction is that he married the daughter of John Kepler. The region around the stars 8, 13, and 17 will be found particularly rich, and the cluster 2⁷ shows well with a strong glass. Look also at the cluster 50 M, and compare its appearance with that of the clusters in Argo.

With these constellations we finish our review of the stellar wonders that lie within the reach of so humble an instrument as an opera-or field-glass. We have made the circuit of the sky, and the hosts that illumine the vernal heavens are now seen advancing from the east, and pressing close upon the brighter squadrons of winter. Their familiar figures resemble the faces of old friends whom we are glad to welcome. These starry acquaintances never grow wearisome. Their interest for us is as fathomless as the deeps of space in which they shine. The man never yet lived whose mind could comprehend the full meaning of the wondrous messages that they flash to us upon the wings of light. As we watch them in their courses, the true music of the spheres comes to our listening ears, the chorus of creation--faint with distance, for it is by slow approaches that man draws near to it--chanting the grandest of epics, the Poem of the Universe; and the theme that runs through it all is the reign of law. Do not be afraid to become a star-gazer. The human mind can find no higher exercise. He who studies the stars will discover--

"An endless fountain of immortal drink
Pouring unto us from heaven's brink."

THE IDEAL WIFE.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Courtship and Marriage*, by Annie S. Swan

Now having brought our young pair so far on the road, we must needs go a step farther, and see what grit is in them for the plain prose of daily life; not that we admit or hint for a moment that poetry must be laid aside, only the prose may, very likely will, demand their first consideration. If the novels most eagerly read, most constantly sought after at the libraries and book-shops, are any sign of the times, we may feel very certain that marriage has caused no diminution of interest in those looking on, but rather the reverse, so we may follow them without hesitation across the threshold of their new home.

And as the wife is properly supposed to be the light and centre of the home, we must first consider her position in it, and her fitness for it. It is by no means so easy to fill the position successfully as the uninitiated are apt to suppose; and I have no hesitation in saying that the first year of married life is a crucial test of a woman's disposition and character. It brings out her individuality in bold relief, shows her at her worst and best. She has to give herself so entirely and unreservedly, and in many cases to merge her individuality in that of another, that to do it with grace requires a considerable drain on her fund of unselfishness. It is even more difficult in cases where the wife has come from a home where she was idolised, and perhaps indulged a great deal more than was good for her.

It seems to me that one of the most valuable qualities the new wife can take with her is unselfishness. Equipped with that, everything else will come easily.

While it is true that she is required, to a certain extent, sometimes greater and sometimes less, to take a back place, she must be careful not to lose her individuality, to become merely an echo of her husband, to render herself insipid. It is a fine distinction, perhaps, but necessary to observe, because I am sure there is no man here present, married or unmarried, or anywhere else, unless a fool, who would wish to be tied for life to a nonentity.

The woman who dearly loves her husband will never seek to usurp his place as head of the house; nay, she will delight to keep herself in the background if by so doing he can show to more advantage. Even if nature has endowed her with gifts more richly than her spouse, she will be careful, out of the very wealth of her love, not to make the contrast observable.

It has been said that men prefer as wives women whose intelligence is not above the average; but is that not a libel on the sex? The higher

the intelligence the more satisfactory the performance of the duties required of a reasonable being; and I would therefore insist that the woman of large brain power, provided she has well-balanced judgment, and a heart as expansive as her brain, will more nearly approach the ideal in matrimony than the more frivolous woman, who has no thought beyond her personal aggrandisement and adornment, and who buys her new bonnet with a kiss.

The woman who looks with intelligent interest upon the large questions affecting the welfare of the world is likely to bring a more wide and loving sympathy to bear upon the concerns of more immediate moment to her, and which affect the welfare of all within the walls of her home.

I am old-fashioned enough to think these latter should be her first concern, but in her large heart she may have room for many more; for when the outlook is narrow and mean, when nothing is deemed of consequence except what affects self and those circled by selfish interest, life becomes a poor thing, and human nature a stunted and miserable quality. I have known, as, I daresay, you also have known, women whose whole talk is "my home," "my husband," "my children," until one grows weary of the selfish iteration, and prays to be delivered from it.

We have of late years had much amusing and perhaps, in some remote degree, profitable newspaper discussion on the subject of married life, and the respective merits of wives. On the whole, the wife, I think, has fared but badly at the hands of her critics. She is a great grievance to some, it would appear, from the minuteness with which her faults and failings have been enumerated. That she may have her uses has been somewhat grudgingly admitted; that she may in some rare instances sweeten the desert of life for her mate is not absolutely denied; but in the main she is judged to have fallen short--in a word, she is not ideal. Of course such discussion and such verdict is but the froth on a passing wave; still, it serves to illustrate my contention that there is no subject on earth of more surpassing interest to men and women than this very theme we are considering. The men who have written on the subject lay great stress on a loving disposition and an amiable temper, which are indeed two most powerful factors in the scene of wedded happiness. An amiable temper is a gift of God which cannot be too highly prized, since those who have it not must be constantly at war with self. When combined with these sweet qualities is a large meed of common sense, which accepts the inevitable, even if it bring disappointment and disillusionment in its train, with a cheerful philosophy, then is the happiness of married life secured. The buffets of fortune cannot touch it--its house is builded on a rock.

It is Lady Henry Somerset, I think, who has said that sentimentality has been from time immemorial the curse of woman. There is a great deal of truth in the remark. We want women to be delivered from this sickly thrall of sentimentality--which word I use as distinct from sentiment, a very different quality indeed; we desire them to take wider, healthier, sounder views of life.

In fiction it is no longer considered necessary to bring one's heroine to the very verge of a decline in order to make her interesting; and

nobody now has much sympathy with Thackeray's favourite Amelia, and other limp young women who are dissolved in tears on the smallest provocation, sometimes on none at all.

No, we want a more robust womanhood than that, sound of body and sound of mind, in order that our homes may be happy and well regulated, our children born and reared fit for the battle of life. A well-known novelist, lecturing recently on the younger generation of fiction-writers, remarked that Robert Louis Stevenson, in ignoring woman so much in his works, had passed by the most picturesque part of human life. The contention was perfectly unimpeachable from the artistic point of view; but we aim, I trust, at being something more than picturesque. While not disdaining the high privilege of giving the romance and sweetness to life, we would desire also to be strong, capable, serviceable to our day and generation. So and so only can we hope to be the equal and the friend of man. But in this worthy aim we have to steer clear of many quicksands; we must avoid the very semblance of usurpation or imitation.

Surely we are sufficiently endowed with our own gifts and graces, so powerful in their influence, that I need not enumerate or expatiate upon them here.

Let us not forget that in true womanliness is our strength, and that the end of our being is to comfort and bless and love--never to usurp.

What can be more melancholy than to live with a grumbler, to sit opposite a face prematurely wrinkled at the brows and down-drooped at the lips? I have in my mind's eye, as perhaps you have in yours, such a woman, tied to the best of good fellows, who, through no fault of his own, has not as yet made such headway in life as was expected of him. And his Nemesis sits at home, querulous and fretful because her establishment is more modest than her ambition, her possessions than her pretensions. Life is embittered to him; hope has died: if love follow it sadly to the bier, who can blame him? Certainly not the woman who has been a hindrance and not a help, one whose reproaches, tacit and acknowledged, have caused the iron to enter into his soul. It is such women who send men to mental and moral destruction, nor is their punishment lacking.

The ideal wife, then, will sedulously cultivate the happy spirit of contentment, and make the best of everything, not seeking to add to the burden an already overworked husband may have to carry. It is not the abundance of worldly possessions which makes happiness. I can speak from personal experience, and I could tell you a story of a young pair who began life in very humble circumstances, in the face of much opposition, and who, by dint of honest, faithful, united endeavours, overcame obstacles over which Experience shook her head and called insurmountable. And the struggle being over, the memory of it is sweet beyond all telling,--the little shifts to make ends meet, the constant planning and striving, the simple pleasures won by waiting and hard work, are possessions which they would not barter for untold gold.

The woman who loves and is beloved finds herself strong to bear the ills that may meet her from day to day. We have much to bear physically, and

it is hard to carry always a bright spirit in a frail body; but we have our compensations, which are many. They will at once occur to every sympathetic and discerning heart, but are they not after all summed up in the eloquent words of Holy Writ, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her;" "Her children arise and call her blessed"?

And these, after all, are the heavenliest gifts for women here below, and the wise woman, so blessed, will always feel that her possessions are greater than her needs, and in her loving service, for her own first, and afterwards for all whom her blessed influence can reach, will as near as possible approach the ideal. With God, tender to Woman always, we may safely leave the rest.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PLANS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband*, by Louise Bennett Weaver and Helen Cowles LeCron

"GOOD bran bread," said Bob, reaching for another piece.

"I like that recipe," said Bettina, "and it is so easy to make."

"What have you been doing all day?" Bob asked, "Cooking?"

"No, indeed. Charlotte was here this afternoon and we made plans for the tea we are going to give at her house on Washington's birthday. Oh, Bob, we have some of the best ideas for it! Our refreshments are to be served from the dining-room table, you know, and our central decoration is to be a three-cornered black hat filled with artificial red cherries. Of course we'll have cherry ice, and serve cherries in the tea, Russian style. The salad will be served in little black three-cornered hats; these filled with fruit salad, will be set on the table and each guest will help herself. The thin bread and butter sandwiches will be cut in hatchet shape. And--oh, yes, I forgot the cunningest idea of all! We'll serve tiny gilt hatchets stuck in tree-trunks of fondant rolled in cocoanut and toasted brown. Isn't that a clever plan? Charlotte saw it done once, and says it is very effective."

"It sounds like some party! And I'll feel especially enthusiastic if you don't forget to plan for one guest who won't appear--or perhaps I should say two, for I know Frank won't want to be forgotten."

For dinner that night Bob and Bettina had:

Corned Beef au Gratin	Baked Tomatoes
Apple Sauce	
Gluten Bread	Butter
Cream Pie	Coffee

BETTINA'S RECIPES

(All measurements are level)

=Corned Beef au Gratin= (Three portions)

- 1-1/2 C-milk
- 1/2 slice of onion
- 1 piece of celery
- 2 T-flour
- 2 T-butter
- 1 egg
- 1 t-salt
- 1/4 t-paprika
- 1 C-chopped corned beef

Place the milk, onion and celery over the fire. Allow to get very hot. Remove from the fire and let stand for ten minutes. Remove the celery and onion from the milk. Melt the butter, add the flour. Mix well and slowly add the milk. Cook until the consistency of white sauce. Add the egg, well beaten, the salt, paprika, and beef. Pour into well-buttered individual dishes.

Place in a moderate oven and bake twenty-five minutes. Remove from the oven and allow to stand two minutes. Remove from the moulds and garnish with parsley.

=Baked Tomatoes and Cheese= (Three portions)

- 1 C-canned tomatoes
- 1/2 t-salt
- 1/4 t-paprika
- 1/4 C-fresh bread crumbs
- 3 T-cheese, cut fine
- 1/4 C-cooked celery
- 1 T-butter

Mix the tomatoes, salt, paprika, cheese and celery. Add half the bread crumbs. Pour into a well-buttered baking dish. Melt the butter, add the remaining crumbs and place on top of the mixture. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

=Gluten Bread= (Ten slices)

- 1 C-gluten flour
- 1-1/2 t-baking powder
- 1/4 t-salt
- 1/4 C-bran
- 2 T-sugar
- 1/3 C-milk
- 1/3 C-water
- 1 t-melted butter

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt, bran and sugar. Add the milk and water. Beat vigorously for one minute and then add the butter. Pour into

a well-buttered bread pan and bake forty minutes in a moderate oven.

A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY TEA

ibid

WHEN the tea guests were ushered into Charlotte's dining-room that afternoon, they were delighted with the table and its red, white and blue decorations. In the center was a large three-cornered hat made of black paper, and heaped with artificial red cherries. The cherry ice was tinted red, and served in sherbet glasses. A large white cake, uncut, was one of the chief decorations, for halves of red cherries were placed together on it to represent a bunch of cherries, while tiny lines of chocolate icing represented the stems.

Bettina poured the tea and placed in each cup a red cherry. The guests helped themselves to trays, napkins, forks and spoons, and each took a portion of Washington salad, served in a small, black, three-cornered hat, lined with waxed paper. Each took also a rolled sandwich, tied with red, white and blue ribbon, and a nut bread sandwich in the shape of a hatchet.

The Washington fondant, rolled in cocoanut and toasted to represent tree trunks, with small gilt hatchets stuck in them, occasioned great delight. "How did you ever think of it?" Ruth asked, and Bettina gave Charlotte the credit, though she in turn disclaimed any originality in the matter.

"One thing is lacking," said Bettina. "Charlotte and I should be wearing colonial costumes. We did think of it, but happened to be too busy to make them."

That afternoon Charlotte and Bettina served:

George Washington Salad	
Rolled Sandwiches	Nut Bread Sandwiches
Cherry Ice	
Cherry Cake	Washington Fondant

BETTINA'S RECIPES

(All measurements are level)

=Washington Salad= (Twelve portions)

- 1 C-diced pineapple
- 1 C-marshmallows, cut fine
- 1 C-grapefruit, cut in cubes
- 1 C-canned seeded white cherries
- 1/4 C-filberts
- 1/4 C-Brazil nuts, cut fine
- 1-1/2 C-salad dressing

1/2 C-whipped cream
6 red cherries
12 tiny silk flags

Mix the pineapple, marshmallows, grapefruit, white cherries and nuts. Add the salad dressing. Serve immediately. Place waxed paper in the paper cups of the small, black, three-cornered hats. Place one serving of salad in each cup. Put one teaspoon of whipped cream on top and half a cherry on that. Stick a tiny silk American flag into each portion.

=Nut Bread for Sandwiches= (Twenty-four sandwiches)

2 C-graham flour
1 C-white flour
3 t-baking powder
1 egg
2/3 C-sugar
1-1/2 t-salt
1/2 C-nut meats, cut fine
1-1/2 C-milk

Mix the flours, baking powder, salt, nut meats and sugar. Break the egg in the milk and add to the dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly, pour into a well-buttered bread pan and allow to rise for twenty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven for fifty minutes.

=Nut Bread Sandwiches=

24 pieces bread
2/3 C-butter

When the nut bread is one day old, cut in very thin slices. Cream the butter and spread one piece of bread carefully with butter. Place another piece on the top. Press firmly. Make all the sandwiches in this way. Allow to stand in a cool, damp place for one hour. Make a paper hatchet pattern. Lay the pattern on top of each sandwich and with a sharp knife, trace around the pattern. Cut through carefully and the sandwiches will resemble hatchets. This is not difficult to do and is very effective.

=Washington's Birthday Sandwiches=

1 loaf of white bread one day old
8 T-butter
2 yards each of red, white and blue ribbon

Cut the bread very thin with a sharp knife. Remove all crusts. Place a damp cloth around the prepared slices when very moist, and tender. Spread with butter which has been creamed with a fork until soft. Roll the sandwiches up carefully like a roll of paper. Cut the ribbon into six-inch strips, and tie around the sandwiches. Place in a bread box to keep moist. Pile on a plate in log cabin fashion.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Made-Over Dishes*, by S. T. Rorer

Plain White Cake

Beat a quarter of a cup of butter to a cream; add gradually one and a half cups of sugar. Sift two cups of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder; measure a half pint of water; add a little water and a little flour, and so continue until the ingredients are used; beat thoroughly, then stir in the well-beaten whites of five eggs. Bake in a loaf or layers. Put layers together with chopped fruit, soft custard, or a soft icing.

Whites of Eggs

The yolks of eggs are quite easily disposed of, as sauces frequently call for the yolk of one or two eggs; then they may be used for mayonnaise dressing, or added to various dishes. The whites of eggs, however, accumulate. One of the ways of getting hard-boiled yolks, without wasting the whites, is to separate the white and the yolk before the egg is cooked; drop the yolk down into a kettle of boiling water; then stand on the back part of the stove for fifteen or twenty minutes until it is hard. The yolk will cook in this way just as well as with the white in the shell. Now, you have the uncooked whites, which may be used for a simple white cake, apple float, soufflés, plain or with fruit.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of Mrs. Beeton's Dictionary of Every-Day Cookery, by Isabella Mary Beeton

WHITING, Broiled.

Ingredients.—Salt and water; flour. Mode.—Wash the whiting in salt and water, wipe them thoroughly, and let them remain in the cloth to absorb all moisture. Flour them well, and broil over a very clear fire. Serve with maître d'hôtel sauce, or plain melted butter (see Sauces). Be careful to preserve the liver, as by some it is considered very delicate. Time.—5 minutes for a small whiting. Average cost, 4 d. each. Seasonable all the year, but best from October to March. Sufficient.—1 small whiting for each person.

WHITING, Fried.

Ingredients.—Egg and bread-crumbs, a little flour, hot lard, or clarified dripping. Mode.—Take off the skin, clean, and thoroughly wipe the fish free from all moisture, as this is most essential, in order that the egg and bread-crumbs may properly adhere. Fasten the tail in the mouth by means of a small skewer, brush the fish over with egg, dredge with a little flour, and cover with bread-crumbs. Fry them

in hot lard or clarified dripping of a nice colour, and serve them on a napkin, garnished with fried parsley. Send them to table with shrimp sauce and plain melted butter. _Time._—About 6 minutes. _Average cost_, 4_d._ each. _Seasonable_ all the year, but best from October to March. _Sufficient._—1 small whiting for each person.

Note.—Large whittings may be filleted, rolled, and served as fried filleted soles. Small fried whittings are frequently used for garnishing large boiled fish, such as turbot, cod, &c.

WHITING AU GRATIN, or BAKED WHITING.

Ingredients.—4 whiting, butter, 1 tablespoonful of minced parsley, a few chopped mushrooms when obtainable; pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg to taste; butter, 2 glasses of sherry or Madeira, bread-crumbs.

Mode.—Grease the bottom of a baking-dish with butter, and over it strew some minced parsley and mushrooms. Scale, empty, and wash the whittings, and wipe them thoroughly dry, carefully preserving the livers. Lay them in the dish, sprinkle them with bread-crumbs and seasoning, adding a little grated nutmeg, and also a little more minced parsley and mushrooms. Place small pieces of butter over the whiting, moisten with the wine, and bake for 20 minutes in a hot oven. If there should be too much sauce, reduce it by boiling over a sharp fire for a few minutes, and pour under the fish. Serve with a cut lemon, and no other sauce. _Time._—20 minutes. _Average cost_, 4_d._ each. _Seasonable_ all the year, but best from October to March. _Sufficient._—This quantity for 4 or 5 persons.

WHITING AUX FINES HERBES.

Ingredients.—1 bunch of sweet herbs chopped very fine; butter.

Mode.—Clean and skin the fish, fasten the tails in the mouths, and lay them in a baking-dish. Mince the herbs very fine, strew them over the fish, and place small pieces of butter over; cover with another dish, and let them simmer in a Dutch oven for ¼ hour or 20 minutes. Turn the fish once or twice, and serve with the sauce poured over.

Time.—¼ hour or 20 minutes. _Average cost_, 4_d._ each. _Seasonable_ all the year, but best from October to March. _Sufficient._—1 small whiting for each person.

WIDGEON, Roast.

Ingredients.—Widgeons, a little flour, butter. _Mode._—These are trussed in the same manner as wild duck, but must not be kept so long before they are dressed. Put them down to a brisk fire; flour, and baste them continually with butter, and, when browned and nicely frothed, send them to table hot and quickly. Serve with brown gravy, or orange gravy, and a cut lemon. _Time._—¼ hour; if liked well done, 20 minutes. _Average cost_, 1_s._ each: but seldom bought. _Sufficient._—2 for a dish. _Seasonable_ from October to February.

WIDGEON.

Widgeon may be carved in the same way as described in regard to wild duck.

WINE OR BRANDY SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.

Ingredients.—1 pint of melted butter, 3 heaped teaspoonfuls of pounded sugar; 1 large wineglassful of port or sherry, or $\frac{3}{4}$ of a small glassful of brandy. Mode.—Make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of melted butter, omitting the salt; then stir in the sugar and wine or spirit in the above proportion, and bring the sauce to the point of boiling. Serve in a boat or tureen separately, and, if liked, pour a little of it over the pudding. To convert this into punch sauce, add to the sherry and brandy a small wineglassful of rum and the juice and grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Liqueurs, such as Maraschino or Curaçoa, substituted for the brandy, make excellent sauces. Time.—Altogether, 15 minutes. Average cost, 8_d. Sufficient for 6 or 7 persons.

WINE SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.

Ingredients.— $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of sherry, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water, the yolks of 5 eggs, 2 oz. of pounded sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of minced lemon-peel, a few pieces of candied citron cut thin. Mode.—Separate the yolks from the whites of 5 eggs; beat them, and put them into a very clean saucepan (if at hand, a lined one is best); add all the other ingredients, place them over a sharp fire, and keep stirring until the sauce begins to thicken; then take it off and serve. If it is allowed to boil, it will be spoiled, as it will immediately curdle. Time.—To be stirred over the fire 3 or 4 minutes; but it must not boil. Average cost, 2_s. Sufficient for a large pudding; allow half this quantity for a moderate-sized one. Seasonable at any time.

WINE SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS, Excellent.

Ingredients.—The yolks of 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of flour, 2 oz. of pounded sugar, 2 oz. of fresh butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ saltspoonful of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of sherry or Madeira. Mode.—Put the butter and flour into a saucepan, and stir them over the fire until the former thickens; then add the sugar, salt, and wine, and mix these ingredients well together. Separate the yolks from the whites of 4 eggs; beat up the former, and stir them briskly to the sauce; let it remain over the fire until it is on the point of simmering; but do not allow it to boil, or it will instantly curdle. This sauce is delicious with plum, marrow, or bread puddings; but should be served separately, and not poured over the pudding. Time.—From 5 to 7 minutes to thicken the butter; about 5 minutes to stir the sauce over the fire. Average cost, 1_s. 10_d. Sufficient for 7 or 8 persons.

WINE, to Mull.

Ingredients.—To every pint of wine allow 1 large cupful of water, sugar, and spice to taste. Mode.—In making preparations like the above, it is very difficult to give the exact proportions of ingredients like sugar and spice, as what quantity might suit one person would be to another quite distasteful. Boil the spice in the water until the flavour is extracted, then add the wine and sugar, and bring the whole to the boiling-point, when serve with strips of crisp dry toast, or with biscuits. The spices usually used for mulled wine are cloves, grated nutmeg, and cinnamon or mace. Any kind of wine may be mulled, but port and claret are those usually selected for the purpose; and the latter requires a very large proportion of sugar. The vessel that the wine is boiled in must be delicately clean, and should be kept exclusively for the purpose. Small tin warmers may be purchased for a trifle, which are more suitable than saucepans, as, if the latter are not scrupulously clean, they will spoil the wine, by imparting to it a very disagreeable flavour. These warmers should be used for no other purposes.

WOODCOCK, Roast.

Ingredients.—Woodcocks; butter, flour, toast. Mode.—Woodcocks should not be drawn, as the trails are, by epicures, considered a great delicacy. Pluck, and wipe them well outside; truss them with the legs close to the body, and the feet pressing upon the thighs; skin the neck and head, and bring the beak round under the wing. Place some slices of toast in the dripping-pan to catch the trails, allowing a piece of toast for each bird. Roast before a clear fire from 15 to 25 minutes; keep them well basted, and flour and froth them nicely. When done, dish the pieces of toast with the birds upon them, and pour round a very little gravy; send some more to table in a tureen. These are most delicious birds when well cooked; but they should not be kept too long: when the feathers drop, or easily come out, they are fit for table. Time.—When liked underdone, 15 to 20 minutes; if liked well done, allow an extra 5 minutes. Average cost.—Seldom bought. Sufficient.—2 for a dish. Seasonable from November to February.

[Illustration: ROAST WOODCOCK.]

WOODCOCK.

This bird, like a partridge, may be carved by cutting it exactly into two like portions, or made into three helpings, as described in carving partridge. The backbone is considered the tit-bit of a woodcock, and by many the thigh is also thought a great delicacy. This bird is served in the manner advised by Brillat Savarin, in connection with the pheasant, viz., on toast which has received its drippings whilst roasting; and a piece of this toast should invariably accompany each plate.

[Illustration: WOODCOCK.]

WOODCOCK, SCOTCH.

Ingredients.—A few slices of hot buttered toast; allow 1 anchovy to each slice. For the sauce,—¼ pint of cream, the yolks of 3 eggs. _Mode._—Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs; beat the former, stir to them the cream, and bring the sauce to the boiling-point, but do not allow it to boil, or it will curdle. Have ready some hot buttered toast, spread with anchovies pounded to a paste; pour a little of the hot sauce on the top, and serve very hot and very quickly. _Time._—5 minutes to make the sauce hot. _Sufficient._—Allow ½ slice to each person. _Seasonable_ at any time.

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *America and the World War*, by Theodore Roosevelt

From what we have so far considered, two things are evident. First, it is quite clear that in the world, as it is at this moment situated, it is literally criminal, literally a crime against the nation, not to be adequately and thoroughly prepared in advance, so as to guard ourselves and hold our own in war. We should have a much better army than at present, including especially a far larger reserve upon which to draw in time of war. We should have first-class fortifications, especially on the canal and in Hawaii. Most important of all, we should not only have a good navy but should have it continually exercised in manœuvring. For nearly two years our navy has totally lacked the practice in manœuvring in fleet formation indispensable to its efficiency.

Of all the lessons hitherto taught by the war, the most essential for us to take to heart is that taught by the catastrophe that has befallen Belgium. One side of this catastrophe, one lesson taught by Belgium's case, is the immense gain in the self-respect of a people that has dared to fight heroically in the face of certain disaster and possible defeat. Every Belgian throughout the world carries his head higher now than he has ever carried it before, because of the proof of virile strength that his people have given. In the world at large there is not the slightest interest concerning Luxembourg's ultimate fate; there is nothing more than amusement as to the discussion whether Japan or Germany is most to blame in connection with the infringement of Chinese neutrality. This is because neither China nor Luxembourg has been able and willing effectively to stand for her own rights. At this moment Luxembourg is enjoying "peace"—the peace of death. But Belgium has stood for her own rights. She has shown heroism, courage, and self-sacrifice, and, great though the penalty, the ultimate reward will be greater still.

If ever this country is attacked and drawn into war as Belgium, through no fault of her own, was drawn into war, I hope most earnestly that she will emulate Belgium's courage; and this she cannot do unless she is prepared in advance as Belgium was prepared. In one point, as I have already stated, I very earnestly hope that she will go beyond Belgium. If any great city, such as New York or San Francisco, Boston or Seattle, is held for ransom by a foreign foe, I earnestly hope that

Americans, within the city and without, will insist that not one dollar of ransom shall be paid, and will gladly acquiesce in the absolute destruction of the city, by fire or in any other manner, rather than see a dollar paid into the war chest of our foes for the further prosecution of the war against us. Napoleon the Great made many regions pay for their own conquest and the conquest of the nations to which they belonged. But Spain and Russia would not pay, and the burning of Moscow and the defense of Saragossa marked the two great stages in the turn of the tide against him. The prime lesson of this war is that no nation can preserve its own self-respect, or the good-will of other nations, unless it keeps itself ready to exact justice from others, precisely as it should keep itself eager and willing to do justice to others.

The second lesson is the utter inadequacy in times of great crises of existing peace and neutrality treaties, and of all treaties conceived in the spirit of the all-inclusive arbitration treaties recently adopted at Washington; and, in fact, of all treaties which do not put potential force behind the treaty, which do not create some kind of international police power to stand behind international sense of right as expressed in some competent tribunal.

It remains to consider whether there is not--and I believe there is--some method which will bring nearer the day when international war of the kind hitherto waged and now waging between nations shall be relegated to that past which contains the kind of private war that was habitually waged between individuals up to the end of the Middle Ages. By degrees the work of a national police has been substituted for the exercise of the right of private war. The growth of sentiment in favor of peace within each nation accomplished little until an effective police force was put back of the sentiment. There are a few communities where such a police force is almost non-existent, although always latent in the shape of a sheriff's posse or something of the kind. In all big communities, however, in all big cities, law is observed, innocent and law-abiding and peaceful people are protected and the disorderly and violent classes prevented from a riot of mischief and wrong-doing only by the presence of an efficient police force. Some analogous international police force must be created if war between nations is to be minimized as war between individuals has been minimized.

It is, of course, essential that, if this end is to be accomplished, we shall face facts with the understanding of what they really signify. Not the slightest good is done by hysterical outcries for a peace which would consecrate wrong or leave wrongs unredressed. Little or nothing would be gained by a peace which merely stopped this war for the moment and left untouched all the causes that have brought it about. A peace which left the wrongs of Belgium unredressed, which did not leave her independent and secured against further wrong-doing, and which did not provide measures hereafter to safeguard all peaceful nations against suffering the fate that Belgium has suffered, would be mischievous rather than beneficial in its ultimate effects. If the United States had any part in bringing about such a peace it would be deeply to our discredit as a nation. Belgium has been terribly wronged, and the civilized world owes it to itself to see that this wrong is redressed

and that steps are taken which will guarantee that hereafter conditions shall not be permitted to become such as either to require or to permit such action as that of Germany against Belgium. Surely all good and honest men who are lovers of peace and who do not use the great words "love of peace" to cloak their own folly and timidity must agree that peace is to be made the handmaiden of righteousness or else that it is worthless.

England's attitude in going to war in defense of Belgium's rights, according to its guarantee, was not only strictly proper but represents the only kind of action that ever will make a neutrality treaty or peace treaty or arbitration treaty worth the paper on which it is written. The published despatches of the British government show that Sir Edward Grey clearly, emphatically, and scrupulously declined to commit his government to war until it became imperative to do so if Great Britain was to fulfil, as her honor and interest alike demanded, her engagements on behalf of the neutrality of Belgium. Of course, as far as Great Britain is concerned, she would not be honorably justified in making peace unless this object of her going to war was achieved. Our hearty sympathy should go out to her in this attitude.

The case of Belgium in this war stands by itself. As regards all the other powers, it is not only possible to make out a real case in favor of every nation on each side, but it is also quite possible to show that, under existing conditions, each nation was driven by its vital interests to do what it did. The real nature of the problem we have ahead of us can only be grasped if this attitude of the several powers is thoroughly understood. To paint the Kaiser as a devil, merely bent on gratifying a wicked thirst for bloodshed, is an absurdity, and worse than an absurdity. I believe that history will declare that the Kaiser acted in conformity with the feelings of the German people and as he sincerely believed the interests of his people demanded; and, as so often before in his personal and family life, he and his family have given honorable proof that they possess the qualities that are characteristic of the German people. Every one of his sons went to the war, not nominally, but to face every danger and hardship. Two of his sons hastily married the girls to whom they were betrothed and immediately afterward left for the front.

This was a fresh illustration of one of the most striking features of the outbreak of the war in Germany. In tens of thousands of cases the officers and enlisted men, who were engaged, married immediately before starting for the front. In many of the churches there were long queues of brides waiting for the ceremony, so as to enable their lovers to marry them just before they responded to the order that meant that they might have to sacrifice everything, including life, for the nation. A nation that shows such a spirit is assuredly a great nation. The efficiency of the German organization, the results of the German preparation in advance, were strikingly shown in the powerful forward movement of the first six weeks of the war and in the steady endurance and resolute resourcefulness displayed in the following months.

Not only is the German organization, the German preparedness, highly creditable to Germany, but even more creditable is the spirit lying behind the organization. The men and women of Germany, from the

highest to the lowest, have shown a splendid patriotism and abnegation of self. In reading of their attitude, it is impossible not to feel a thrill of admiration for the stern courage and lofty disinterestedness which this great crisis laid bare in the souls of the people. I most earnestly hope that we Americans, if ever the need may arise, will show similar qualities.

It is idle to say that this is not a people's war. The intensity of conviction in the righteousness of their several causes shown by the several peoples is a prime factor for consideration, if we are to take efficient means to try to prevent a repetition of this incredible world tragedy. History may decide in any war that one or the other party was wrong, and yet also decide that the highest qualities and powers of the human soul were shown by that party. We here in the United States have now grown practically to accept this view as regards our own Civil War, and we feel an equal pride in the high devotion to the right, as it was given each man to see the right, shown alike by the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray.

The English feel that in this war they fight not only for themselves but for principle, for justice, for civilization, for a real and lasting world peace. Great Britain is backed by the great free democracies that under her flag have grown up in Canada, in Australia, in South Africa. She feels that she stands for the liberties and rights of weak nations everywhere. One of the most striking features of the war is the way in which the varied peoples of India have sprung to arms to defend the British Empire.

The Russians regard the welfare of their whole people as at stake. The Russian Liberals believe that success for Russia means an end of militarism in Europe. They believe that the Pole, the Jew, the Finn, the man of the Caucasus will each and all be enfranchised, that the advance of justice and right in Russia will be immeasurably furthered by the triumph of the Russian people in this contest, and that the conflict was essential, not only to Russian national life but to the growth of freedom and justice within her boundaries.

The people of Germany believe that they are engaged primarily in a fight for life of the Teuton against the Slav, of civilization against what they regard as a vast menacing flood of barbarism. They went to war because they believed the war was an absolute necessity, not merely to German well-being but to German national existence. They sincerely feel that the nations of western Europe are traitors to the cause of Occidental civilization, and that they themselves are fighting, each man for his own hearthstone, for his own wife and children, and all for the future existence of the generations yet to come.

The French feel with passionate conviction that this is the last stand of France, and that if she does not now succeed and is again trampled under foot, her people will lose for all time their place in the forefront of that great modern civilization of which the debt to France is literally incalculable. It would be impossible too highly to admire the way in which the men and women of France have borne themselves in this nerve-shattering time of awful struggle and awful suspense. They have risen level to the hour's need, whereas in 1870 they failed so to

rise. The high valor of the French soldiers has been matched by the poise, the self-restraint, the dignity and the resolution with which the French people and the French government have behaved.

Of Austria and Hungary, of Servia and Montenegro, exactly the same is true, and the people of each of these countries have shown the sternest and most heroic courage and the loftiest and most patriotic willingness for self-sacrifice.

To each of these peoples the war seems a crusade against threatening wrong, and each man fervently believes in the justice of his cause. Moreover, each combatant fights with that terrible determination to destroy the opponent which springs from fear. It is not the fear which any one of these powers has inspired that offers the difficult problem. It is the fear which each of them genuinely feels. Russia believes that a quarter of the Slav people will be trodden under the heel of the Germans, unless she succeeds. France and England believe that their very existence depends on the destruction of the German menace. Germany believes that unless she can so cripple, and, if possible, destroy her western foes, as to make them harmless in the future, she will be unable hereafter to protect herself against the mighty Slav people on her eastern boundary and will be reduced to a condition of international impotence. Some of her leaders are doubtless influenced by worse motives; but the motives above given are, I believe, those that influence the great mass of Germans, and these are in their essence merely the motives of patriotism, of devotion to one's people and one's native land.

We nations who are outside ought to recognize both the reality of this fear felt by each nation for others, together with the real justification for its existence. Yet we cannot sympathize with that fear-born anger which would vent itself in the annihilation of the conquered. The right attitude is to limit militarism, to destroy the menace of militarism, but to preserve the national integrity of each nation. The contestants are the great civilized peoples of Europe and Asia.

Japan's part in the war has been slight. She has borne herself with scrupulous regard not only to the rights but to the feelings of the people of the United States. Japan's progress should be welcomed by every enlightened friend of humanity because of the promise it contains for the regeneration of Asia. All that is necessary in order to remove every particle of apprehension caused by this progress is to do what ought to be done in reference to her no less than in reference to European and American powers, namely, to develop a world policy which shall guarantee each nation against any menace that might otherwise be held for it in the growth and progress of another nation.

The destruction of Russia is not thinkable, but if it were, it would be a most frightful calamity. The Slavs are a young people, of limitless possibilities, who from various causes have not been able to develop as rapidly as the peoples of central and western Europe. They have grown in civilization until their further advance has become something greatly to be desired, because it will be a factor of immense importance in the welfare of the world. All that is necessary is

for Russia to throw aside the spirit of absolutism developed in her during the centuries of Mongol dominion. She will then be found doing what no other race can do and what it is of peculiar advantage to the English-speaking peoples that she should do.

As for crushing Germany or crippling her and reducing her to political impotence, such an action would be a disaster to mankind. The Germans are not merely brothers; they are largely ourselves. The debt we owe to German blood is great; the debt we owe to German thought and to German example, not only in governmental administration but in all the practical work of life, is even greater. Every generous heart and every far-seeing mind throughout the world should rejoice in the existence of a stable, united, and powerful Germany, too strong to fear aggression and too just to be a source of fear to its neighbors.

As for France, she has occupied, in the modern world, a position as unique as Greece in the world of antiquity. To have her broken or cowed would mean a loss to-day as great as the loss that was suffered by the world when the creative genius of the Greek passed away with his loss of political power and material greatness. The world cannot spare France.

Now, the danger to each of these great and splendid civilizations arises far more from the fear that each feels than from the fear that each inspires. Belgium's case stands apart. She inspired no fear. No peace should be made until her wrongs have been redressed, and the likelihood of the repetition of such wrongs provided against. She has suffered incredibly because the fear among the plain German people, among the Socialists, for instance, of the combined strength of France and Russia made them acquiesce in and support the policy of the military party, which was to disregard the laws of international morality and the plain and simple rights of the Belgian people.

It is idle merely to make speeches and write essays against this fear, because at present the fear has a real basis. At present each nation has cause for the fear it feels. Each nation has cause to believe that its national life is in peril unless it is able to take the national life of one or more of its foes or at least hopelessly to cripple that foe. The causes of the fear must be removed or, no matter what peace may be patched up to-day or what new treaties may be negotiated to-morrow, these causes will at some future day bring about the same results, bring about a repetition of this same awful tragedy.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN WAR

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Romance of War Inventions*, by Thomas W. Corbin

The history of this wonderful invention has been described in the preceding chapter. Now we will see how it is applied in warfare.

Let us take first its uses in connection with the Navy. The aerial wires or antenna are stretched to the top of the highest mast of the vessel. Where there are two masts they often span between the two. Ships which have masts for no other reason are supplied with them for this special purpose. In the case of submarines, the whole thing, mast and wires included, is temporary and can be taken down or put up quickly and easily at will.

The stations ashore are equipped much after the same manner as are the ships, except that sometimes they are a little more elaborate, as they may well be since they do not suffer from the same limitations. For example, the well-known antenna over the Admiralty buildings in London consists of three masts placed at the three corners of a triangle with wires stretched between all three.

However these wires may be arranged and supported they are very carefully insulated from their supports, for when sending they have to be charged with current at a high voltage and need good insulation to prevent its escape, while, in receiving, the currents induced in them are so very faint that good insulation is required in order that there may not be the slightest avoidable loss.

The function of these wires, it will be understood, is to form one plate of a condenser, the earth being the other plate and the air in between the "dielectric" or insulator.

In the case of ships "the earth" is represented by the hull of the vessel. It makes a particularly good "earth" since it is in perfect contact with a vast mass of salt water, and that again is in contact with a vast area of the earth's surface. Salt water is a surprisingly good conductor of electricity.

In land stations "earth" consists of a metal plate well buried in damp ground. The whole question of conduction of electricity through the earth is very perplexing. There seems to be resistance offered to the current at the point where it enters the ground, but after that none at all. Consequently the resistance between two earth plates a few yards apart and between similar ones a thousand miles apart is about the same. Though the earth is made up mainly of what, in small quantities, are very bad conductors indeed, taking the earth as a whole it is an exceedingly good conductor. That makes it all the more important that where the current enters should be made as good a conductor as possible, and the construction and location of the earth plates is therefore very carefully considered so as to get the best results.

Wires, of course, connect the antenna to the earth, thereby forming what is called an "oscillatory circuit." The ordinary electric circuit is a complete path of wire or other good conductor around which the current can flow in a continuous stream. An oscillatory circuit is one which is incomplete, but the ends of which are so formed that they constitute the two "plates" of a condenser. In that way, according to theory, the circuit is completed between the two ends by a strain or distortion in the "Ether" between them. A continuous current will not flow in such a circuit, but an alternating, intermittent or oscillating current will flow in it in many respects as if there were no gap at all but a

complete ring of wire.

At some convenient point in this oscillatory circuit are inserted the wireless instruments, one set for sending and the other set for receiving, either being brought into circuit at will by the simple movement of a switch.

In small installations the central feature of the sending apparatus is an Induction Coil operated by a suitable battery or by current from a dynamo. Connected with it is a suitable spark gap consisting of two or three metal balls well insulated and so arranged that the distance between them can be delicately adjusted. This is generally done by a screw arrangement with insulating handles, so that the operator can safely adjust them while the current is on.

The current from the battery or dynamo to the coil is controlled by a key similar to those used in ordinary telegraphy, the action being such that on depressing the key the current flows and the coil pours forth a torrent of sparks between the knobs of the spark-gap, but on letting the key up again the sparks cease. Since the sparks send out etherial waves which in turn affect the distant receiving apparatus it follows that a signal is sent whenever the key is depressed. Moreover, if the key be held down a short time a short signal is sent, but if it be kept depressed for a little longer a long signal is sent, by which means intelligible messages can be transmitted over vast distances.

Certain specified wave lengths are always used in wireless telegraphy. That is to say, the waves are sent out at a certain rate so that they follow each other at a certain distance apart. In other words, it is necessary to be able to adjust the rate at which the currents will oscillate between the antenna and earth. Every oscillatory circuit possesses two properties which are characteristic of it. These two properties are known as Capacity and Inductance. It is not necessary to explain here what these terms mean precisely. It is quite sufficient just to name them and to state that the rate at which oscillations take place in such a circuit depends upon the combined effect of these two properties. Consequently, if we can arrange things so that capacity or inductance or both can be added to a circuit at will and in any quantity within limits, we can within those limits obtain any rate of oscillation which we desire and consequently send out the message-bearing waves at any interval we like; in other words, we can adjust the wave-length at will.

Fortunately, it is very easy to add these properties to an oscillatory circuit in a very simple manner. A certain little instrument called a "tuner" is connected up in the circuit and by the simple movement of a few handles the desired result can be obtained quickly even by an operator with but a moderate experience. He has certain graduated scales to guide him, and he is only called upon to work according to a prearranged rule in order to obtain any of the regulation wave-lengths.

As a matter of fact, the instruments are not directly inserted in the antenna circuit, the circuit that is which is formed by the aerial wires, the earth and the inter-connecting wires. Instead, the two sides of the spark-gap are connected together so as to form a separate circuit

of their own, the local circuit as we might call it, and then the two circuits, the antenna circuit and the local circuit, are connected together by "induction."

A coil of wire is formed in each, and these two coils are wound together so that currents in one winding induce similar currents in the other winding, and by that means the oscillations set up by the coil in the local circuit are transformed into similar oscillations in the antenna circuit. This transformation involves certain losses, but it is found in practice to be by far the most effective arrangement. Both the circuits have to be tuned to the desired wave length, but that is done quite easily by the operation of the handles in the tuner already referred to.

It is to this coupling together of tuned circuits that Marconi's most famous patent relates. It is registered in the British Patent Office under the number 7777, and hence is known as the "four sevens" patent. It has been the subject of much litigation, which proves its exceptional importance, and it is to the fact that the Marconi Company have been able to sustain their rights under it that they owe their commanding position to-day in the realm of wireless telegraphy.

The Receiving Apparatus also consists of a separate local circuit which can be coupled when desired to the antenna circuit through a transformer. The same simple tuning arrangement is made to affect this circuit also, so that the "multiple tuner," as the instrument is called, controls all the circuits both for sending and for receiving. The oscillations caused in the antenna circuit by the action upon it of the etherial waves flowing from the distant transmitting station pass through one winding of the transformer and thereby induce similar oscillations in the local receiving circuit which are made perceptible by the receiving instrument.

Reference has already been made to the original form of receiving apparatus called the Coherer. This, however, has been very largely superseded by the Magnetic Detector of Marconi and the Crystal Detector, both of which make the signals perceivable as buzzing sounds in the telephone.

The magnetic detector owes its existence to the fact that oscillations tend to destroy magnetism in iron. It is believed that every molecule of iron is itself a tiny magnet. If that be so one would expect every piece of iron to be a magnet, which we know it is not. We can always make a piece of iron into a magnet by putting another magnet near it, but when we take the other magnet away the iron loses its power, or to be precise it almost loses it. A piece of even the best and softest iron having once been magnetized retains a little magnetic power which we call "residual" magnetism.

All this is easily explained if we remember first that a heap of tiny magnets lying higgledy-piggledy would in fact exhibit no magnetic power outside the heap. If, however, we brought a powerful magnet near them it would have the effect of pulling a lot of them into the same position, of arranging them in fact so that instead of all more or less neutralizing each other they could act together and help each other. Then the heap would become magnetic. On removing the powerful magnet,

however, a lot of the little ones would be sure to fall down again into their old places and so the heap would at once lose a large part of its power, yet some would remain and so it would retain a certain amount of "residual" magnetism. If, then, you were to give the table on which the little magnets rest a good shake, the "higgledy-piggledyness" would be restored and even the "residual" magnetism would vanish.

So we believe that the little molecules lie just anyhow, wherefore they neutralize each other and the mass of iron is powerless. When another magnet comes near, however, they are more or less pulled into the right position and the iron becomes magnetized. When the magnet is removed the magnetism which it produced is largely lost, and if last of all we give the iron a smart blow with a hammer even the residual magnetism vanishes too.

Now, oscillations taking place in the neighbourhood of a piece of iron possessing residual magnetism have much the same effect as the blow of a hammer. Probably because of its rapidity an oscillating current shakes the molecules up and strews them about at random, entirely destroying any orderly arrangement of them. And Marconi used that fact in detecting oscillations.

Two little coils of wire are wound together, one inside the other. Through the centre of the innermost there runs an endless band of soft iron wire. Stretched on two rollers this band travels steadily along, the motive power being clockwork, so that it is always entering the coil at one end and leaving it at the other. As it travels it passes close to two powerful steel magnets, so that as it enters the coil it is always slightly magnetized. The oscillations are passed through one of the two concentric coils, and their action is to remove suddenly the residual magnetism in that part of the moving wire which is at the moment passing through. That sudden demagnetization then affects the second of the concentric coils, inducing currents in it, not of an oscillating nature but of an ordinary intermittent kind which can make themselves audible in a telephone which is connected with the coil.

This arrangement, then, causes the oscillations, which will not operate a telephone, to produce other currents of a different nature which will.

The reason why oscillations have no effect in a telephone is no doubt because they change so rapidly, at rates, as has been mentioned already, of the order of a million per second. The telephone diaphragm, light and delicate though it is, is far too gross and heavy to respond to such rapidly changing impulses as that. In the magnetic detector the difficulty is overcome by making them change the magnetic condition of some iron wire which change in turn produces currents capable of operating a telephone. The Crystal Detector achieves the same result in another way.

There are certain substances, of which carborundum is a notable example, which conduct electricity more readily in one direction than the other. Most of these substances are crystalline in their nature, and hence the detector in which they are used gets its name. Carborundum, by the way, is a sort of artificial diamond produced in the electric furnace and largely used as a grinding material in place of emery.

It is easy to see that by passing an oscillating current, which is a very rapidly alternating current, through one of these one-direction conductors one half of each oscillation is more or less stopped. Oscillations, again, are surging to and fro: the crystal tends to let the "tos" go through and to stop the "fros." That does not quite explain all that happens. It is not fully understood. The fact remains, however, that by putting a crystal in series with the telephone the oscillations become directly audible. The term "in series with" means that both crystal and telephone are inserted in the local receiving circuit so that the currents in that circuit pass through both in succession.

The resistance of the crystal being very great, a special telephone is needed for use with it. It is quite an ordinary telephone, however, except in that it is wound with a great many turns of very fine wire and is therefore called a high-resistance telephone.

Whichever of these detectors be used, then, the operator sits, with his telephone clipped on to his head, and with his tuner set for that wave length at which his station is scheduled to work, listening for signals. He may go for hours without being called up, and in the meantime he may hear many signals intended for others. He knows they are not for him, since every message is preceded by a code signal indicating to whom it is addressed.

Under the conditions of warfare there is far more listening than there is sending, but when a station wishes to send the operator just switches over, cutting out his receiving apparatus and bringing his transmitting instruments into operation, and, having adjusted his tuner for the wave length of the station to which he desires to communicate, he flings out his message.

In war-time, too, there is much listening for the signals of the enemy, which is the reason why as few messages are sent out as possible. In this case the man sits with his telephone on his head carefully changing his tuner from time to time in the endeavour to catch any message in any wave-length which may be travelling about. This searching the ether for a chance message of the enemy must be at times a very wearisome job, but it must be varied with very exciting intervals.

On aircraft it is clear that no earth connection is possible. The antenna in that case usually hangs vertically down from the machine or airship. Under these conditions the valuable effect of the earth connection is of course lost. As will be remembered, the earth-connected apparatus sends forth waves which cling more or less to the neighbourhood of the earth's surface, while those from the non-earthed apparatus as used by aircraft tend to fly in all directions. The latter apparatus is in fact almost precisely similar to that which Hertz used in his first experiments. Hence the range is comparatively poor under these conditions, but it is good enough for very valuable work in warfare. Communication between airman and artillery by this means has revolutionized the handling of large guns in the field.

To save the airman from the accidental catching of his aerial wire in a tree or on a building there is sometimes fitted a contrivance of the

nature of wire-cutters so that he can at any moment cut himself free from it.

So far we have dealt almost exclusively with the naval and aerial use of this wonderful invention. It is employed, though in a lesser degree, in land warfare. In such cases the aerial may be merely a wire thrown on to and caught up on a high tree. More elaborate devices are used, however, such as a high telescopic tower similar to the tall fire-escape ladders of the fire-brigades. Anyone who has seen the ladders rush up to a burning building and commence to erect themselves almost before they have stopped will realise how valuable such a machine must be for forming a temporary and easily movable wireless antenna. The power which causes the tall tower to extend itself erect in a few seconds is compressed air carried in cylinders upon the machine, while the power which takes it from place to place is a petrol motor, and since the latter can be made to re-charge the storage cylinders it is clear that in it we have a marvellously convenient adjunct to the wireless apparatus.

But apart from such carefully prepared devices the men of the Royal Engineers are past masters in the art of rigging up, according to the conditions of the moment, all sorts of makeshift apparatus whereby signalling over quite long ranges can be carried on by "wireless." Such improvisations, could they be recorded, would constitute war inventions of a high order.

WALKS ON THE SEA--MOUNTAIN CLOSET--PETER SINKING.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Walks and Words of Jesus, by M. N. Olmsted

Then those men when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.

And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, unto Bethsaida, while he sent away the people.

When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, and when he had sent the multitudes away, he departed again into a mountain himself alone, to pray. And when even was now come, his disciples went down unto the sea, and entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum. And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them. But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary: and he alone on the land.

And the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew. And he saw them toiling in rowing: for the wind was contrary unto them. So when they had rowed about five and twenty or thirty furlongs, and about the fourth watch of the night, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship: and would have passed by them. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit;

and they cried out for fear: for they all saw him, and were troubled.
But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying,

Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said,

Come.

And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him,

O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

Then they willingly received him into the ship. And when they were come into the ship the wind ceased: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.

Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God. And they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered. For they considered not the miracle of the loaves: for their heart was hardened.

And when they had passed over, they came into the land of Gennesaret, and drew to the shore. And when they were come out of the ship, and when the men of that place had knowledge of him, they sent out into all that country; and ran through that whole region round about, and began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard he was. And whithersoever he entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment: and as many as touched him were made whole. The day following when the people which stood on the other side of the sea saw that there was none other boat there, save that one whereinto his disciples were entered, and that Jesus went not with his disciples into the boat, but that his disciples were gone away alone: (howbeit there came other boats from Tiberias, nigh unto the place where they did eat bread, after that the Lord had given thanks;) when the people therefore saw that Jesus was not there, neither his disciples, they also took shipping, and came to Capernaum, seeking for Jesus.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JESUS THE BREAD OF LIFE FOR THE WORLD.

And when they had found him on the other side of the sea, they said unto him, Rabbi, when camest thou hither? Jesus answered them and said,

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek me, not because ye saw

the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed.

Then said they unto him, What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them,

This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.

They said therefore unto him, What sign showest thou then, that we may see, and believe thee? what dost thou work? Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat. Then said Jesus unto them,

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is he that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread. And Jesus said unto them,

I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. But I said unto you, That ye also have seen me, and believe not. All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.

The Jews then murmured at him, because he said, I am the bread which came down from heaven. And they said, Is not this Jesus the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that he saith, I came down from heaven? Jesus therefore answered and said unto them,

Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day. It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me. Not that any man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God, he hath seen the Father. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I

will give for the life of the world.

The Jews therefore strove among themselves saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat? Then said Jesus unto them,

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven; not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever.

These things said he in the synagogue, as he taught in Capernaum. Many therefore of his disciples, when they had heard this, said, This is an hard saying; who can hear it? When Jesus knew in himself that his disciples murmured at it, he said unto them,

Doth this offend you? What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before? It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life. But there are some of you that believe not.

For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray him. And he said,

Therefore I said unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it were given unto him of my Father.

From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve,

Will ye also go away?

Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God. Jesus answered them,

Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.

He spake of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon; for he it was that should betray him, being one of the twelve.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PHARISEES MURMUR--WASHINGS AND OTHER TRADITIONS.

Then came together unto him the Pharisees, and certain of the scribes, which came from Jerusalem. And when they saw some of his disciples eat bread with defiled, that is to say, with unwashen hands, they found fault. For the Pharisees, and all the Jews, except they wash their hands oft, eat not, holding the tradition of the elders. And when they come from the market, except they wash, they eat not. And many other things there be, which they have received to hold, as the washing of cups, and pots, brazen vessels, and of tables.

Then the Pharisees and scribes asked him, Why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread. But he answered and said unto them,

Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition. For God commanded, saying, Honor thy father and mother: and, He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say, Whosoever shall say to his father or his mother, It is Corban, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; and honor not his father or his mother, he shall be free. Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition. And ye suffer him no more to do ought for his father or his mother; making the word of God of none effect through your tradition, which ye have delivered: and many such like things do ye.

Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups: and many other such things ye do.

And when he had called all the people unto him, he said unto them,

Hearken unto me every one of you, and understand: there is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.

And when he was entered into the house from the people, then came his disciples, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Pharisees were offended, after they heard this saying? But he answered and said,

Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up. Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

Then answered Peter, and said unto him, Declare unto us this parable. And Jesus said,

Are ye also yet without understanding? Do not ye yet understand, that whatsoever thing from without entereth into the man, it cannot defile him; because it entereth not into his heart, but into the belly, and goeth out into the draught, purging all meats? But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, false witness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within, and defile the man: but to eat with unwashen hands defileth not a man.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN--BLIND MEN--FEEDS FOUR THOUSAND.

Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord thou Son of David: my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us. But he answered and said,

I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

And (he) entered into an house, and would have no man know it: but he could not be hid. For a certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation: and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. But Jesus said unto her,

Let the children first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs.

And she answered and said unto him, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs under the table, eat of the children's crumbs which fall from their masters' table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her,

O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.

And he said unto her,

For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter.

And her daughter was made whole from that very hour. And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed.

And again Jesus departed from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and came nigh unto the sea of Galilee: through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis. And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him,

Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.

And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain. And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it; and were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

And (Jesus) went up into a mountain, and sat down there. And great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them; insomuch that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb to speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see: and they glorified the God of Israel.

In those days the multitude being very great, and having nothing to eat, Jesus called his disciples unto him, and saith unto them,

I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat: and if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way.

For divers of them came from far. And his disciples say unto him, Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness, as to fill so great a multitude? And Jesus saith unto them,

How many loaves have ye?

And they said, Seven, and a few little fishes. And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the ground. And he took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks, and brake them, and gave to his disciples, to set before them; and they did set them before the people. And they had a few small fishes; and he blessed, and commanded to set them also before them. And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets full. And they that did eat were four thousand men, beside women and children.

THE HILL WIFE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Mountain Interval*, by Robert Frost

LONELINESS

(_Her Word_)

One ought not to have to care
So much as you and I
Care when the birds come round the house
To seem to say good-bye;

Or care so much when they come back
With whatever it is they sing;
The truth being we are as much
Too glad for the one thing

As we are too sad for the other here--
With birds that fill their breasts
But with each other and themselves
And their built or driven nests.

HOUSE FEAR

Always--I tell you this they learned--
Always at night when they returned
To the lonely house from far away
To lamps unlighted and fire gone gray,
They learned to rattle the lock and key
To give whatever might chance to be
Warning and time to be off in flight:
And preferring the out- to the in-door night,
They learned to leave the house-door wide
Until they had lit the lamp inside.

THE SMILE

(_Her Word_)

I didn't like the way he went away.
That smile! It never came of being gay.
Still he smiled--did you see him?--I was sure!
Perhaps because we gave him only bread
And the wretch knew from that that we were poor.
Perhaps because he let us give instead
Of seizing from us as he might have seized.
Perhaps he mocked at us for being wed,
Or being very young (and he was pleased
To have a vision of us old and dead).
I wonder how far down the road he's got.
He's watching from the woods as like as not.

THE OFT-REPEATED DREAM

She had no saying dark enough
For the dark pine that kept
Forever trying the window-latch
Of the room where they slept.

The tireless but ineffectual hands
That with every futile pass
Made the great tree seem as a little bird
Before the mystery of glass!

It never had been inside the room,
And only one of the two
Was afraid in an oft-repeated dream
Of what the tree might do.

THE IMPULSE

It was too lonely for her there,
And too wild,
And since there were but two of them,
And no child,

And work was little in the house,
She was free,
And followed where he furrowed field,
Or felled tree.

She rested on a log and tossed
The fresh chips,
With a song only to herself
On her lips.

And once she went to break a bough
Of black alder.
She strayed so far she scarcely heard
When he called her--

And didn't answer--didn't speak--
Or return.
She stood, and then she ran and hid
In the fern.

He never found her, though he looked
Everywhere,
And he asked at her mother's house
Was she there.

Sudden and swift and light as that
The ties gave,
And he learned of finalities
Besides the grave.

Poetry from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Love, Worship and Death*, by Rennell Rodd

A WAYSIDE FOUNTAIN

by Micias

Rest here beneath the poplars,
When tired with travelling,
And drawing nigh refresh you
With water from our spring.
So may you keep in memory
When under other skies
The fount his father Simus set
By the grave where Gillus lies.

A BITTER WORD

by Sappho

Dying thou shalt lie in nothingness, nor after
Love shall abide here nor memory of thee;
For thou hast no portion in the roses of Pieria;
But even in the nether world obscurely shalt thou wander
Flitting hither thither with the phantoms of the dead.

Whiskaboom

By ALAN ARKIN

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*Jack's blunder was disastrous, but what he
worried about was: would Einstein have approved?*

Dear Mr. Gretch:

Mrs. Burroughs and I are sending your son Jack to you because we do not
know what else to do with him. As you can see, we can't keep him with

us in his present condition.

Also, Jack owes us two weeks rent and, since Mrs. Burroughs and I are retired, we would appreciate your sending the money. It has been a dry year and our garden has done poorly.

The only reason we put up with your son in the first place was because we are so hard-pressed.

He saw the sign on the porch, rang the bell and paid Mrs. Burroughs a month's rent without even looking at the room. Then he ran out to his car and commenced pulling out suitcases and boxes and dragging them upstairs.

After the third trip, Mrs. Burroughs saw he was having trouble with the stuff and he looked kind of worn out, so she offered to help.

He gave her a hard look, as she described it to me when I got home. He said, "I don't want anyone touching anything. Please don't interfere."

"I didn't mean to interfere," my wife told him. "I only wanted to help."

"I don't want any help," he said quietly, but with a wild look in his eye, and he staggered upstairs with the last of his baggage and locked the door.

* * * * *

When I got home, Mrs. Burroughs told me she thought I ought to take a look at the new boarder. I went up, thinking we'd have a little chat and straighten things out. I could hear him inside, hammering on something.

He didn't hear my first knock or the second. I got sore and nearly banged the door down, at which time he decided to open up.

I charged in, ready to fight a bear. And there was this skinny red-headed son of yours glaring at me.

"That's a lot of hammering you're doing, son," I said.

"That's the only way I can get these boxes open, and don't call me son."

"I don't like to disturb you, Mr. Gretch, but Mrs. Burroughs is a little upset over the way you acted today. I think you ought to come down for a cup of tea and get acquainted."

"I know I was rude," he said, looking a little ashamed, "but I have waited for years for a chance to get to work on my own, with no interference. I'll come down tomorrow, when I have got my equipment set up, and apologize to Mrs. Burroughs then."

I asked him what he was working on, but he said he would explain later. Before I got out of the door, he was hammering again. He worked till after midnight.

We saw Jack at mealtimes for the next few days, but he didn't talk much. We learned that he was twenty-six, in spite of his looking like a boy in his teens, that he thought Prof. Einstein the greatest man ever, and that he disliked being called son. Of his experiment, he didn't have much to say then. He saw Mrs. Burroughs was a little nervous about his experimenting in the guest room and he assured her it was not dangerous.

Before the week was out, we started hearing the noises. The first one was like a wire brush going around a barrel. It went _whisk, whisk_. Then he rigged up something that went _skaboom_ every few seconds, like a loud heartbeat. Once in a while, he got in a sound like a creaky well pump, but mostly it was _skaboom_ and _whisk_, which eventually settled down to a steady rhythm, _whiskaboom, whiskaboom_.

It was kind of pleasant.

* * * * *

Neither of us saw him for two days. The noises kept going on. Mrs. Burroughs was alarmed because he did not answer her knock at mealtimes, and one morning she charged upstairs and hollered at him through the door.

"You stop your nonsense this minute and come down to breakfast!"

"I'm not hungry," he called back.

"You open this door!" she ordered and, by George, he did. "Your _whiskaboom_ or whatever it is will keep till after breakfast."

He sat at the table, but he was a tired boy. He had a cold, his eyelids kept batting, and I don't believe he could have lifted his coffee cup. He tried to look awake, and then over he went with his face in the oatmeal.

Mrs. Burroughs ran for the ammonia, but he was out cold, so we wiped the oatmeal off his face and carried him upstairs.

My wife rubbed Jack's wrists with garlic and put wet towels on his face, and presently he came to. He looked wildly about the room at his machinery. It was all there, and strange-looking stuff, too.

"Please go away," he begged. "I've got work to do."

Mrs. Burroughs helped him blow his nose. "There'll be no work for you, sonny. Not until you're well. We'll take care of you." He didn't seem to mind being called sonny.

He was sick for a week and we tended him like one of our own. We got to know him pretty well. And we also got to know you.

Now, Mr. Gretch, whatever you are doing in your laboratory is your own business. You could be making atomic disintegrators, for all Jack told

us. But he does not like or approve of it and he told us about your running battle with him to keep him working on your project instead of his own.

Jack tried to explain his ideas for harnessing time and what he called "the re-integration principle." It was all so much _whiskaboom_ to us, so to speak, but he claimed it was for the good of mankind, which was fine with us.

But he said you would not let him work it out because there was less money in it than in your project, and this is why he had to get away and work and worry himself into a collapse.

When he got well, Mrs. Burroughs told him, "From now on, you're going to have three meals a day and eight hours sleep, and in between you can play on your _whiskaboom_ all you please."

The _whiskabooming_ became as familiar to us as our own voices.

Last Sunday, Mrs. Burroughs and I came home from church, about noon. She went inside through the front door to fix dinner. I walked around the house to look at the garden. And the moment I walked past the front of the house, I got the shock of my life.

The house disappeared!

* * * * *

I was too surprised to stop walking, and a step later I was standing at the back of the house, and it was all there. I took a step back and the whole house vanished again. One more step and I was at the front.

It looked like a real house in front and in back, but there wasn't any in-between. It was like one of those false-front saloons on a movie lot, but thinner.

I thought of my wife, who had gone into the kitchen and, for all I knew, was as thin as the house, and I went charging in the back door, yelling.

"Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right," she said. "What's the matter with you?"

I grabbed her and she was all there, thank heavens. She giggled and called me an old fool, but I dragged her outside and showed her what had happened to our house.

She saw it, too, so I knew I didn't have sunstroke, but she couldn't understand it any better than I.

Right about then, I detected a prominent absence of _whiskabooming_. "Jack!" I hollered, and we hurried back into the house and upstairs.

Well, Mr. Gretch, it was so pitiful, I can't describe it. He was there,

but I never saw a more miserable human being. He was not only thin but also flat, like a cartoon of a man who had been steamrollered. He was lying on the bed, holding onto the covers, with no more substance to him than a thin piece of paper. Less.

Mrs. Burroughs took one of his shoulders between her thumb and forefinger, and I took the other, and we held him up. There was a breeze coming through the window and Jack--well, he waved in the breeze.

We closed the window and laid him down again and he tried to explain what had happened. "Professor Einstein wouldn't have liked this!" he moaned. "Something went wrong," he cried, shuddering.

He went on gasping and mumbling, and we gathered that he had hooked up a circuit the wrong way. "I didn't harness the fourth--I chopped off the third dimension! Einstein wouldn't have approved!"

He was relieved to learn that the damage had been confined to himself and the house, so far as we knew. Like the house, Jack had insides, but we don't know where they are. We poured tea down him, and he can eat, after a fashion, but there never is a sign of a lump anywhere.

* * * * *

That night, we pinned him to the bed with clothespins so he wouldn't blow off the bed. Next morning, we rigged a line and pinned him to it so he could sit up.

"I know what to do," he said, "but I would have to go back to the lab. Dad would have to let me have his staff and all sorts of equipment. And he won't do it."

"If he thinks more of his money than he does of his own son," Mrs. Burroughs said, "then he's an unnatural father."

But Jack made us promise not to get in touch with you.

Still, people are beginning to talk. The man from the electric company couldn't find the meter yesterday, because it is attached to the middle of the outside wall and has vanished.

Mr. Gretch, we are parents and we feel that you will not hesitate a moment to do whatever is necessary to get Jack back into shape. So, despite our promise, we are sending Jack to you by registered parcel post, air mail. He doesn't mind the cardboard mailing tube he is rolled up in as he has been sleeping in it, finding it more comfortable than being pinned to the sheets.

Jack is a fine boy, sir, and we hope to hear soon that he is back to normal and doing the work he wants to do.

Very truly yours,

W. Burroughs

P.S. When Jack figures out the re-integration principle, we would appreciate his fixing our house. We get along as usual, but it makes us nervous to live in a house that, strictly speaking, has no insides. W.B.

THE FOX AND THE WOLF.

Project Gutenberg's Folk-Lore and Legends: Oriental, by Charles John Tibbitts

A fox and a wolf inhabited the same den, resorting thither together, and thus they remained a long time. But the wolf oppressed the fox; and it so happened that the fox counselled the wolf to assume benignity, and to abandon wickedness, saying to him, "If thou persevere in thine arrogance, probably God will give power over thee to a son of Adam; for he is possessed of stratagems, and artifice, and guile; he captureth the birds from the sky, and the fish from the sea, and cutteth the mountains and transporteth them; and all this he accomplisheth through his stratagems. Betake thyself, therefore, to the practice of equity, and relinquish evil and oppression; for it will be more pleasant to thy taste." The wolf, however, received not his advice; on the contrary, he returned him a rough reply, saying to him, "Thou hast no right to speak on matters of magnitude and importance." He then gave the fox such a blow that he fell down senseless; and when he recovered, he smiled in the wolf's face, apologising for his shameful words, and recited these two verses:--

"If I have been faulty in my affection for you, and committed
a deed of a shameful nature,
I repent of my offence, and your clemency will extend to the
evildoer who craveth forgiveness."

So the wolf accepted his apology, and ceased from ill-treating him, but said to him, "Speak not of that which concerneth thee not, lest thou hear that which will not please thee." The fox replied, "I hear and obey. I will abstain from that which pleaseth thee not; for the sage hath said, 'Offer not information on a subject respecting which thou art not questioned; and reply not to words when thou art not invited; leave what concerneth thee not, to attend to that which _doth_ concern thee; and lavish not advice upon the evil, for they will recompense thee for it with evil.'"

When the wolf heard these words of the fox, he smiled in his face; but he meditated upon employing some artifice against him, and said, "I must strive to effect the destruction of this fox." As to the fox, however, he bore patiently the injurious conduct of the wolf, saying within himself, "Verily, insolence and calumny occasion destruction, and betray one into perplexity; for it hath been said, 'He who is insolent suffereth injury, and he who is ignorant repenteth, and he who feareth is safe: moderation is one of the qualities of the noble, and good manners are the noblest gain.' It is advisable to behave with dissimulation towards this tyrant, and he will inevitably be overthrown." He then said to the wolf, "Verily the Lord pardoneth and becometh propitious unto His servant when he hath sinned; and I am a

weak slave, and have committed a transgression in offering thee advice. Had I foreknown the pain that I have suffered from thy blow, I had known that the elephant could not withstand nor endure it; but I will not complain of the pain of that blow, on account of the happiness that hath resulted unto me from it; for, if it had a severe effect upon me, its result was happiness; and the sage hath said, 'The beating inflicted by the preceptor is at first extremely grievous; but in the end it is sweeter than clarified honey!'" So the wolf said, "I forgive thine offence, and cancel thy fault; but beware of my power, and confess thyself my slave; for thou hast experienced my severity unto him who showeth me hostility." The fox, therefore, prostrated himself before him, saying to him, "May God prolong thy life, and mayest thou not cease to subdue him who opposeth thee!" And he continued to fear the wolf, and to dissemble towards him.

After this the fox went one day to a vineyard, and saw in its wall a breach; but he suspected it, saying unto himself, "There must be some cause for this breach, and it hath been said, 'Whoso seeth a hole in the ground, and doth not shun it, and be cautious of advancing to it boldly, exposeth himself to danger and destruction.' It is well known that some men make a figure of the fox in the vineyard, and even put before it grapes in plates, in order that a fox may see it, and advance to it, and fall into destruction. Verily I regard this breach as a snare; and it hath been said, 'Caution is the half of cleverness.' Caution requireth me to examine this breach, and to see if I can find there anything that may lead to perdition. Covetousness doth not induce me to throw myself into destruction." He then approached it, and, going round about examining it warily, beheld it; and lo! there was a deep pit, which the owner of the vineyard had dug to catch in it the wild beasts that despoiled the vines; and he observed over it a slight covering. So he drew back from it, and said, "Praise be to God that I regarded it with caution! I hope that my enemy, the wolf, who hath made my life miserable, may fall into it, so that I alone may enjoy absolute power over the vineyard, and live in it securely." Then, shaking his head, and uttering a loud laugh, he merrily sang these verses--

"Would that I beheld at the present moment in this well a wolf,
Who hath long afflicted my heart, and made me drink bitterness
perforce!
Would that my life might be spared, and that the wolf might meet
his death!
Then the vineyard would be free from his presence, and I should
find in it my spoil."

Having finished his song, he hurried away until he came to the wolf, when he said to him, "Verily God hath smoothed for thee the way to the vineyard without fatigue. This hath happened through thy good fortune. Mayest thou enjoy, therefore, that to which God hath granted thee access, in smoothing thy way to that plunder and that abundant sustenance without any difficulty!" So the wolf said to the fox, "What is the proof of that which thou hast declared?" The fox answered, "I went to the vineyard, and found that its owner had died; and I entered the garden, and beheld the fruits shining upon the trees."

So the wolf doubted not the words of the fox, and in his eagerness he arose and went to the breach. His cupidity had deceived him with vain hopes, and the fox stopped and fell down behind him as one dead, applying this verse as a proverb suited to the case--

"Dost thou covet an interview with Leyla? It is covetousness
that causeth the loss of men's heads."

When the wolf came to the breach, the fox said to him, "Enter the vineyard; for thou art spared the trouble of breaking down the wall of the garden, and it remaineth for God to complete the benefit." So the wolf walked forward, desiring to enter the vineyard, and when he came to the middle of the covering of the hole, he fell into it; whereupon the fox was violently excited by happiness and joy, his anxiety and grief ceased, and in merry tones he sang these verses--

"Fortune hath compassionated my case, and felt pity for the length
of my torment,
And granted me what I desired, and removed that which I dreaded.
I will, therefore, forgive its offences committed in former times;
Even the injustice it hath shown in the turning of my hair grey.
There is no escape for the wolf from utter annihilation;
And the vineyard is for me alone, and I have no stupid partner."

He then looked into the pit, and beheld the wolf weeping in his repentance and sorrow for himself, and the fox wept with him. So the wolf raised his head towards him, and said, "Is it from thy compassion for me that thou hast wept, O Abu-l-Hoseyn?" "No," answered the fox, "by him who cast thee into this pit; but I weep for the length of thy past life, and in my regret at thy not having fallen into this pit before the present day. Hadst thou fallen into it before I met with thee, I had experienced refreshment and ease. But thou hast been spared to the expiration of thy decreed term and known period." The wolf, however, said to him, "Go, O evildoer, to my mother, and acquaint her with that which hath happened to me; perhaps she will contrive some means for my deliverance." But the fox replied, "The excess of thy covetousness and eager desire has entrapped thee into destruction, since thou hast fallen into a pit from which thou wilt never be saved. Knowest thou not, O ignorant wolf, that the author of the proverb saith, 'He who thinks not of results will not be secure from perils?'" "O Abu-l-Hoseyn!" rejoined the wolf, "thou wast wont to manifest an affection for me, and to desire my friendship, and fear the greatness of my power. Be not, then, rancorous towards me for that which I have done unto thee; for he who hath one in his power, and yet forgiveth, will receive a recompense from God, and the poet hath said--

"Sow good, even on an unworthy soil; for it will not be
fruitless wherever it is sown.
Verily, good, though it remained long buried, none will
reap but him who sowed it."

"O most ignorant of the beasts of prey!" said the fox, "and most stupid of the wild beasts of the regions of the earth, hast thou forgotten thy haughtiness, and insolence, and pride, and thy

disregarding the rights of companionship, and thy refusing to be advised by the saying of the poet?--

"Tyrannise not, if thou hast the power to do so; for the tyrannical is in danger of revenge,
Thine eye will sleep while the oppressed, wakeful, will call down curses on thee, and God's eye sleepeth not."

"O Abu-l-Hoseyn!" exclaimed the wolf, "be not angry with me for my former offences, for forgiveness is required of the generous, and kind conduct is among the best means of enriching one's-self. How excellent is the saying of the poet--

"Haste to do good when thou art able; for at every season thou hast not the power."

He continued to abase himself to the fox, and said to him, "Perhaps thou canst find some means of delivering me from destruction." But the fox replied, "O artful, guileful, treacherous wolf! hope not for deliverance; for this is the recompense of thy base conduct, and a just retaliation." Then, shaking his jaws with laughing, he recited these two verses--

"No longer attempt to beguile me; for thou wilt not attain thy object.
What thou seekest from me is impossible. Thou hast sown, and reap, then, vexation."

"O gentle one among the beasts of prey!" resumed the wolf, "thou art in my estimation more faithful than to leave me in this pit." He then shed tears, and repeated this couplet--

"O thou whose favours to me have been many, and whose gifts have been more than can be numbered!
No misfortune hath ever yet befallen me but I have found thee ready to aid me in it."

The fox replied, "O stupid enemy, how art thou reduced to humility, submissiveness, abjectness, and obsequiousness, after thy disdain, pride, tyranny, and haughtiness! I kept company with thee through fear of thine oppression, and flattered thee without a hope of conciliating thy kindness; but now terror hath affected thee, and punishment hath overtaken thee." And he recited these two verses--

"O thou who seekest to beguile! thou hast fallen in thy base intention.
Taste, then, the pain of shameful calamity, and be with other wolves cut off."

The wolf still entreated him, saying, "O gentle one! speak not with the tongue of enmity, nor look with its eye; but fulfil the covenant of fellowship with me before the time for discovering a remedy shall have passed. Arise and procure for me a rope, and tie one end of it to a tree, and let down to me its other end, that I may lay hold of it. Perhaps I may so escape from my present predicament, and I will give

thee all the treasures that I possess." The fox, however, replied, "Thou hast prolonged a conversation that will not procure thy liberation. Hope not, therefore, for thy escape through my means; but reflect upon thy former wicked conduct, and the perfidy and artifice which thou thoughtest to employ against me, and how near thou art to being stoned. Know that thy soul is about to quit the world, and to perish and depart from it: then wilt thou be reduced to destruction, and an evil abode is it to which thou goest!" "O Abu-I-Hoseyn!" rejoined the wolf, "be ready in returning to friendship, and be not so rancorous. Know that he who delivereth a soul from destruction hath saved it alive, and he who saveth a soul alive is as if he had saved the lives of all mankind. Follow not a course of evil, for the wise abhor it; and there is no evil more manifest than my being in this pit, drinking the suffocating pains of death, and looking upon destruction, when thou art able to deliver me from the misery into which I have fallen." But the fox exclaimed, "O thou barbarous, hard-hearted wretch! I compare thee, with respect to the fairness of thy professions and the baseness of thine intention, to the falcon with the partridge." "And what," asked the wolf, "is the story of the falcon and the partridge?"

The fox answered, "I entered a vineyard one day to eat of its grapes, and while I was there, I beheld a falcon pounce upon a partridge; but when he had captured him, the partridge escaped from him and entered his nest, and concealed himself in it; whereupon the falcon followed him, calling out to him, 'O idiot! I saw thee in the desert hungry, and, feeling compassion for thee, I gathered for thee some grain, and took hold of thee that thou mightest eat; but thou fleddest from me, and I see no reason for thy flight unless it be to mortify. Show thyself, then, and take the grain that I have brought thee and eat it, and may it be light and wholesome to thee.' So when the partridge heard these words of the falcon, he believed him and came forth to him; and the falcon stuck his talons into him, and got possession of him. The partridge therefore said to him, 'Is this that of which thou saidst that thou hadst brought for me from the desert, and of which thou saidst to me, "Eat it, and may it be light and wholesome to thee?" Thou hast lied unto me; and may God make that which thou eatest of my flesh to be a mortal poison in thy stomach!' And when he had eaten it, his feathers fell off, and his strength failed, and he forthwith died."

The fox then continued, "Know, O wolf, that he who diggeth a pit for his brother soon falleth into it himself; and thou behavedst with perfidy to me first." "Cease," replied the wolf, "from addressing me with this discourse, and propounding fables, and mention not unto me my former base actions. It is enough for me to be in this miserable state, since I have fallen into a calamity for which the enemy would pity me, much more the true friend. Consider some stratagem by means of which I may save myself, and so assist me. If the doing this occasion thee trouble, thou knowest that the true friend endureth for his own true friend the severest labour, and will suffer destruction in obtaining his deliverance; and it hath been said, 'An affectionate friend is even better than a brother.' If thou procure means for my escape, I will collect for thee such things as shall be a store for thee against the time of want, and then I will teach thee

extraordinary stratagems by which thou shalt make the plenteous vineyards accessible, and shalt strip the fruitful trees: so be happy and cheerful." But the fox said, laughing as he spoke, "How excellent is that which the learned have said of him who is excessively ignorant like thee!" "And what have the learned said?" asked the wolf. The fox answered, "The learned have observed that the rude in body and in disposition is far from intelligence, and nigh unto ignorance; for thine assertion, O perfidious idiot! that the true friend undergoeth trouble for the deliverance of his own true friend is just as thou hast said; but acquaint me, with thine ignorance and thy paucity of sense, how I should bear sincere friendship towards thee with thy treachery. Hast thou considered me a true friend unto thee when I am an enemy who rejoiceth in thy misfortune? These words are more severe than the piercing of arrows, if thou understand. And as to thy saying that thou wilt give me such things as will be a store for me against the time of want, and will teach me stratagems by which I shall obtain access to the plenteous vineyards and strip the fruitful trees--how is it, O guileful traitor! that thou knowest not a stratagem by means of which to save thyself from destruction? How far, then, art thou from profiting thyself, and how far am I from receiving thine advice? If thou know of stratagems, employ them to save thyself from this predicament from which I pray God to make thine escape far distant. See, then, O idiot! if thou know any stratagem, and save thyself by its means from slaughter, before thou lavish instruction upon another. But thou art like a man whom a disease attacked, and to whom there came a man suffering from the same disease to cure him, saying to him, 'Shall I cure thee of thy disease?' The first man, therefore, said to the other, 'Why hast thou not begun by curing thyself?' So he left him and went his way. And thou, O wolf, art in the same case. Remain, then, in thy place, and endure that which hath befallen thee."

Now when the wolf heard these words of the fox, he knew that he had no kindly feeling for him; so he wept for himself, and said, "I have been careless of myself; but if God deliver me from this affliction, I will assuredly repent of my overbearing conduct unto him that is weaker than I; and I will certainly wear wool, and ascend the mountains, commemorating the praises of God (whose name be exalted!) and fearing His punishment; and I will separate myself from all the other wild beasts, and verily I will feed the warriors in defence of the religion and the poor." Then he wept and lamented; and thereupon the heart of the fox was moved with tenderness for him. On hearing his humble expressions, and the words which indicated his repenting of arrogance and pride, he was affected with compassion for him, and, leaping with joy, placed himself at the brink of the pit, and sat upon his hind-legs and hung down his tail into the cavity. Upon this the wolf arose, and stretched forth his paw towards the fox's tail, and pulled him down to him; so the fox was with him in the pit. The wolf then said to him, "O fox of little compassion! wherefore didst thou rejoice in my misfortune? Now thou hast become my companion, and in my power. Thou hast fallen into the pit with me, and punishment hath quickly overtaken thee. The sages have said, 'If any one of you reproach his brother for deriving his nourishment from miserable means, he shall experience the same necessity,' and how excellent is the saying of the poet--

"When fortune throweth itself heavily upon some, and encampeth
by the side of others,
Say to those who rejoice over us, "Awake: the rejoicers over us
shall suffer as _we_ have done."

"I must now," he continued, "hasten thy slaughter, before thou
beholdest mine." So the fox said within himself, "I have fallen into
the snare with this tyrant, and my present case requireth the
employment of artifice and frauds. It hath been said that the woman
maketh her ornaments for the day of festivity; and, in a proverb, 'I
have not reserved thee, O my tear, but for the time of my difficulty!'
and if I employ not some stratagem in the affair of this tyrannical
wild beast, I perish inevitably. How good is the saying of the poet--

"Support thyself by guile; for thou livest in an age whose sons
are like the lions of the forest;
And brandish around the spear of artifice, that the mill of
subsistence may revolve;
And pluck the fruits; or if they be beyond thy reach, then
content thyself with herbage."

He then said to the wolf, "Hasten not to kill me, lest thou repent, O
courageous wild beast, endowed with might and excessive fortitude! If
thou delay, and consider what I am about to tell thee, thou wilt know
the desire that I formed; and if thou hasten to kill me, there will be
no profit to thee in thy doing so, but we shall die here together." So
the wolf said, "O thou wily deceiver! how is it that thou hopest to
effect my safety and thine own, that thou askest me to give thee a
delay? Acquaint me with the desire that thou formedst." The fox
replied, "As to the desire that I formed, it was such as requireth
thee to recompense me for it well, since, when I heard thy promises,
and thy confession of thy past conduct, and thy regret at not having
before repented and done good; and when I heard thy vows to abstain
from injurious conduct to thy companions and others, and to relinquish
the eating of the grapes and all other fruits, and to impose upon
thyself the obligation of humility, and to clip thy claws and break
thy dog-teeth, and to wear wool and offer sacrifice to God (whose
name be exalted!) if He delivered thee from thy present state, I was
affected with compassion for thee, though I was before longing for thy
destruction. So when I heard thy profession of repentance, and what
thou vowedst to do if God delivered thee, I felt constrained to save
thee from thy present predicament. I therefore hung down my tail that
thou mightest catch hold of it and make thine escape. But thou wouldst
not relinquish thy habit of severity and violence, nor desire escape
and safety for thyself by gentleness. On the contrary, thou didst pull
me in such a way that I thought my soul had departed, so I became a
companion with thee of the abode of destruction and death; and nothing
will effect the escape of myself and thee but one plan. If thou
approve of this plan that I have to propose, we shall both save
ourselves; and after that, it will be incumbent on thee to fulfil that
which thou hast vowed to do, and I will be thy companion." So the wolf
said, "And what is thy proposal that I am to accept?" The fox
answered, "That thou raise thyself upright; then I will place myself
upon thy head, that I may approach the surface of the earth, and when
I am upon its surface I will go forth and bring thee something of

which to take hold, and after that thou wilt deliver thyself." But the wolf replied, "I put no confidence in thy words; for the sages have said, 'He who confideth when he should hate is in error'; and it hath been said, 'He who confideth in the faithless is deceived, and he who maketh trial of the trier will repent.' How excellent also is the saying of the poet--

"Let not your opinion be otherwise than evil; for ill opinion
is among the strongest of intellectual qualities.
Nothing casteth a man into a place of danger like the practice
of good, and a fair opinion!"

"And the saying of another--

"Always hold an evil opinion, and so be safe.
Whoso liveth vigilantly, his calamities will be few.
Meet the enemy with a smiling and an open face; but raise for him
an army in the heart to combat him."

"And that of another--

"The most bitter of thine enemies is the nearest whom thou
trustest in: beware then of men, and associate with
them wilily.
Thy favourable opinion of fortune is a weakness: think evil of
it, therefore, and regard it with apprehension!"

"Verily," rejoined the fox, "an evil opinion is not commendable in every case; but a fair opinion is among the characteristics of excellence, and its result is escape from terrors. It is befitting, O wolf, that thou employ some stratagem for thine escape from the present predicament; and it will be better for us both to escape than to die. Relinquish, therefore, thine evil opinion and thy malevolence; for if thou think favourably of me, I shall not fail to do one of two things; either I shall bring thee something of which to lay hold, and thou wilt escape from thy present situation, or I shall act perfidiously towards thee, and save myself and leave thee; but this is a thing that cannot be, for I am not secured from meeting with some such affliction as that which thou hast met with, and that would be the punishment of perfidy. It hath been said in a proverb, 'Fidelity is good, and perfidy is base.' It is fit, then, that thou trust in me, for I have not been ignorant of misfortunes. Delay not, therefore, to contrive our escape, for the affair is too strait for thee to prolong thy discourse upon it."

The wolf then said, "Verily, notwithstanding my little confidence in thy fidelity, I knew what was in thy heart, that thou desiredst my deliverance when thou wast convinced of my repentance; and I said within myself, 'If he be veracious in that which he asserteth, he hath made amends for his wickedness; and if he be false, he will be recompensed by his Lord.' So now I accept thy proposal to me, and if thou act perfidiously towards me, thy perfidy will be the means of thy destruction." Then the wolf raised himself upright in the pit, and took the fox upon his shoulders, so that his head reached the surface of the ground. The fox thereupon sprang from the wolf's shoulders, and

found himself upon the face of the earth, when he fell down senseless. The wolf now said to him, "O my friend! forget not my case, nor delay my deliverance."

The fox, however, uttered a loud laugh, and replied, "O thou deceived! it was nothing but my jesting with thee and deriding thee that entrapped me into thy power; for when I heard thy profession of repentance, joy excited me, and I was moved with delight, and danced, and my tail hung down into the pit; so thou didst pull me, and I fell by thee. Then God (whose name be exalted!) delivered me from thy hand. Wherefore, then, should I not aid in thy destruction when thou art of the associates of the devil? Know that I dreamt yesterday that I was dancing at thy wedding, and I related the dream to an interpreter, who said to me, 'Thou wilt fall into a frightful danger, and escape from it.' So I knew that my falling into thy power and my escape was the interpretation of my dream. Thou, too, knowest, O deceived idiot! that I am thine enemy. How, then, dost thou hope, with thy little sense and thine ignorance, that I will deliver thee, when thou hast heard what rude language I used? And how shall I endeavour to deliver thee, when the learned have said that by the death of the sinner are produced ease to mankind and purgation of the earth? Did I not fear that I should suffer, by fidelity to thee, such affliction as would be greater than that which may result from perfidy, I would consider upon means for thy deliverance." So when the wolf heard the words of the fox, he bit his paw in repentance. He then spoke softly to him, but obtained nothing thereby. With a low voice he said to him, "Verily, you tribe of foxes are the sweetest of people in tongue, and the most pleasant in jesting, and this is jesting in thee; but every time is not convenient for sport and joking." "O idiot!" replied the fox, "jesting hath a limit which its employer transgresseth not. Think not that God will give thee possession of me after He hath delivered me from thy power." The wolf then said to him, "Thou art one in whom it is proper to desire my liberation, on account of the former brotherhood and friendship that subsisted between us; and if thou deliver me, I will certainly recompense thee well." But the fox replied, "The sages have said, 'Take not as thy brother the ignorant and wicked, for he will disgrace thee, and not honour thee; and take not as thy brother the liar, for if good proceed from thee he will hide it, and if evil proceed from thee he will publish it!' And the sages have said, 'For everything there is a stratagem, excepting death; and everything may be rectified excepting the corruption of the very essence; and everything may be repelled excepting destiny.' And as to the recompense which thou assertest that I deserve of thee, I compare thee, in thy recompensing, to the serpent fleeing from the Háwee, when a man saw her in a state of terror, and said to her, 'What is the matter with thee, O serpent?' She answered, 'I have fled from the Háwee, for he seeketh me; and if thou deliver me from him, and conceal me with thee, I will recompense thee well, and do thee every kindness.' So the man took her, to obtain the reward, and eager for the recompense, and put her into his pocket; and when the Háwee had passed and gone his way, and what she feared had quitted her, the man said to her, 'Where is the recompense, for I have saved thee from that which thou fearedst and didst dread?' The serpent answered him, 'Tell me in what member I shall bite thee; for thou knowest that we exceed not this recompense.' She then inflicted upon him a bite, from which

he died. And thee, O idiot!" continued the fox, "I compare to that serpent with that man. Hast thou not heard the saying of the poet?--

"Trust not a person in whose heart thou hast made anger to dwell, nor think his anger hath ceased.
Verily, the vipers, though smooth to the touch, show graceful motions, and hide mortal poison."

"O eloquent and comely-faced animal!" rejoined the wolf, "be not ignorant of my condition, and of the fear with which mankind regard me. Thou knowest that I assault the strong places, and strip the vines. Do, therefore, what I have commanded thee, and attend to me as the slave attendeth to his master." "O ignorant idiot! who seekest what is vain," exclaimed the fox, "verily I wonder at thy stupidity, and at the roughness of thy manner, in thine ordering me to serve thee and to stand before thee as though I were a slave. But thou shalt soon see what will befall thee, by the splitting of thy head with stones, and the breaking of thy treacherous dog-teeth."

The fox then stationed himself upon a mound overlooking the vineyard, and cried out incessantly to the people of the vineyard until they perceived him and came quickly to him. He remained steady before them until they drew near unto him, and unto the pit in which was the wolf, and then he fled. So the owners of the vineyard looked into the pit, and when they beheld the wolf in it, they instantly pelted him with heavy stones, and continued throwing stones and pieces of wood upon him, and piercing him with the points of spears, until they killed him, when they departed. Then the fox returned to the pit, and standing over the place of the wolf's slaughter, saw him dead; whereupon he shook his head in the excess of his joy, and recited these verses--

"Fate removed the wolf's soul, and it was snatched away.
Far distant from happiness be his soul that hath perished.
How long hast thou striven, Abos Tirhán, to destroy me!
But now have burning calamities befallen thee.
Thou hast fallen into a pit into which none shall descend
without finding in it the blasts of death."

After this the fox remained in the vineyard alone, and in security, fearing no mischief.

HOLY WEDLOCK

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Ghetto Comedies*, by Israel Zangwill

I

When Schneemann, the artist, returned from Rome to his native village in Galicia, he found it humming with gossip concerning his paternal grandmother, universally known as the _Bube_ Yenta. It would seem that the giddy old thing hobbled home from synagogue conversing with Yossel Mandelstein, the hunchback, and sometimes even offered the unshapely septuagenarian her snuffbox as he passed the door of her cottage. More

than one village censor managed to acquaint the artist with the flirtation ere he had found energy to walk the muddy mile to her dwelling. Even his own mother came out strongly in disapproval of the ancient dame; perhaps the remembrance of how fanatically her mother-in-law had disapproved of her married head for not being shrouded in a pious wig lent zest to her tongue. The artist controlled his facial muscles, having learnt tolerance and Bohemianism in the Eternal City.

'Old blood will have its way,' he said blandly.

'Yes, old blood's way is sometimes worse than young blood's,' said Frau Schneemann, unsmiling. 'You must not forget that Yossel is still a bachelor.'

'Yes, and therefore a sinner in Israel--I remember,' quoth the artist with a twinkle. How all this would amuse his bachelor friends, Leopold Barstein and Rozenoffski the pianist!

'Make not mock. 'Tis high time you, too, should lead a maiden under the Canopy.'

'I am so shy--there are few so forward as grandmother.'

'Heaven be thanked!' said his mother fervently. 'When I refused to cover my tresses she spoke as if I were a brazen Epicurean, but I had rather have died than carry on so shamelessly with a man to whom I was not betrothed.'

'Perhaps they _are_ betrothed.'

'_We_ betrothed to Yossel! May his name be blotted out!'

'Why, what is wrong with Yossel? Moses Mendelssohn himself had a hump.'

'Who speaks of humps? Have you forgotten we are of Rabbinic family?'

Her son had quite forgotten it, as he had forgotten so much of this naïve life to which he was paying a holiday visit.

'Ah yes,' he murmured. 'But Yossel is pious--surely?' A vision of the psalm-droners and prayer-shriekers in the little synagogue, among whom the hunchback had been conspicuous, surged up vividly.

'He may shake himself from dawn-service to night-service, he will never shake off his father, the innkeeper,' said Frau Schneemann hotly. 'If I were in your grandmother's place I would be weaving my shroud, not thinking of young men.'

'But she's thinking of old men, you said.'

'Compared with her he is young--she is eighty-four, he is only seventy-five.'

'Well, they won't be married long,' he laughed.

Frau Schneemann laid her hand on his mouth.

'Heaven forbid the omen,' she cried. "'Tis bringing a _Bilbul_ (scandal) upon a respectable family.'

'I will go and talk to her,' he said gravely. 'Indeed, I ought to have gone to see her days ago.' And as he trudged to the other end of the village towards the cottage where the lively old lady lived in self-sufficient solitude, he was full of the contrast between his mother's mental world and his own. People live in their own minds, and not in streets or fields, he philosophized.

II

Through her diamond-paned window he saw the wrinkled, white-capped old creature spinning peacefully at the rustic chimney-corner, a pure cloistral crone. It seemed profane to connect such a figure with flirtation--this was surely the very virgin of senility. What a fine picture she made too! Why had he never thought of painting her? Yes, such a picture of 'The Spinster' would be distinctly interesting. And he would put in the _Kesubah_, the marriage certificate that hung over the mantelpiece, in ironical reminder of her days of bloom. He unlatched the door--he had never been used to knock at grannie's door, and the childish instinct came back to him.

'_Guten Abend_', he said.

She adjusted a pair of horn spectacles, and peered at him.

'_Guten Abend_', she murmured.

'You don't remember me--Vroomkely.' He used the old childish diminutive of Abraham, though he had almost forgotten he owned the name in full.

'Vroomkely,' she gasped, almost overturning her wheel as she sprang to hug him in her skinny arms. He had a painful sense that she had shrunk back almost to childish dimensions. Her hands seemed trembling as much with decay as with emotion. She hastened to produce from the well-known cupboard home-made _Kuchen_ and other dainties of his youth, with no sense of the tragedy that lay in his no longer being tempted by them.

'And how goes your trade?' she said. 'They say you have never been slack. They must build many houses in Rome.' Her notion that he was a house-painter he hardly cared to contradict, especially as picture-painting was contrary to the Mosaic dispensation.

'Oh, I haven't been only in Rome,' he said evasively. 'I have been in many lands.'

Fire came into her eyes, and flashed through the big spectacles. 'You

have been to Palestine?' she cried.

'No, only as far as Egypt. Why?'

'I thought you might have brought me a clod of Palestine earth to put in my grave.' The fire died out of her spectacles, she sighed, and took a consolatory pinch of snuff.

'Don't talk of graves--you will live to be a hundred and more,' he cried. But he was thinking how ridiculous gossip was. It spared neither age nor sexlessness, not even this shrivelled ancient who was meditating on her latter end. Suddenly he became aware of a shadow darkening the doorway. At the same instant the fire leapt back into his grandmother's glasses. Instinctively, almost before he turned his head, he knew it was the hero of the romance.

Yossel Mandelstein looked even less of a hero than the artist had remembered. There had been something wistful and pathetic in the hunchback's expression, some hint of inner eager fire, but this--if he had not merely imagined it--seemed to have died of age and hopelessness. He used crutches, too, to help himself along with, so that he seemed less the hunchback of yore than the conventional contortion of time, and but for the familiar earlocks pendent on either side of the fur cap, but for the great hooked nose and the small chin hidden in the big beard, the artist might have doubted if this was indeed the Yossel he had sometimes mocked at in the crude cruelty of boyhood.

Yossel, propped on his crutches, was pulling out a mouldering black-covered book from under his greasy caftan. 'I have brought you back your _Chovoth Halvovoth_, ' he said.

In the vivid presence of the actual romance the artist could not suppress the smile he had kept back at the mere shadowy recital. In Rome he himself had not infrequently called on young ladies by way of returning books to them. It was true that the books he returned were not Hebrew treatises, but he smiled again to think that the name of Yossel's volume signified 'the duties of the heart.' The _Bube_ Yenta received the book with thanks, and a moment of embarrassment ensued, only slightly mitigated by the offer of the snuffbox. Yossel took a pinch, but his eyes seemed roving in amaze, less over the stranger than over the bespread table, as though he might unaccountably have overlooked some sacred festival. That two are company and three none seemed at this point a proverb to be heeded, and without waiting to renew the hero's acquaintance, the artist escaped from the idyllic cottage. Let the lover profit by the pastry for which he himself was too old.

So the gossips spoke the truth, he thought, his amusement not unblended with a touch of his mother's indignation. Surely, if his grandmother wished to cultivate a grand passion, she might have chosen a more sightly object of devotion. Not that there was much to be said for Yossel's taste either. When after seventy-five years of celibacy the fascinations of the other sex began to tell upon him, he might at least have succumbed to a less matriarchal form of femininity. But

perhaps his grandmother had fascinations of another order. Perhaps she had money. He put the question to his mother.

'Certainly she has money,' said his mother vindictively. 'She has thousands of _Gulden_ in her stocking. Twenty years ago she could have had her pick of a dozen well-to-do widowers, yet now that she has one foot in the grave, madness has entered her soul, and she has cast her eye upon this pauper.'

'But I thought his father left him his inn,' said the artist.

'His inn--yes. His sense--no. Yossel ruined himself long ago paying too much attention to the Talmud instead of his business. He was always a _Schlemihl_.'

'But can one pay too much attention to the Talmud? That is a strange saying for a Rabbi's daughter.'

'King Solomon tells us there is a time for everything,' returned the Rabbi's daughter. 'Yossel neglected what the wise King said, and so now he comes trying to wheedle your poor grandmother out of her money. If he wanted to marry, why didn't he marry before eighteen, as the Talmud prescribes?'

'He seems to do everything at the wrong time,' laughed her son. 'Do you suppose, by the way, that King Solomon made all his thousand marriages before he was eighteen?'

'Make not mock of holy things,' replied his mother angrily.

The monetary explanation of the romance, he found, was the popular one in the village. It did not, however, exculpate the grandame from the charge of forwardness, since if she wished to contract another marriage it could have been arranged legitimately by the _Shadchan_, and then the poor marriage-broker, who got little enough to do in this God-forsaken village, might have made a few _Gulden_ out of it.

Beneath all his artistic perception of the humours of the thing, Schneemann found himself prosaically sharing the general disapprobation of the marriage. Really, when one came to think of it, it was ridiculous that he should have a new grandfather thrust upon him. And such a grandfather! Perhaps the _Bube_ was, indeed, losing her reason. Or was it he himself who was losing his reason, taking seriously this parochial scandal, and believing that because a doddering hunchback of seventy-five had borrowed an ethical treatise from an octogenarian a marriage must be on the tapis? Yet, on more than one occasion, he came upon circumstances which seemed to justify the popular supposition. There could be no doubt, for example, that when at the conclusion of the synagogue service the feminine stream from the women's gallery poured out to mingle with the issuing males, these two atoms drifted together with unnatural celerity. It appeared to be established beyond question that on the preceding Feast of Tabernacles the _Bube_ had lent and practically abandoned to the hunchback's use the ritual palm-branch he was too poor to afford. Of course this might only have been gratitude, inasmuch as a fortnight

earlier on the solemn New Year Day when, by an untimely decree, the grandmother lay ill abed, Yossel had obtained possession of the _Shofar_, and leaving the synagogue had gone to blow it to her. He had blown the holy horn--with due regard to the proprieties--in the downstairs room of her cottage so that she above had heard it, and having heard it could breakfast. It was a performance that charity reasonably required for a disabled fellow-creature, and yet what medieval knight had found a more delicate way of trumpeting his mistress's charms? Besides, how had Yossel known that the heroine was ill? His eye must have roved over the women's gallery, and disentangled her absence even from the huddled mass of weeping and swaying womanhood.

One day came the crowning item of evidence. The grandmother had actually asked the village postman to oblige her by delivering a brown parcel at Yossel's lodgings. The postman was not a Child of the Covenant, but Yossel's landlady was, and within an hour all Jewry knew that Yenta had sent Yossel a phylacteries-bag--the very symbol of love offered by a maiden to her bridegroom. Could shameless passion further go?

III

The artist, at least, determined it should go no further. He put on his hat, and went to find Yossel Mandelstein. But Yossel was not to be found so easily, and the artist's resolution strengthened with each false scent. Yossel was ultimately run to earth, or rather to Heaven, in the _Beth Hamedrash_, where he was shaking himself studiously over a Babylonian folio, in company with a motley assemblage of youths and greybeards equally careless of the demands of life. The dusky home of holy learning seemed an awkward place in which to broach the subject of love. In a whisper he besought the oscillating student to come outside. Yossel started up in agitation.

'Ah, your grandmother is dying,' he divined, with what seemed a lover's inaccuracy. 'I will come and pray at once.'

'No, no, she is not dying,' said Schneemann hastily, adding in a grim murmur, 'unless of love.'

'Oh, then, it is not about your grandmother?'

'No--that is to say, yes.' It seemed more difficult than ever to plunge into the delicate subject. To refer plumply to the courtship would, especially if it were not true, compromise his grandmother and, incidentally, her family. Yet, on the other hand, he longed to know what lay behind all this philandering, which in any case _had_ been compromising her, and he felt it his duty as his grandmother's protector and the representative of the family to ask Yossel straight out whether his intentions were honourable.

He remembered scenes in novels and plays in which undesirable suitors were tackled by champions of convention--scenes in which they were even bought off and started in new lands. Would not Yossel go to a new

land, and how much would he want over and above his fare? He led the way without.

'You have lived here all your life, Yossel, have you not?' he said, when they were in the village street.

'Where else shall a man live?' answered Yossel.

'But have you never had any curiosity to see other parts? Would you not like to go and see Vienna?'

A little gleam passed over Yossel's dingy face. 'No, not Vienna--it is an unholy place--but Prague! Prague where there is a great Rabbi and the old, old underground synagogue that God has preserved throughout the generations.'

'Well, why not go and see it?' suggested the artist.

Yossel stared. 'Is it for that you tore me away from my Talmud?'

'N--no, not exactly for that,' stammered Schneemann. 'Only seeing you glued to it gave me the idea what a pity it was that you should not travel and sit at the feet of great Rabbis?'

'But how shall I travel to them? My crutches cannot walk so far as Prague.'

'Oh, I'd lend you the money to ride,' said the artist lightly.

'But I could never repay it.'

'You can repay me in Heaven. You can give me a little bit of your _Gan Eden_' (Paradise).

Yossel shook his head. 'And after I had the fare, how should I live? Here I make a few _Gulden_ by writing letters for people to their relatives in America; in Prague everybody is very learned; they don't need a scribe. Besides, if I cannot die in Palestine I might as well die where I was born.'

'But why can't you die in Palestine?' cried the artist with a new burst of hope. 'You _shall_ die in Palestine, I promise you.'

The gleam in Yossel's face became a great flame of joy. 'I shall die in Palestine?' he asked ecstatically.

'As sure as I live! I will pay your fare the whole way, second-class.'

For a moment the dazzling sunshine continued on Yossel's face, then a cloud began to pass across it.

'But how can I take your money? I am not a _Schnorrer_'.

Schneemann did not find the question easy to answer. The more so as Yossel's eagerness to go and die in Palestine seemed to show that

there was no reason for packing him off. However, he told himself that one must make assurance doubly sure and that, even if it was all empty gossip, still he had stumbled upon a way of making an old man happy.

'There is no reason why you should take my money,' he said with an artistic inspiration, 'but there is every reason why I should buy to myself the _Mitzvah_ (good deed) of sending you to Jerusalem. You see, I have so few good deeds to my credit.'

'So I have heard,' replied Yossel placidly. 'A very wicked life it is said you lead at Rome.'

'Most true,' said the artist cheerfully.

'It is said also that you break the Second Commandment by making representations of things that are on sea and land.'

'I would the critics admitted as much,' murmured the artist.

'Your grandmother does not understand. She thinks you paint houses--which is not forbidden. But I don't undeceive her--it would pain her too much.' The lover-like sentiment brought back the artist's alarm.

'When will you be ready to start?' he said.

Yossel pondered. 'But to die in Palestine one must live in Palestine,' he said. 'I cannot be certain that God would take my soul the moment I set foot on the holy soil.'

The artist reflected a moment, but scarcely felt rich enough to guarantee that Yossel should live in Palestine, especially if he were an unconscionably long time a-dying. A happy thought came to him. 'But there is the _Chalukah_, ' he reminded Yossel.

'But that is charity.'

'No--it is not charity, it is a sort of university endowment. It is just to support such old students as you that these sums are sent from all the world over. The prayers and studies of our old men in Jerusalem are a redemption to all Israel. And yours would be to me in particular.'

'True, true,' said Yossel eagerly; 'and life is very cheap there, I have always heard.'

'Then it is a bargain,' slipped unwarily from the artist's tongue. But Yossel replied simply:

'May the blessings of the Eternal be upon you for ever and for ever, and by the merit of my prayers in Jerusalem may your sins be forgiven.'

The artist was moved. Surely, he thought, struggling between tears and laughter, no undesirable lover had ever thus been got rid of by the

head of the family. Not to speak of an undesirable grandfather.

IV

The news that Yossel was leaving the village bound for the Holy Land, produced a sensation which quite obscured his former notoriety as an aspirant to wedlock. Indeed, those who discussed the new situation most avidly forgot how convinced they had been that marriage and not death was the hunchback's goal. How Yossel had found money for the great adventure was not the least interesting ingredient in the cup of gossip. It was even whispered that the grandmother herself had been tapped. Her skittish advances had been taken seriously by Yossel. He had boldly proposed to lead her under the Canopy, but at this point, it was said, the old lady had drawn back--she who had led him so far was not to be thus led. Women are changeable, it is known, and even when they are old they do not change. But Yossel had stood up for his rights; he had demanded compensation. And his fare to Palestine was a concession for his injured affections. It was not many days before the artist met persons who had actually overheard the bargaining between the _Bube_ and the hunchback.

Meantime Yossel's departure was drawing nigh, and all those who had relatives in Palestine besieged him from miles around, plying him with messages, benedictions, and even packages for their kinsfolk. And conversely, there was scarcely a Jewish inhabitant who had not begged for clods of Palestine earth or bottles of Jordan water. So great indeed were the demands that their supply would have constituted a distinct invasion of the sovereign rights of the Sultan, and dried up the Jordan.

With his grandmother's future thus off his mind, the artist had settled down to making a picture of the ruined castle which he commanded from his bedroom window. But when the through ticket for Jerusalem came from the agent at Vienna, and he had brazenly endured Yossel's blessings for the same, his artistic instinct demanded to see how the _Bube_ was taking her hero's desertion. As he lifted the latch he heard her voice giving orders, and the door opened, not on the peaceful scene he expected of the spinster at her ingle nook, but of a bustling and apparently rejuvenated old lady supervising a packing menial. The greatest shock of all was that this menial proved to be Yossel himself squatted on the floor, his crutches beside him. Almost as in guilty confusion the hunchback hastily closed the sheet containing a huddle of articles, and tied it into a bundle before the artist's chaotic sense of its contents could change into clarity. But instantly a flash of explanation came to him.

'Aha, grandmother,' he said, 'I see you too are sending presents to Palestine.'

The grandmother took snuff uneasily. 'Yes, it is going to the Land of Israel,' she said.

As the artist lifted his eyes from the two amorphous heaps on the floor--Yossel and his bundle--he became aware of a blank in the

familiar interior.

'Why, where is the spinning-wheel?' he cried.

'I have given it to the widow Rubenstein--I shall spin no more.'

'And I thought of painting you as a spinster!' he murmured dolefully. Then a white patch in the darkened wood over the mantelpiece caught his eye. 'Why, your marriage certificate is gone too!'

'Yes, I have taken it down.'

'To give to the widow Rubenstein?'

'What an idea!' said his grandmother seriously. 'It is in the bundle.'

'You are sending it away to Palestine?'

The grandmother fumbled with her spectacles, and removing them with trembling fingers blinked downwards at the bundle. Yossel snatched up his crutches, and propped himself manfully upon them.

'Your grandmother goes with me,' he explained decisively.

'What!' the artist gasped.

The grandmother's eyes met his unflinchingly; they had drawn fire from Yossel's. 'And why should I not go to Palestine too?' she said.

'But you are so old!'

'The more reason I should make haste if I am to be luckier than Moses our Master.' She readjusted her spectacles firmly.

'But the journey is so hard.'

'Yossel has wisdom; he will find the way while alive as easily as others will roll thither after death.'

'You'll be dead before you get there,' said the artist brutally.

'Ah, no! God will not let me die before I touch the holy soil!'

'You, too, want to die in Palestine?' cried the amazed artist.

'And where else shall a daughter of Israel desire to die? Ah, I forgot--your mother was an Epicurean with godless tresses; she did not bring you up in the true love of our land. But every day for seventy years and more have I prayed the prayer that my eyes should behold the return of the Divine Glory to Zion. That mercy I no longer expect in my own days, inasmuch as the Sultan hardens his heart and will not give us back our land, not though Moses our Master appears to him every night, and beats him with his rod. But at least my eyes shall behold the land of Israel.'

'Amen!' said Yossel, still propped assertively on his crutches. The grandson turned upon the interrupter. 'But you can't take her _with_ you?'

'Why not?' said Yossel calmly.

Schneemann found himself expatiating upon the responsibility of looking after such an old woman; it seemed too absurd to talk of the scandal. That was left for the grandmother to emphasize.

'Would you have me arrive alone in Palestine?' she interposed impatiently. 'Think of the talk it would make in Jerusalem! And should I even be permitted to land? They say the Sultan's soldiers stand at the landing-place like the angels at the gates of Paradise with swords that turn every way. But Yossel is cunning in the customs of the heathen; he will explain to the soldiers that he is an Austrian subject, and that I am his _Frau_.'

'What! Pass you off as his _Frau_!'

'Who speaks of passing off? He could say I was his sister, as Abraham our Father said of Sarah. But that was a sin in the sight of Heaven, and therefore as our sages explain----'

'It is simpler to be married,' Yossel interrupted.

'Married!' echoed the artist angrily.

'The witnesses are coming to my lodging this afternoon,' Yossel continued calmly. 'Dovidel and Yitzkoly from the _Beth Hamedrash_.'

'They think they are only coming to a farewell glass of brandy,' chuckled the grandmother. 'But they will find themselves at a secret wedding.'

'And to-morrow we shall depart publicly for Trieste,' Yossel wound up calmly.

'But this is too absurd!' the artist broke in. 'I forbid this marriage!'

A violent expression of amazement overspread the ancient dame's face, and the tone of the far-away years came into her voice. 'Silence, Vroomkely, or I'll smack your face. Do you forget you are talking to your grandmother?'

'I think Mr. Mandelstein forgets it,' the artist retorted, turning upon the heroic hunchback. 'Do you mean to say you are going to marry my grandmother?'

'And why not?' asked Yossel. 'Is there a greater lover of God in all Galicia?'

'Hush, Yossel, I am a great sinner.' But her old face was radiant. She turned to her grandson. 'Don't be angry with Yossel--all the fault

is mine. He did not ask me to go with him to Palestine; it was I that asked _him_.'

'Do you mean that you asked him to marry you?'

'It is the same thing. There is no other way. How different would it have been had there been any other woman here who wanted to die in Palestine! But the women nowadays have no fear of Heaven; they wear their hair unshorn--they----'

'Yes, yes. So you asked Yossel to marry you.'

'Asked? Prayed, as one prays upon Atonement Day. For two years I prayed to him, but he always refused.'

'Then why----?' began the artist.

'Yossel is so proud. It is his only sin.'

'Oh, Yenta!' protested Yossel flushing, 'I am a very sinful man.'

'Yes, but your sin is all in a lump,' the _Bube_ replied. 'Your iniquity is like your ugliness--some people have it scattered all over, but you have it all heaped up. And the heap is called pride.'

'Never mind his pride,' put in the artist impatiently. 'Why did he not go on refusing you?'

'I am coming to that. Only you were always so impatient, Vroomkely. When I was cutting you a piece of _Kuchen_, you would snatch greedily at the crumbs as they fell. You see Yossel is not made of the same clay as you and I. By an oversight the Almighty sent an angel into the world instead of a man, but seeing His mistake at the last moment, the All-High broke his wings short and left him a hunchback. But when Yossel's father made a match for him with Leah, the rich corn-factor's daughter, the silly girl, when she was introduced to the bridegroom, could see only the hump, and scandalously refused to carry out the contract. And Yossel is so proud that ever since that day he curled himself up into his hump, and nursed a hatred for all women.'

'How can you say that, Yenta?' Yossel broke in again.

'Why else did you refuse my money?' the _Bube_ retorted. 'Twice, ten, twenty times I asked him to go to Palestine with me. But obstinate as a pig he keeps grunting "I can't--I've got no money." Sooner than I should pay his fare he'd have seen us both die here.'

The artist collapsed upon the bundle; astonishment, anger, and self-ridicule made an emotion too strong to stand under. So this was all his Machiavellian scheming had achieved--to bring about the very marriage it was meant to avert! He had dug a pit and fallen into it himself. All this would indeed amuse Rozenoffski and Leopold Barstein. He laughed bitterly.

'Nay, it was no laughing matter,' said the _Bube_ indignantly. 'For I

know well how Yossel longed to go with me to die in Jerusalem. And at last the All-High sent him the fare, and he was able to come to me and invite me to go with him.'

Here the artist became aware that Yossel's eyes and lips were signalling silence to him. As if, forsooth, one published one's good deeds! He had yet to learn on whose behalf the hunchback was signalling.

'So! You came into a fortune?' he asked Yossel gravely.

Yossel looked the picture of misery. The _Bube_ unconsciously cut through the situation. 'A wicked man gave it to him,' she explained, 'to pray away his sins in Jerusalem.'

'Indeed!' murmured the artist. 'Anyone you know?'

'Heaven has spared her the pain of knowing him,' ambiguously interpolated her anxious protector.

'I don't even know his name,' added the _Bube_. 'Yossel keeps it hidden.'

'One must not shame a fellow-man,' Yossel urged. 'The sin of that is equal to the sin of shedding blood.'

The grandmother nodded her head approvingly. 'It is enough that the All-High knows his name. But for such an Epicurean much praying will be necessary. It will be a long work. And your first prayer, Yossel, must be that you shall not die very soon, else the labourer will not be worthy of his hire.'

Yossel took her yellow withered hand as in a lover's clasp. 'Be at peace, Yenta! He will be redeemed if only by _your_ merits. Are we not one?'

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31. _The Wrong Foot Forward_

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Minute Mysteries, by Harold Austin Ripley

'The witness says,' explained the interpreter, 'that as the car came to a sudden stop the conductor ran to the front and yelled to the motorman, "You've done it again."'

The little foreigner on the witness stand looked bewildered and frightened.

'He further says that there were two sailors on the car and that they jumped off and ran.'

'Have they been located yet?' inquired the Judge.

Liars are verbal forgers.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

A Thread without a Knot

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Short Stories of Various Types*, by Various,
Edited by Laura F. Freck

I

When the assistant in the history department announced to Professor Endicott his intention of spending several months in Paris to complete the research work necessary to his doctor's dissertation,[114-1] the head of the department looked at him with an astonishment so unflattering in its significance that the younger man laughed aloud.

"You didn't think I had it in me to take it so seriously, did you, Prof?" he said, with his usual undisturbed and amused perception of the other's estimate of him. "And you're dead right, too! I'm doing it because I've got to, that's all. It's borne in on me that you can't climb up very fast in modern American universities unless you've got a doctor's degree, and you can't be a Ph.D. without having dug around some in a European library. I've picked out a subject that needs just as little of that as any--you know as well as I do that right here in Illinois I can find out everything that's worth knowing about the early French explorers of the Mississippi--but three months in the Archives[114-2] in Paris ought to put a polish on my dissertation that will make even Columbia and Harvard sit up and blink. Am I right in my calculations?"

Professor Endicott's thin shoulders executed a resigned shrug. "You are always right in your calculations, my dear Harrison," he said; adding, with an ambiguous intonation, "And I suppose I am to salute in you the American scholar of the future."

Harrison laughed again without resentment, and proceeded indulgently to reassure his chief. "No, sir, you needn't be alarmed. There'll always be enough American-born scholars to keep you from being lonesome, just as there'll always be others like me, that don't pretend to have a drop of real scholar's blood in them. I want to _teach!_--to teach history!--American history!--teach it to fool young undergraduates who don't know what kind of a country they've got, nor what they ought to make out of it, now they've got it. And I'm going in to get a Ph. D. the same way I wear a stiff shirt and collars and cuffs, not because I was brought up to believe in them as necessary to salvation--because I wasn't, Lord knows!--but because there's a prejudice in favor of them among the people I've got to deal with." He drew a long breath and went on, "Besides, Miss Warner and I have been engaged about long enough. I want to earn enough to get married on, and Ph. D. means advancement."

Professor Endicott assented dryly: "That is undoubtedly just what it means nowadays. But you will 'advance,' as you call it, under any circumstances. You will not remain a professor of history. I give you

ten years to be president of one of our large Western universities."

His accent made the prophecy by no means a compliment, but Harrison shook his hand with undiminished good-will. "Well, Prof, if I am, my first appointment will be to make you head of the history department with twice the usual salary, and only one lecture a week to deliver to a class of four P.G's--post-graduates, you know. I know a scholar when I see one, if I don't belong to the tribe myself, and I know how they ought to be treated."

If, in his turn, he put into a neutral phrase an ironical significance, it was hidden by the hearty and honest friendliness of his keen, dark eyes as he delivered this farewell.

The older man's ascetic face relaxed a little. "You are a good fellow, Harrison, and I'm sure I wish you any strange sort of success you happen to desire."

"Same to you, Professor. If I thought it would do any good, I'd run down from Paris to Munich[116-1] with a gun and try scaring the editor of the _Central-Blatt_ into admitting that you're right about that second clause in the treaty of Utrecht."[116-2]

Professor Endicott fell back into severity. "I'm afraid," he observed, returning to the papers on his desk, "I'm afraid that would not be a very efficacious method of determining a question of historical accuracy."

Harrison settled his soft hat firmly on his head. "I suppose you're right," he remarked, adding as he disappeared through the door, "But more's the pity!"

II

He made short work of settling himself in Paris, taking a cheap furnished room near the Bibliothèque Nationale,[117-1] discovering at once the inexpensive and nourishing qualities of _crémèries_ and the Duval restaurants, and adapting himself to the eccentricities of Paris weather in March with flannel underwear and rubber overshoes. He attacked the big folios in the library with ferocious energy, being the first to arrive in the huge, quiet reading-room, and leaving it only at the imperative summons of the authorities. He had barely enough money to last through March, April, and May, and, as he wrote in his long Sunday afternoon letters to Maggie Warner, he would rather work fifteen hours a day now while he was fresh at it, than be forced to, later on, when decent weather began, and when he hoped to go about a little and make some of the interesting historical pilgrimages in the environs of Paris.

He made a point of this writing his fiancée every detail of his plans, as well as all the small happenings of his monotonous and laborious life; and so, quite naturally, he described to her the beginning of his acquaintance with Agatha Midland.

"I'd spotted her for English," he wrote, "long before I happened to see her name on a notebook. Don't it sound like a made-up name out of an English novel? And that is the way she looks, too. I understand now why no American girl is ever called Agatha. To fit it you have to look sort of droopy all over, as if things weren't going to suit you, but you couldn't do anything to help it, and did not, from sad experience, have any rosy hopes that somebody would come along to fix things right. I'm not surprised that when English women do get stirred up over anything--for instance, like voting, nowadays--they fight like tiger-cats. If this Agatha-person is a fair specimen, they don't look as though they were used to getting what they want any other way. But here I go, like every other fool traveler, making generalizations about a whole nation from seeing one specimen. On the other side of me from Miss Midland usually sits an old German, grubbing away at Sanskrit roots. The other day we got into talk in the little lunchroom here in the same building with the library, where all we readers go to feed, and he made me so mad I couldn't digest my bread and milk. Once, just once, when he was real young, he met an American woman student--a regular P. G. freak, I gather--and nothing will convince him that all American girls aren't like her. 'May God forgive Christopher Columbus!' he groans whenever he thinks of her...."

There was no more in this letter about his English neighbor, but in the next, written a week later, he said:

"We've struck up an acquaintance, the discouraged-looking English girl and I, and she isn't so frozen-up as she seems. This is how it happened. I told you about the little lunchroom where the readers from the library get their noonday feed. Well, a day or so ago I was sitting at the next table to her, and when she'd finished eating and felt for her purse, I saw her get pale, and I knew right off she'd lost her money. 'If you'll excuse me, Miss Midland,' I said, 'I'll be glad to loan you a little. My name is Harrison, Peter Harrison, and I usually sit next you in the reading-room.' Say, Maggie, you don't know how queerly she looked at me. I can't tell you what her expression was like, for I couldn't make head or tail out of it. It was like looking at a Hebrew book that you don't know whether to read backward or forward. She got whiter, and drew away and said something about 'No! No! she couldn't think----' But there stood the waiter with his hand out. I couldn't stop to figure out if she was mad or scared. I said 'Look-y-here, Miss Midland, I'm an American--here's my card--I just want to help you out, that's all. You needn't be afraid I'll bother you any.' And with that I asked the waiter how much it was, paid him, and went out for my usual half-hour constitutional in the little park opposite the library.

"When I went back to the reading-room, she was there in the seat next me, all right, but my, wasn't she buried in a big folio! She's studying in some kind of old music-books. You would have laughed to see how she didn't know I existed. I forgot all about her till closing-up time, but when I got out in the court a little ahead of her, I found it was raining and blowing to beat the cars, and I went back to hunt her up, I being the only person that knew she was

broke. There she was, moping around in the vestibule under one of those awful pancake hats English women wear. I took out six cents--it costs that to ride in the omnibuses here--and I marched up to her. 'Miss Midland,' I said, 'excuse me again, but the weather is something terrible. You can't refuse to let me loan you enough to get home in a 'bus, for you would certainly catch your death of cold, not to speak of spoiling your clothes, if you tried to walk in this storm.'

"She looked at me queerly again, drew in her chin, and said very fierce, 'No, certainly not! Some one always comes to fetch me away.'

"Of course I didn't believe a word of that! It was just a bluff to keep from seeming to need anything. So I smiled at her and said, 'That's all right, but suppose something happens this evening so he doesn't get here. I guess you'd better take the six sous--they won't hurt you any.' And I took hold of her hand, put the coppers in it, shut her fingers, took off my hat, and skipped out before she could get her breath. There are a few times when women are so contrary you can't do the right thing by them without bossing them around a little.

"Well, I thought sure if she'd been mad at noon she'd just be hopping mad over that last, but the next morning she came up to me in the vestibule and smiled at me, the funniest little wavery smile, as though she were trying on a brand-new expression. It made her look almost pretty. 'Good morning, Mr. Harrison,' she said in that soft, singsong tone English women have, 'here is your loan back again. I hope I have the sum you paid for my lunch correct--and thank you very much.'

"I hated to take her little money, for her clothes are awfully plain and don't look as though she had any too much cash, but of course I did, and even told her that I'd given the waiter a three-cent tip she'd forgotten to figure in. When you can, I think it's only the square thing to treat women like human beings with sense, and I knew how I'd feel about being sure I'd returned all of a loan from a stranger. 'Oh, thank you for telling me,' she said, and took three more coppers out of her little purse; and by gracious! we walked into the reading-room as friendly as could be.

"That was last Wednesday, and twice since then we've happened to take lunch at the same table, and have had a regular visit. It tickles me to see how scared she is yet of the idea that she's actually talking to a real man that hasn't been introduced to her, but I find her awfully interesting, she's so different."

III

During the week that followed this letter, matters progressed rapidly. The two Anglo-Saxons took lunch together every day, and by Friday the relations between them were such that, as they pushed back their chairs, Harrison said: "Excuse me, Miss Midland, for seeming to dictate

to you _all_ the time, but why in the world don't you go out after lunch and take a half-hour's walk as I do? It'd be a lot better for your health."

The English girl looked at him with the expression for which he had as yet found no word more adequately descriptive than his vague "queer." "I haven't exactly the habit of walking about Paris streets alone, you know," she said.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," returned the American. "I remember hearing that young ladies can't do that here the way they do back home. But that's easy fixed. You won't be out in the streets, and you won't be alone, if you come out with me in the little park opposite. Come on! It's the first spring day."

Miss Midland dropped her arms with a gesture of helpless wonder. "Well, _really_!" she exclaimed. "_Do_ you think that so much better?" But she rose and prepared to follow him, as if her protest could not stand before the kindly earnestness of his manner. "There!" he said, after he had guided her across the street into the tiny green square where in the sudden spring warmth, the chestnut buds were already swollen and showing lines of green. "To answer your question, I think it not only better, but absolutely all right--O.K!"

They were sitting on a bench at one side of the fountain, whose tinkling splash filled the momentary silence before she answered, "I can't make it all out--" she smiled at him--"but I think you are right in saying that it is all O.K." He laughed, and stretched out his long legs comfortably. "You've got the idea. That's the way to get the good of traveling and seeing other kinds of folks. You learn my queer slang words, and I'll learn yours."

Miss Midland stared again, and she cried out, "_My_ queer slang words! What can you mean?"

He rattled off a glib list: "Why, 'just fancy now,' and 'only think of that!' and 'I dare say, indeed,' and a lot more."

"But they are not queer!" she exclaimed.

"They sound just as queer to me as 'O.K.' and 'I guess' do to you!" he said triumphantly.

She blinked her eyes rapidly, as though taking in an inconceivable idea, while he held her fixed with a steady gaze which lost none of its firmness by being both good-humored and highly amused. Finally, reluctantly, she admitted, "Yes, I see. You mean I'm insular."

"Oh, as to that, I mean we both are--that is, we are as ignorant as stotin'-bottles of each other's ways of doing things. Only I want to find out about your ways, and you don't about----"

She broke in hastily, "Ah, but I do want to find out about yours! You--you make me very curious indeed." As she said this, she looked full at him with a grave simplicity which was instantly reflected on

his own face.

"Well, Miss Midland," he said slowly, "maybe now's a good time to say it, and maybe it's a good thing to say, since you _don't_ know about our ways--to give you a sort of declaration of principles. I wasn't brought up in very polite society--my father and mother were Iowa farmer-folks, and I lost them early, and I've had to look out for myself ever since I was fourteen, so I'm not very long on _polish_; but let me tell you, as they say about other awkward people, I _mean_ well. We're both poor students working together in a foreign country, and maybe I can do something to make it pleasanter for you, as I would for a fellow-student woman in my country. If I can, I'd like to, fine! I want to do what's square by everybody, and by women specially. I don't think they get a fair deal mostly. I think they've got as much sense as men, and lots of them more, and I like to treat them accordingly. So don't you mind if I do some Rube things that seem queer to you, and do remember that you can be dead sure that I _never_ mean any harm."

He finished this speech with an urgent sincerity in his voice, quite different from his usual whimsical note, and for a moment they looked at each other almost solemnly, the girl's lips parted, her blue eyes wide and serious. She flushed a clear rose-pink. "Why!" she said, "Why, I _believe_ you!" Harrison broke the tension with a laugh. "And what is there so surprising if you do?"

"I don't think," she said slowly, "that I ever saw any one before whom I would believe if he said that last."

"Dear me!" cried Harrison, gaily, getting to his feet. "You'll make me think you are a hardened cynic. Well, if you believe me, _that's_ all right! And now, come on, let's walk a little, and you tell me why English people treat their girls so differently from their boys. You are a perfect gold mine of information to me, do you know it?"

"But I've always taken for granted most of the things you find so queer about our ways. I thought that was the way they were, don't you see, by the nature of things."

"_Aha_!" he said triumphantly. "You see another good of traveling! It stirs a person up. If you can give me a lot of new facts, maybe I can pay you back by giving you some new ideas."

"I think," said Miss Midland, with a soft energy, "I think you can, indeed."

IV

A week after this was the first of April, and when Harrison, as was his wont, reached the reading-room a little before the opening hour, he found a notice on the door to the effect that the fall of some plastering from a ceiling necessitated the closing of the reading-room for that day. A week of daily lunches and talks with Miss Midland had given him the habit of communicating his ideas to her, and he waited inside the vestibule for her to appear. He happened thus, as he had not

before, to see her arrival. Accompanied by an elderly person in black, who looked, even to Harrison's inexperienced eyes, like a maid-servant, she came rapidly in through the archway which led from the street to the court. Here, halting a moment, she dismissed her attendant with a gesture, and, quite unconscious of the young man's gaze upon her, crossed the court diagonally with a free, graceful step. Observing her thus at his leisure, Harrison was moved to the first and almost the last personal comment upon his new friend. He did not as a rule notice very keenly the outward aspect of his associates. "Well, by gracious," he said to himself, "if she's not quite a good-looker!--or would be if she had money or gumption enough to put on a little more style!"

He took a sudden resolution and, meeting her at the foot of the steps, laid his plan enthusiastically before her. It took her breath away. "Oh, no, I _couldn't_, " she exclaimed, looking about her helplessly as if foreseeing already that she would yield. "What would people----?"

"Nobody would say a thing, because nobody would know about it. We could go and get back here by the usual closing time, so that whoever comes for you would never suspect--she's not very sharp, is she?"

"No, no. She's only what you would call my hired girl."

"Well, then, it's Versailles[125-1] for us. Here, give me your portfolio to carry. Let's go by the tram line[125-2]--it's cheaper for two poor folks."

On the way out he proposed, with the same thrifty motive, that they buy provisions in the town, before they began their sight-seeing in the chateau, and eat a picnic lunch somewhere in the park.

"Oh, anything you please now!" she answered with reckless light-heartedness. "I'm quite lost already."

"There's nothing disreputable about eating sandwiches on the grass," he assured her; and indeed, when they spread their simple provision out under the great pines back of the Trianon, she seemed to agree with him, eating with a hearty appetite, laughing at all his jokes, and, with a fresh color and sparkling eyes, telling him that she had never enjoyed a meal more.

"Good for you! That's because you work too hard at your old history of music."--By this time each knew all the details of the other's research--"You ought to have somebody right at hand to make you take vacations and have a good time once in a while. You're too conscientious."

Then, because he was quite frank and unconscious himself, he went on with a simplicity which the most accomplished actor could not have counterfeited, "That's what I'm always telling Maggie--Miss Warner. She's the girl I'm engaged to."

He did not at the time remark, but afterward, in another land, he was to recall with startling vividness the quick flash of her clear eyes upon him and the fluttering droop of her eyelids. She finished her

éclair quietly, remarking, "So you are engaged?"

"Very much so," answered Harrison, leaning his back against the pine-tree and closing his eyes, more completely to savor the faint fragrance of new life which rose about them in the warm spring air, like unseen incense.

Miss Midland stood up, shaking the crumbs from her skirt, and began fitting her gloves delicately upon her slim and very white hands. After a pause, "But how would she like _this_?" she asked.

Without opening his eyes, Harrison murmured, "She'd like it fine. She's a great girl for outdoors."

His companion glanced down at him sharply, but in his tranquil and half-somnolent face there was no trace of evasiveness. "I don't mean the park, the spring weather," she went on, with a persistence which evidently cost her an effort. "I mean your being here with another girl. That would make an English woman jealous."

Harrison opened his dark eyes wide and looked at her in surprise. "You don't understand--we're not flirting with each other, Maggie and I--we're engaged." He added with an air of proffering a self-evident explanation, "As good as married, you know."

Miss Midland seemed to find in the statement a great deal of material for meditation, for after an "Ah!" which might mean anything, she sat down on the other side of the tree, leaning her blonde head against its trunk and staring up into the thick green branches. Somewhere near them in an early-flowering yellow shrub a bee droned softly. After a time she remarked as if to herself, "They must take marriage very seriously in Iowa."

The young man aroused himself, to answer sleepily: "It's Illinois where I live now--Iowa was where I grew up--but it's all the same. Yes, we do."

After that there was another long, fragrant silence which lasted until Harrison roused himself with a sigh, exclaiming that although he would like nothing better than to sit right there till he took root, they had yet to "do" the two Trianons and to see the state carriages. During this sightseeing tour he repeated his performance of the morning in the chateau, pouring out a flood of familiar, quaintly expressed historical lore of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which made his astonished listener declare he must have lived at that time.

"Nope!" he answered her. "Got it all out of Illinois libraries. Books are great things if you're only willing to treat them right. And history--by gracious! history is a study fit for the gods! All about folks, and they are all that are worth while in the world!"

They were standing before the Grand Trianon as he said this, waiting for the tram car, and as it came into sight he cried out artlessly, his dark, aquiline face glowing with fervor, "I--I just _love_ folks!"

She looked at him curiously. "In all my life I never knew any one before to say or think that." Some of his enthusiasm was reflected upon her own fine, thoughtful face as a sort of wistfulness when she added, "It must make you very happy. I wish I could feel so."

"You don't look at them right," he protested.

She shook her head. "No, we haven't known the same kind. I had never even heard of the sort of people you seem to have known."

The tram car came noisily up to them, and no more was said.

V

A notice posted the following day to the effect that for some time the reading-room would be closed one day in the week for repairs, gave Harrison an excuse for insisting on weekly repetitions of what he called their historical picnics.

Miss Midland let herself be urged into these with a half-fearful pleasure which struck the young American as pathetic. "Anybody can see she's had mighty few good times in _her_ life," he told himself. They "did" Fontainebleau,[129-1] Pierrefonds,[129-2] Vincennes,[129-3] and Chantilly[129-4]--this last expedition coming in the first week of May, ten days before Miss Midland was to leave Paris. They were again favored by wonderfully fine spring weather, so warm that the girl appeared in a light-colored cotton gown and a straw hat which, as her friend told her, with the familiarity born of a month of almost uninterrupted common life, made her look "for all the world like a picture."

After their usual conscientious and minute examination of the objects of historical interest, they betook themselves with their lunch-basket to a quiet corner of the park, by a clear little stream, on the other side of which a pair of white swans were building a nest. It was very still, and what faint breeze there was barely stirred the trees. The English girl took off her hat, and the sunlight on her blonde hair added another glory to the spring day.

They ate their lunch with few words, and afterward sat in what seemed to the American the most comfortable and companionable of silences, idly watching a peacock unfold the flashing splendor of his plumage before the old gray fountain. "My! My! My!" he murmured finally. "Isn't the world about the best place!"

The girl did not answer, and, glancing at her, he was startled to see that her lips were quivering. "Why, Miss Midland!" he cried anxiously. "Have you had bad news?"

She shook her head. "Nothing new."

"What's the matter?" he asked, coming around in front of her. "Perhaps I can help you even if it's only to give some good advice."

She looked up at him with a sudden flash. "I suppose that, since you are so much engaged, you think you would make a good father-confessor!"

"I don't see that that has anything to do with it," he said, sitting down beside her, "but you can bank on me for doing anything I can."

"You don't see that that has anything to do with it," she broke in sharply, with the evident intention of wounding him, "because you are very unworldly, what is usually called very unsophisticated."

If she had thought to pique him with this adjective, she was disarmed by the heartiness of his admission, "As green as grass! But I'd like to help you all the same, if I can."

"You don't care if you are?" she asked curiously.

"Lord no! What does it matter?"

"You may care then to know," she went on, still probing at him, "that your not caring is the principal reason for my--finding you interesting--for my liking you--as I do."

"Well, I'm interested to know that," he said reasonably, "but blessed if I can see why. What difference does it make to _you_?"

"It's a great surprise to me," she said clearly. "I never met anybody before who didn't care more about being sophisticated than about anything else. To have you not even think of that--to have you think of nothing but your work and how to 'mean well' as you say----" she stopped, flushing deeply.

"Yes, it must be quite a change," he admitted sobered by her tone, but evidently vague as to her meaning. "Well, I'm very glad you don't mind my being as green as grass and as dense as a hitching-block. It's very lucky for me."

A quick bitterness sprang into her voice. "I don't see," she echoed his phrase, "what difference it makes to _you_!"

"Don't you?" he said, lighting a cigarette and not troubling himself to discuss the question with her. She was evidently all on edge with nerves, he thought, and needed to be calmed down. He pitied women for their nerves, and was always kindly tolerant of the resultant petulances.

She frowned and said with a tremulous resentment, as if gathering herself together for a long-premediated attempt at self-defense. "You're not only as green as grass, but you perceive nothing,--any European, even the stupidest, would perceive what you--but you are as primitive as a Sioux Indian, you have the silly morals of a non-conformist preacher,--you're as brutal as----"

He opposed to this outburst the impregnable wall of a calm and meditative silence. She looked angrily into his quiet eyes, which met hers with unflinching kindness. The contrast between their faces was

striking--was painful.

She said furiously, "There is nothing to you except that you are stronger than I, and you know it--and that _is_ brutal!" She paused a long moment, quivering, and then relapsed into spent, defeated lassitude,--"and I like it," she added under her breath, looking down at her hands miserably.

"I don't mean to be brutal," he said peaceably. "I'm sorry if I am."

"Oh, it's no matter!" she said impatiently.

"All right, have it your own way," he agreed, good-naturedly, shifting into a more comfortable position, and resuming his patient silence. He might have been a slightly pre-occupied but indulgent parent, waiting for a naughty child to emerge from a tantrum.

After a while, "Well, then," she began as though nothing had passed between them since his offer to give her advice, "well then, if you want to be father-confessor, tell me what you'd do in my place, if your family expected you as a matter of course to--to----"

"What do they want you to do?" he asked as she hesitated.

"Oh, nothing that they consider at all formidable! Only what every girl should do--make a good and suitable marriage, and bring up children to go on doing what she had found no joy in."

"Don't you do it!" he said quietly. "Nobody believes more than I do in marrying the right person. But just marrying so's to _be_ married--that's Tophet! Red-hot Tophet!"[133-1]

"But what else is there for me to do?" she said, turning her eyes to him with a desperate hope in his answer. "Tell me! My parents have brought me up so that there is nothing I can fill my life with, if--I think, on the whole, I will be more miserable if I don't than if I----"

"Why, look-y-here!" he said earnestly. "You're not a child, you're a grown woman. You have your music. You could earn your living by that. Great Scott! Earn your living scrubbing floors before you----"

She put her handkerchief to her eyes. "Ah, but I am so alone against all my world! Now, here, with you, it seems easy but--without any one to sustain me, to----"

Harrison went on: "Now let me give you a rule I believe in as I do in the sun's rising. Never marry a man just because you think you could manage to live with him. Don't do it unless you are dead sure you couldn't live without him!"

She took down her handkerchief, showing a white face, whose expression matched the quaver in her voice, as she said breathlessly: "But how if I meet a man and feel I cannot live without him, and he is already--" she brought it out squarely in the sunny peace,--"if he is already as good as married!"

He took it with the most single-hearted simplicity. "Now it's you who are unsophisticated and getting your ideas from fool novels. Things don't happen that way in real life. Either the man keeps his marriage a secret, in which case he is a sneak and not worth a second thought from any decent woman, or else, if she had known all along that he was married, she doesn't get to liking him that way. Don't you see?"

She looked away, down the stream for a moment with inscrutable eyes, and then broke into an unexpected laugh, rising at the same time and putting on her hat. "I see, yes, I see," she said. "It is as you say, quite simple. And now let us go to visit the rest of the park."

VI

The next excursion was to be their last, and Miss Midland had suggested a return to Versailles to see the park in its spring glory. They lunched in a little inclosure, rosy with the pink and white magnolia blossoms, where the uncut grass was already ankle-deep and the rose-bushes almost hid the gray stone wall with the feathery abundance of their first pale green leaves. From a remark of the girl's that perhaps this was the very spot where Marie Antoinette had once gathered about her gay court of pseudo-milkmaids, they fell into a discussion of that queen's pretty pastoral fancy. Harrison showed an unexpected sympathy with the futile, tragic little merry-maker.

"I expect she got sick and tired of being treated like a rich, great lady, and wanted to see what it would feel like to be a human being. The king is always disguising himself as a goat-herd to make sure he can be loved for his own sake."

"But those stories are all so monotonous!" she said impatiently. "The king always is made to find out that the shepherdess does love him for his own sake. What would happen if she wouldn't look at him?"

Harrison laughed, "Well, by George, I never thought of that. I should say if he cared enough about her to want his own way, he'd better get off his high-horse and say, 'Look-y-here, I'm not the common ordinary mutt I look. I'm the king in disguise. _Now_ will you have me?'"

Miss Midland looked at him hard. "Do you think it likely the girl would have him then?"

"Don't you?" he said, still laughing, and tucking away the last of a foie-gras sandwich.

She turned away, frowning, "I don't see how you can call _me_ cynical!"

He raised his eyebrows, "That's not cynical," he protested. "You have to take folks the way they are, and not the way you think it would be pretty to have them. It mightn't be the most dignified position for the king, but I never did see the use of dignity that got in the way of your having what you wanted."

She looked at him with so long and steady a gaze that only her patent absence of mind kept it from being a stare. Then, "I think I will go for a walk by myself," she said.

"Sure, if you want to," he assented, "and I'll take a nap under this magnolia tree. I've been working late nights, lately."

When she came back after an hour, the little inclosure was quite still, and, walking over to the magnolia, she saw that the young man had indeed fallen soundly asleep, one arm under his head, the other flung wide, half buried in the grass. For a long time she looked down gravely at the powerful body, at the large, sinewy hand, relaxed like a sleeping child's, at the eagle-like face, touchingly softened by its profound unconsciousness.

Suddenly the dark eyes opened wide into hers. The young man gave an exclamation and sat up, startled. At this movement she looked away, smoothing a fold of her skirt. He stared about him, still half-asleep. "Did I hear somebody call?" he asked. "I must have had a very vivid dream of some sort--I thought somebody was calling desperately to me. You didn't speak, did you?"

"No," she answered softly, "I said nothing."

"Well, I hope you'll excuse me for being such poor company. I only meant to take a cat-nap. I hope we won't be too late for the train."

He scrambled to his feet, his eyes still heavy with sleep, and pulled out his watch. As he did this, Miss Midland began to speak very rapidly. What she said was so astonishing to him that he forgot to put back his watch, forgot even to look at it, and stood with it in his hand, staring at her, with an expression as near to stupefaction as his keen and powerful face could show.

When she finally stopped to draw breath, the painful breath of a person who has been under water too long, he broke into baroque ejaculations, "Well, wouldn't that _get_ you! Wouldn't that absolutely freeze you to a pillar of salt! Well, of all the darndest idiots, I've been the----" With Miss Midland's eyes fixed on him, he broke into peal after peal of his new-world laughter, his fresh, crude, raw, inimitably vital laughter, "I'm thinking of the time I loaned you the franc and a half for your lunch, and hated to take it back because I thought you needed it--and you rich enough to buy ten libraries to Andy's[137-1] one! Say, how did you keep your face straight!"

Miss Midland apparently found no more difficulty in keeping a straight face now than then. She did not at all share his mirth. She was still looking at him with a strained gaze as though she saw him with difficulty, through a mist increasingly smothering. Finally, as though the fog had grown quite too thick, she dropped her eyes, and very passive, waited for his laughter to stop.

When it did, and the trees which had looked down on Marie Antoinette had ceased echoing to the loud, metallic, and vigorous sound, he noticed his watch still in his hand. He glanced at it automatically,

thrust it back into his pocket and exclaimed, quite serious again, "Look-y-here. We'll have to step lively if we are going to catch that train back to Paris, Miss Midland--Lady Midland, I mean,--Your highness--what _do_ they call the daughter of an Earl? I never met a real live member of the aristocracy before."

She moved beside him as he strode off towards the gate. "I am usually called Lady Agatha," she answered, in a flat tone.

"How pretty that sounds!" he said heartily, "Lady Agatha! Lady Agatha! Why don't we have some such custom in America?" He tried it tentatively. "Lady Marietta--that's my mother's name--don't seem to fit altogether does it? Lady Maggie--Oh, Lord! awful! No, I guess we'd better stick to Miss and Mrs. But it _does_ fit Agatha fine!"

She made no rejoinder. She looked very tired and rather stern.

After they were on the train, she said she had a headache and preferred not to talk and, ensconcing herself in a corner of the compartment, closed her eyes. Harrison, refreshed by the outdoor air and his nap, opened his notebook and began puzzling over a knotty point in one of the French Royal Grants to LaSalle[138-1] which he was engaged at the time in deciphering. Once he glanced up to find his companion's eyes open and fixed on him. He thought to himself that her headache must be pretty bad, and stirred himself to say with his warm, friendly accent, "It's a perfect shame you feel so miserable! Don't you want me to open the window? Wouldn't you like my coat rolled up for a pillow? Isn't there something I can do for you?"

She looked at him, and closing her lips, shook her head.

Later, in the midst of a struggle over an archaic law-form, the recollection of his loan to his fellow-student darted into his head. He laid down his notebook to laugh again. She turned her head and looked a silent question. "Oh, it's just that franc and a half!" he explained. "I'll never get over that as long as I live!"

She pulled down her veil and turned away from him again.

When they reached Paris, he insisted that she take a carriage and go home directly. "I'll go on to the reading-room and explain to your hired girl that you were sick and couldn't wait for her." Before he closed her into the cab he added, "But, look here! I won't see you again, will I? I forgot you are going back to England to-morrow. Well, to think of this being good-bye! I declare, I hate to say it!" He held out his hand and took her cold fingers in his. "Well, Miss Midland, I tell _you_ there's not a person in the world who can wish you better luck than I do. You've been awfully good to me, and I appreciate it, and I do hope that if there's ever any little thing I can do for you, you'll let me know. I surely am yours to command."

The girl's capacity for emotion seemed to be quite exhausted, for she answered nothing to this quaint valedictory beyond a faint, "Good-by, Mr. Harrison, I hope you----" but she did not finish the sentence.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, by Oscar Wilde

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Lord Windermere
Lord Darlington
Lord Augustus Lorton
Mr. Dumby
Mr. Cecil Graham
Mr. Hopper
Parker, Butler

Lady Windermere
The Duchess of Berwick
Lady Agatha Carlisle
Lady Plymdale
Lady Stutfield
Lady Jedburgh
Mrs. Cowper-Cowper
Mrs. Erlynne
Rosalie, Maid

THE SCENES OF THE PLAY

ACT I. Morning-room in Lord Windermere's house.
ACT II. Drawing-room in Lord Windermere's house.
ACT III. Lord Darlington's rooms.
ACT IV. Same as Act I.

TIME: The Present
PLACE: London.

The action of the play takes place within twenty-four hours, beginning on a Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock, and ending the next day at 1.30 p.m.

LONDON: ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

Lessee and Manager: Mr. George Alexander
February 22nd, 1892.

Lord Windermere, Mr. George Alexander.
Lord Darlington, Mr. Nutcombe Gould.
Lord Augustus Lorton, Mr. H. H. Vincent.
Mr. Cecil Graham, Mr. Ben Webster.
Mr. Dumby, Mr. Vane-Tempest.
Mr. Hopper, Mr. Alfred Holles.

Parker (Butler), Mr. V. Sansbury.
Lady Windermere, Miss Lily Hanbury.
The Duchess of Berwick, Miss Fanny Coleman.
Lady Agatha Carlisle, Miss Laura Graves.
Lady Plymdale, Miss Granville.
Lady Jedburgh, Miss B. Page.
Lady Stutfield, Miss Madge Girdlestone.
Mrs. Cowper-Cowper, Miss A. de Winton.
Mrs. Erlynne, Miss Marion Terry.
Rosalie (Maid), Miss Winifred Dolan.

FIRST ACT

SCENCE

Morning-room of Lord Windermere's house in Carlton House Terrace.
Doors C. and R. Bureau with books and papers R. Sofa with small
tea-table L. Window opening on to terrace L. Table R.

[LADY WINDERMERE is at table R., arranging roses in a blue bowl.]

[Enter PARKER.]

PARKER. Is your ladyship at home this afternoon?

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes--who has called?

PARKER. Lord Darlington, my lady.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Hesitates for a moment.] Show him up--and I'm
at home to any one who calls.

PARKER. Yes, my lady.

[Exit C.]

LADY WINDERMERE. It's best for me to see him before to-night. I'm
glad he's come.

[Enter PARKER C.]

PARKER. Lord Darlington,

[Enter LORD DARLINGTON C.]

[Exit PARKER.]

LORD DARLINGTON. How do you do, Lady Windermere?

LADY WINDERMERE. How do you do, Lord Darlington? No, I can't

shake hands with you. My hands are all wet with these roses. Aren't they lovely? They came up from Selby this morning.

LORD DARLINGTON. They are quite perfect. [Sees a fan lying on the table.] And what a wonderful fan! May I look at it?

LADY WINDERMERE. Do. Pretty, isn't it! It's got my name on it, and everything. I have only just seen it myself. It's my husband's birthday present to me. You know to-day is my birthday?

LORD DARLINGTON. No? Is it really?

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes, I'm of age to-day. Quite an important day in my life, isn't it? That is why I am giving this party to-night. Do sit down. [Still arranging flowers.]

LORD DARLINGTON. [Sitting down.] I wish I had known it was your birthday, Lady Windermere. I would have covered the whole street in front of your house with flowers for you to walk on. They are made for you. [A short pause.]

LADY WINDERMERE. Lord Darlington, you annoyed me last night at the Foreign Office. I am afraid you are going to annoy me again.

LORD DARLINGTON. I, Lady Windermere?

[Enter PARKER and FOOTMAN C., with tray and tea things.]

LADY WINDERMERE. Put it there, Parker. That will do. [Wipes her hands with her pocket-handkerchief, goes to tea-table, and sits down.] Won't you come over, Lord Darlington?

[Exit PARKER C.]

LORD DARLINGTON. [Takes chair and goes across L.C.] I am quite miserable, Lady Windermere. You must tell me what I did. [Sits down at table L.]

LADY WINDERMERE. Well, you kept paying me elaborate compliments the whole evening.

LORD DARLINGTON. [Smiling.] Ah, nowadays we are all of us so hard up, that the only pleasant things to pay ARE compliments. They're the only things we CAN pay.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Shaking her head.] No, I am talking very seriously. You mustn't laugh, I am quite serious. I don't like compliments, and I don't see why a man should think he is pleasing a woman enormously when he says to her a whole heap of things that he doesn't mean.

LORD DARLINGTON. Ah, but I did mean them. [Takes tea which she offers him.]

LADY WINDERMERE. [Gravely.] I hope not. I should be sorry to

have to quarrel with you, Lord Darlington. I like you very much, you know that. But I shouldn't like you at all if I thought you were what most other men are. Believe me, you are better than most other men, and I sometimes think you pretend to be worse.

LORD DARLINGTON. We all have our little vanities, Lady Windermere.

LADY WINDERMERE. Why do you make that your special one? [Still seated at table L.]

LORD DARLINGTON. [Still seated L.C.] Oh, nowadays so many conceited people go about Society pretending to be good, that I think it shows rather a sweet and modest disposition to pretend to be bad. Besides, there is this to be said. If you pretend to be good, the world takes you very seriously. If you pretend to be bad, it doesn't. Such is the astounding stupidity of optimism.

LADY WINDERMERE. Don't you WANT the world to take you seriously then, Lord Darlington?

LORD DARLINGTON. No, not the world. Who are the people the world takes seriously? All the dull people one can think of, from the Bishops down to the bores. I should like YOU to take me very seriously, Lady Windermere, YOU more than any one else in life.

LADY WINDERMERE. Why--why me?

LORD DARLINGTON. [After a slight hesitation.] Because I think we might be great friends. Let us be great friends. You may want a friend some day.

LADY WINDERMERE. Why do you say that?

LORD DARLINGTON. Oh!--we all want friends at times.

LADY WINDERMERE. I think we're very good friends already, Lord Darlington. We can always remain so as long as you don't -

LORD DARLINGTON. Don't what?

LADY WINDERMERE. Don't spoil it by saying extravagant silly things to me. You think I am a Puritan, I suppose? Well, I have something of the Puritan in me. I was brought up like that. I am glad of it. My mother died when I was a mere child. I lived always with Lady Julia, my father's elder sister, you know. She was stern to me, but she taught me what the world is forgetting, the difference that there is between what is right and what is wrong. SHE allowed of no compromise. I allow of none.

LORD DARLINGTON. My dear Lady Windermere!

LADY WINDERMERE. [Leaning back on the sofa.] You look on me as being behind the age.--Well, I am! I should be sorry to be on the same level as an age like this.

LORD DARLINGTON. You think the age very bad?

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes. Nowadays people seem to look on life as a speculation. It is not a speculation. It is a sacrament. Its ideal is Love. Its purification is sacrifice.

LORD DARLINGTON. [Smiling.] Oh, anything is better than being sacrificed!

LADY WINDERMERE. [Leaning forward.] Don't say that.

LORD DARLINGTON. I do say it. I feel it--I know it.

[Enter PARKER C.]

PARKER. The men want to know if they are to put the carpets on the terrace for to-night, my lady?

LADY WINDERMERE. You don't think it will rain, Lord Darlington, do you?

LORD DARLINGTON. I won't hear of its raining on your birthday!

LADY WINDERMERE. Tell them to do it at once, Parker.

[Exit PARKER C.]

LORD DARLINGTON. [Still seated.] Do you think then--of course I am only putting an imaginary instance--do you think that in the case of a young married couple, say about two years married, if the husband suddenly becomes the intimate friend of a woman of--well, more than doubtful character--is always calling upon her, lunching with her, and probably paying her bills--do you think that the wife should not console herself?

LADY WINDERMERE. [Frowning] Console herself?

LORD DARLINGTON. Yes, I think she should--I think she has the right.

LADY WINDERMERE. Because the husband is vile--should the wife be vile also?

LORD DARLINGTON. Vileness is a terrible word, Lady Windermere.

LADY WINDERMERE. It is a terrible thing, Lord Darlington.

LORD DARLINGTON. Do you know I am afraid that good people do a great deal of harm in this world. Certainly the greatest harm they do is that they make badness of such extraordinary importance. It is absurd to divide people into good and bad. People are either charming or tedious. I take the side of the charming, and you, Lady Windermere, can't help belonging to them.

LADY WINDERMERE. Now, Lord Darlington. [Rising and crossing R.,

front of him.] Don't stir, I am merely going to finish my flowers.
[Goes to table R.C.]

LORD DARLINGTON. [Rising and moving chair.] And I must say I think you are very hard on modern life, Lady Windermere. Of course there is much against it, I admit. Most women, for instance, nowadays, are rather mercenary.

LADY WINDERMERE. Don't talk about such people.

LORD DARLINGTON. Well then, setting aside mercenary people, who, of course, are dreadful, do you think seriously that women who have committed what the world calls a fault should never be forgiven?

LADY WINDERMERE. [Standing at table.] I think they should never be forgiven.

LORD DARLINGTON. And men? Do you think that there should be the same laws for men as there are for women?

LADY WINDERMERE. Certainly!

LORD DARLINGTON. I think life too complex a thing to be settled by these hard and fast rules.

LADY WINDERMERE. If we had 'these hard and fast rules,' we should find life much more simple.

LORD DARLINGTON. You allow of no exceptions?

LADY WINDERMERE. None!

LORD DARLINGTON. Ah, what a fascinating Puritan you are, Lady Windermere!

LADY WINDERMERE. The adjective was unnecessary, Lord Darlington.

LORD DARLINGTON. I couldn't help it. I can resist everything except temptation.

LADY WINDERMERE. You have the modern affectation of weakness.

LORD DARLINGTON. [Looking at her.] It's only an affectation, Lady Windermere.

[Enter PARKER C.]

PARKER. The Duchess of Berwick and Lady Agatha Carlisle.

[Enter the DUCHESS OF BERWICK and LADY AGATHA CARLISLE C.]

[Exit PARKER C.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [Coming down C., and shaking hands.] Dear Margaret, I am so pleased to see you. You remember Agatha, don't

you? [Crossing L.C.] How do you do, Lord Darlington? I won't let you know my daughter, you are far too wicked.

LORD DARLINGTON. Don't say that, Duchess. As a wicked man I am a complete failure. Why, there are lots of people who say I have never really done anything wrong in the whole course of my life. Of course they only say it behind my back.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Isn't he dreadful? Agatha, this is Lord Darlington. Mind you don't believe a word he says. [LORD DARLINGTON crosses R.C.] No, no tea, thank you, dear. [Crosses and sits on sofa.] We have just had tea at Lady Markby's. Such bad tea, too. It was quite undrinkable. I wasn't at all surprised. Her own son-in-law supplies it. Agatha is looking forward so much to your ball to-night, dear Margaret.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Seated L.C.] Oh, you mustn't think it is going to be a ball, Duchess. It is only a dance in honour of my birthday. A small and early.

LORD DARLINGTON. [Standing L.C.] Very small, very early, and very select, Duchess.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [On sofa L.] Of course it's going to be select. But we know THAT, dear Margaret, about YOUR house. It is really one of the few houses in London where I can take Agatha, and where I feel perfectly secure about dear Berwick. I don't know what society is coming to. The most dreadful people seem to go everywhere. They certainly come to my parties--the men get quite furious if one doesn't ask them. Really, some one should make a stand against it.

LADY WINDERMERE. I will, Duchess. I will have no one in my house about whom there is any scandal.

LORD DARLINGTON. [R.C.] Oh, don't say that, Lady Windermere. I should never be admitted! [Sitting.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Oh, men don't matter. With women it is different. We're good. Some of us are, at least. But we are positively getting elbowed into the corner. Our husbands would really forget our existence if we didn't nag at them from time to time, just to remind them that we have a perfect legal right to do so.

LORD DARLINGTON. It's a curious thing, Duchess, about the game of marriage--a game, by the way, that is going out of fashion--the wives hold all the honours, and invariably lose the odd trick.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. The odd trick? Is that the husband, Lord Darlington?

LORD DARLINGTON. It would be rather a good name for the modern husband.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Dear Lord Darlington, how thoroughly depraved you are!

LADY WINDERMERE. Lord Darlington is trivial.

LORD DARLINGTON. Ah, don't say that, Lady Windermere.

LADY WINDERMERE. Why do you TALK so trivially about life, then?

LORD DARLINGTON. Because I think that life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about it. [Moves up C.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. What does he mean? Do, as a concession to my poor wits, Lord Darlington, just explain to me what you really mean.

LORD DARLINGTON. [Coming down back of table.] I think I had better not, Duchess. Nowadays to be intelligible is to be found out. Good-bye! [Shakes hands with DUCHESS.] And now--[goes up stage] Lady Windermere, good-bye. I may come to-night, mayn't I? Do let me come.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Standing up stage with LORD DARLINGTON.] Yes, certainly. But you are not to say foolish, insincere things to people.

LORD DARLINGTON. [Smiling.] Ah! you are beginning to reform me. It is a dangerous thing to reform any one, Lady Windermere. [Bows, and exit C.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [Who has risen, goes C.] What a charming, wicked creature! I like him so much. I'm quite delighted he's gone! How sweet you're looking! Where DO you get your gowns? And now I must tell you how sorry I am for you, dear Margaret. [Crosses to sofa and sits with LADY WINDERMERE.] Agatha, darling!

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma. [Rises.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Will you go and look over the photograph album that I see there?

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma. [Goes to table up L.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Dear girl! She is so fond of photographs of Switzerland. Such a pure taste, I think. But I really am so sorry for you, Margaret

LADY WINDERMERE. [Smiling.] Why, Duchess?

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Oh, on account of that horrid woman. She dresses so well, too, which makes it much worse, sets such a dreadful example. Augustus--you know my disreputable brother--such a trial to us all--well, Augustus is completely infatuated about her. It is quite scandalous, for she is absolutely inadmissible into society. Many a woman has a past, but I am told that she has

at least a dozen, and that they all fit.

LADY WINDERMERE. Whom are you talking about, Duchess?

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. About Mrs. Erlynne.

LADY WINDERMERE. Mrs. Erlynne? I never heard of her, Duchess.
And what HAS she to do with me?

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. My poor child! Agatha, darling!

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Will you go out on the terrace and look at the sunset?

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma. [Exit through window, L.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Sweet girl! So devoted to sunsets! Shows such refinement of feeling, does it not? After all, there is nothing like Nature, is there?

LADY WINDERMERE. But what is it, Duchess? Why do you talk to me about this person?

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Don't you really know? I assure you we're all so distressed about it. Only last night at dear Lady Jansen's every one was saying how extraordinary it was that, of all men in London, Windermere should behave in such a way.

LADY WINDERMERE. My husband--what has HE got to do with any woman of that kind?

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Ah, what indeed, dear? That is the point. He goes to see her continually, and stops for hours at a time, and while he is there she is not at home to any one. Not that many ladies call on her, dear, but she has a great many disreputable men friends--my own brother particularly, as I told you--and that is what makes it so dreadful about Windermere. We looked upon HIM as being such a model husband, but I am afraid there is no doubt about it. My dear nieces--you know the Saville girls, don't you?--such nice domestic creatures--plain, dreadfully plain, but so good--well, they're always at the window doing fancy work, and making ugly things for the poor, which I think so useful of them in these dreadful socialistic days, and this terrible woman has taken a house in Curzon Street, right opposite them--such a respectable street, too! I don't know what we're coming to! And they tell me that Windermere goes there four and five times a week--they SEE him. They can't help it--and although they never talk scandal, they--well, of course--they remark on it to every one. And the worst of it all is that I have been told that this woman has got a great deal of money out of somebody, for it seems that she came to London six months ago without anything at all to speak of, and now she has this charming house in Mayfair, drives her ponies in the Park every afternoon and all--well, all--since she has known poor

dear Windermere.

LADY WINDERMERE. Oh, I can't believe it!

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. But it's quite true, my dear. The whole of London knows it. That is why I felt it was better to come and talk to you, and advise you to take Windermere away at once to Homburg or to Aix, where he'll have something to amuse him, and where you can watch him all day long. I assure you, my dear, that on several occasions after I was first married, I had to pretend to be very ill, and was obliged to drink the most unpleasant mineral waters, merely to get Berwick out of town. He was so extremely susceptible. Though I am bound to say he never gave away any large sums of money to anybody. He is far too high-principled for that!

LADY WINDERMERE. [Interrupting.] Duchess, Duchess, it's impossible! [Rising and crossing stage to C.] We are only married two years. Our child is but six months old. [Sits in chair R. of L. table.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Ah, the dear pretty baby! How is the little darling? Is it a boy or a girl? I hope a girl--Ah, no, I remember it's a boy! I'm so sorry. Boys are so wicked. My boy is excessively immoral. You wouldn't believe at what hours he comes home. And he's only left Oxford a few months--I really don't know what they teach them there.

LADY WINDERMERE. Are ALL men bad?

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Oh, all of them, my dear, all of them, without any exception. And they never grow any better. Men become old, but they never become good.

LADY WINDERMERE. Windermere and I married for love.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Yes, we begin like that. It was only Berwick's brutal and incessant threats of suicide that made me accept him at all, and before the year was out, he was running after all kinds of petticoats, every colour, every shape, every material. In fact, before the honeymoon was over, I caught him winking at my maid, a most pretty, respectable girl. I dismissed her at once without a character.--No, I remember I passed her on to my sister; poor dear Sir George is so short-sighted, I thought it wouldn't matter. But it did, though--it was most unfortunate. [Rises.] And now, my dear child, I must go, as we are dining out. And mind you don't take this little aberration of Windermere's too much to heart. Just take him abroad, and he'll come back to you all right.

LADY WINDERMERE. Come back to me? [C.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [L.C.] Yes, dear, these wicked women get our husbands away from us, but they always come back, slightly damaged, of course. And don't make scenes, men hate them!

LADY WINDERMERE. It is very kind of you, Duchess, to come and tell me all this. But I can't believe that my husband is untrue to me.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Pretty child! I was like that once. Now I know that all men are monsters. [LADY WINDERMERE rings bell.] The only thing to do is to feed the wretches well. A good cook does wonders, and that I know you have. My dear Margaret, you are not going to cry?

LADY WINDERMERE. You needn't be afraid, Duchess, I never cry.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. That's quite right, dear. Crying is the refuge of plain women but the ruin of pretty ones. Agatha, darling!

LADY AGATHA. [Entering L.] Yes, mamma. [Stands back of table L.C.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Come and bid good-bye to Lady Windermere, and thank her for your charming visit. [Coming down again.] And by the way, I must thank you for sending a card to Mr. Hopper--he's that rich young Australian people are taking such notice of just at present. His father made a great fortune by selling some kind of food in circular tins--most palatable, I believe--I fancy it is the thing the servants always refuse to eat. But the son is quite interesting. I think he's attracted by dear Agatha's clever talk. Of course, we should be very sorry to lose her, but I think that a mother who doesn't part with a daughter every season has no real affection. We're coming to-night, dear. [PARKER opens C. doors.] And remember my advice, take the poor fellow out of town at once, it is the only thing to do. Good-bye, once more; come, Agatha.

[Exeunt DUCHESS and LADY AGATHA C.]

LADY WINDERMERE. How horrible! I understand now what Lord Darlington meant by the imaginary instance of the couple not two years married. Oh! it can't be true--she spoke of enormous sums of money paid to this woman. I know where Arthur keeps his bank book--in one of the drawers of that desk. I might find out by that. I WILL find out. [Opens drawer.] No, it is some hideous mistake. [Rises and goes C.] Some silly scandal! He loves ME! He loves ME! But why should I not look? I am his wife, I have a right to look! [Returns to bureau, takes out book and examines it page by page, smiles and gives a sigh of relief.] I knew it! there is not a word of truth in this stupid story. [Puts book back in drawer. As she does so, starts and takes out another book.] A second book--private--locked! [Tries to open it, but fails. Sees paper knife on bureau, and with it cuts cover from book. Begins to start at the first page.] 'Mrs. Erlynne--600 pounds--Mrs. Erlynne--700 pounds--Mrs. Erlynne--400 pounds.' Oh! it is true! It is true! How horrible! [Throws book on floor.] [Enter LORD WINDERMERE C.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Well, dear, has the fan been sent home yet? [Going R.C. Sees book.] Margaret, you have cut open my bank book. You have no right to do such a thing!

LADY WINDERMERE. You think it wrong that you are found out, don't you?

LORD WINDERMERE. I think it wrong that a wife should spy on her husband.

LADY WINDERMERE. I did not spy on you. I never knew of this woman's existence till half an hour ago. Some one who pitied me was kind enough to tell me what every one in London knows already-- your daily visits to Curzon Street, your mad infatuation, the monstrous sums of money you squander on this infamous woman! [Crossing L.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Margaret! don't talk like that of Mrs. Erlynne, you don't know how unjust it is!

LADY WINDERMERE. [Turning to him.] You are very jealous of Mrs. Erlynne's honour. I wish you had been as jealous of mine.

LORD WINDERMERE. Your honour is untouched, Margaret. You don't think for a moment that--[Puts book back into desk.]

LADY WINDERMERE. I think that you spend your money strangely. That is all. Oh, don't imagine I mind about the money. As far as I am concerned, you may squander everything we have. But what I DO mind is that you who have loved me, you who have taught me to love you, should pass from the love that is given to the love that is bought. Oh, it's horrible! [Sits on sofa.] And it is I who feel degraded! YOU don't feel anything. I feel stained, utterly stained. You can't realise how hideous the last six months seems to me now--every kiss you have given me is tainted in my memory.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Crossing to her.] Don't say that, Margaret. I never loved any one in the whole world but you.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Rises.] Who is this woman, then? Why do you take a house for her?

LORD WINDERMERE. I did not take a house for her.

LADY WINDERMERE. You gave her the money to do it, which is the same thing.

LORD WINDERMERE. Margaret, as far as I have known Mrs. Erlynne -

LADY WINDERMERE. Is there a Mr. Erlynne--or is he a myth?

LORD WINDERMERE. Her husband died many years ago. She is alone in the world.

LADY WINDERMERE. No relations? [A pause.]

LORD WINDERMERE. None.

LADY WINDERMERE. Rather curious, isn't it? [L.]

LORD WINDERMERE. [L.C.] Margaret, I was saying to you--and I beg you to listen to me--that as far as I have known Mrs. Erlynne, she has conducted herself well. If years ago -

LADY WINDERMERE. Oh! [Crossing R.C.] I don't want details about her life!

LORD WINDERMERE. [C.] I am not going to give you any details about her life. I tell you simply this--Mrs. Erlynne was once honoured, loved, respected. She was well born, she had position--she lost everything--threw it away, if you like. That makes it all the more bitter. Misfortunes one can endure--they come from outside, they are accidents. But to suffer for one's own faults--ah!--there is the sting of life. It was twenty years ago, too. She was little more than a girl then. She had been a wife for even less time than you have.

LADY WINDERMERE. I am not interested in her--and--you should not mention this woman and me in the same breath. It is an error of taste. [Sitting R. at desk.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Margaret, you could save this woman. She wants to get back into society, and she wants you to help her. [Crossing to her.]

LADY WINDERMERE. Me!

LORD WINDERMERE. Yes, you.

LADY WINDERMERE. How impertinent of her! [A pause.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Margaret, I came to ask you a great favour, and I still ask it of you, though you have discovered what I had intended you should never have known that I have given Mrs. Erlynne a large sum of money. I want you to send her an invitation for our party to-night. [Standing L. of her.]

LADY WINDERMERE. You are mad! [Rises.]

LORD WINDERMERE. I entreat you. People may chatter about her, do chatter about her, of course, but they don't know anything definite against her. She has been to several houses--not to houses where you would go, I admit, but still to houses where women who are in what is called Society nowadays do go. That does not content her. She wants you to receive her once.

LADY WINDERMERE. As a triumph for her, I suppose?

LORD WINDERMERE. No; but because she knows that you are a good woman--and that if she comes here once she will have a chance of a happier, a surer life than she has had. She will make no further effort to know you. Won't you help a woman who is trying to get back?

LADY WINDERMERE. No! If a woman really repents, she never wishes to return to the society that has made or seen her ruin.

LORD WINDERMERE. I beg of you.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Crossing to door R.] I am going to dress for dinner, and don't mention the subject again this evening. Arthur [going to him C.], you fancy because I have no father or mother that I am alone in the world, and that you can treat me as you choose. You are wrong, I have friends, many friends.

LORD WINDERMERE. [L.C.] Margaret, you are talking foolishly, recklessly. I won't argue with you, but I insist upon your asking Mrs. Erlynne to-night.

LADY WINDERMERE. [R.C.] I shall do nothing of the kind.
[Crossing L. C.]

LORD WINDERMERE. You refuse? [C.]

LADY WINDERMERE. Absolutely!

LORD WINDERMERE. Ah, Margaret, do this for my sake; it is her last chance.

LADY WINDERMERE. What has that to do with me?

LORD WINDERMERE. How hard good women are!

LADY WINDERMERE. How weak bad men are!

LORD WINDERMERE. Margaret, none of us men may be good enough for the women we marry--that is quite true--but you don't imagine I would ever--oh, the suggestion is monstrous!

LADY WINDERMERE. Why should YOU be different from other men? I am told that there is hardly a husband in London who does not waste his life over SOME shameful passion.

LORD WINDERMERE. I am not one of them.

LADY WINDERMERE. I am not sure of that!

LORD WINDERMERE. You are sure in your heart. But don't make chasm after chasm between us. God knows the last few minutes have thrust us wide enough apart. Sit down and write the card.

LADY WINDERMERE. Nothing in the whole world would induce me.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Crossing to bureau.] Then I will! [Rings electric bell, sits and writes card.]

LADY WINDERMERE. You are going to invite this woman? [Crossing to him.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Yes. [Pause. Enter PARKER.] Parker!

PARKER. Yes, my lord. [Comes down L.C.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Have this note sent to Mrs. Erlynne at No. 84A Curzon Street. [Crossing to L.C. and giving note to PARKER.] There is no answer!

[Exit PARKER C.]

LADY WINDERMERE. Arthur, if that woman comes here, I shall insult her.

LORD WINDERMERE. Margaret, don't say that.

LADY WINDERMERE. I mean it.

LORD WINDERMERE. Child, if you did such a thing, there's not a woman in London who wouldn't pity you.

LADY WINDERMERE. There is not a GOOD woman in London who would not applaud me. We have been too lax. We must make an example. I propose to begin to-night. [Picking up fan.] Yes, you gave me this fan to-day; it was your birthday present. If that woman crosses my threshold, I shall strike her across the face with it.

LORD WINDERMERE. Margaret, you couldn't do such a thing.

LADY WINDERMERE. You don't know me! [Moves R.]

[Enter PARKER.]

Parker!

PARKER. Yes, my lady.

LADY WINDERMERE. I shall dine in my own room. I don't want dinner, in fact. See that everything is ready by half-past ten. And, Parker, be sure you pronounce the names of the guests very distinctly to-night. Sometimes you speak so fast that I miss them. I am particularly anxious to hear the names quite clearly, so as to make no mistake. You understand, Parker?

PARKER. Yes, my lady.

LADY WINDERMERE. That will do!

[Exit PARKER C.]

[Speaking to LORD WINDERMERE] Arthur, if that woman comes here--I warn you -

LORD WINDERMERE. Margaret, you'll ruin us!

LADY WINDERMERE. Us! From this moment my life is separate from yours. But if you wish to avoid a public scandal, write at once to this woman, and tell her that I forbid her to come here!

LORD WINDERMERE. I will not--I cannot--she must come!

LADY WINDERMERE. Then I shall do exactly as I have said. [Goes R.] You leave me no choice. [Exit R.]

LORD WINDERMERE. [Calling after her.] Margaret! Margaret! [A pause.] My God! What shall I do? I dare not tell her who this woman really is. The shame would kill her. [Sinks down into a chair and buries his face in his hands.]

ACT DROP

SECOND ACT

SCENE

Drawing-room in Lord Windermere's house. Door R.U. opening into ball-room, where band is playing. Door L. through which guests are entering. Door L.U. opens on to illuminated terrace. Palms, flowers, and brilliant lights. Room crowded with guests. Lady Windermere is receiving them.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [Up C.] So strange Lord Windermere isn't here. Mr. Hopper is very late, too. You have kept those five dances for him, Agatha? [Comes down.]

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [Sitting on sofa.] Just let me see your card. I'm so glad Lady Windermere has revived cards.--They're a mother's only safeguard. You dear simple little thing! [Scratches out two names.] No nice girl should ever waltz with such particularly younger sons! It looks so fast! The last two dances you might pass on the terrace with Mr. Hopper.

[Enter MR. DUMBY and LADY PLYMDALE from the ball-room.]

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [Fanning herself.] The air is so pleasant there.

PARKER. Mrs. Cowper-Cowper. Lady Stutfield. Sir James Royston. Mr. Guy Berkeley.

[These people enter as announced.]

DUMBY. Good evening, Lady Stutfield. I suppose this will be the last ball of the season?

LADY STUTFIELD. I suppose so, Mr. Dumby. It's been a delightful season, hasn't it?

DUMBY. Quite delightful! Good evening, Duchess. I suppose this will be the last ball of the season?

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. I suppose so, Mr. Dumby. It has been a very dull season, hasn't it?

DUMBY. Dreadfully dull! Dreadfully dull!

MR. COWPER-COWPER. Good evening, Mr. Dumby. I suppose this will be the last ball of the season?

DUMBY. Oh, I think not. There'll probably be two more. [Wanders back to LADY PLYMDALE.]

PARKER. Mr. Rufford. Lady Jedburgh and Miss Graham. Mr. Hopper.

[These people enter as announced.]

HOPPER. How do you do, Lady Windermere? How do you do, Duchess? [Bows to LADY AGATHA.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Dear Mr. Hopper, how nice of you to come so early. We all know how you are run after in London.

HOPPER. Capital place, London! They are not nearly so exclusive in London as they are in Sydney.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Ah! we know your value, Mr. Hopper. We wish there were more like you. It would make life so much easier. Do you know, Mr. Hopper, dear Agatha and I are so much interested in Australia. It must be so pretty with all the dear little kangaroos flying about. Agatha has found it on the map. What a curious shape it is! Just like a large packing case. However, it is a very young country, isn't it?

HOPPER. Wasn't it made at the same time as the others, Duchess?

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. How clever you are, Mr. Hopper. You have a cleverness quite of your own. Now I mustn't keep you.

HOPPER. But I should like to dance with Lady Agatha, Duchess.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Well, I hope she has a dance left. Have you a dance left, Agatha?

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. The next one?

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma.

HOPPER. May I have the pleasure? [LADY AGATHA bows.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Mind you take great care of my little chatterbox, Mr. Hopper.

[LADY AGATHA and MR. HOPPER pass into ball-room.]

[Enter LORD WINDERMERE.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Margaret, I want to speak to you.

LADY WINDERMERE. In a moment. [The music drops.]

PARKER. Lord Augustus Lorton.

[Enter LORD AUGUSTUS.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. Good evening, Lady Windermere.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Sir James, will you take me into the ball-room? Augustus has been dining with us to-night. I really have had quite enough of dear Augustus for the moment.

[SIR JAMES ROYSTON gives the DUCHESS his arm and escorts her into the ball-room.]

PARKER. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bowden. Lord and Lady Paisley. Lord Darlington.

[These people enter as announced.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Coming up to LORD WINDERMERE.] Want to speak to you particularly, dear boy. I'm worn to a shadow. Know I don't look it. None of us men do look what we really are. Demmed good thing, too. What I want to know is this. Who is she? Where does she come from? Why hasn't she got any demmed relations? Demmed nuisance, relations! But they make one so demmed respectable.

LORD WINDERMERE. You are talking of Mrs. Erlynne, I suppose? I only met her six months ago. Till then, I never knew of her existence.

LORD AUGUSTUS. You have seen a good deal of her since then.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Coldly.] Yes, I have seen a good deal of her since then. I have just seen her.

LORD AUGUSTUS. Egad! the women are very down on her. I have been dining with Arabella this evening! By Jove! you should have heard what she said about Mrs. Erlynne. She didn't leave a rag on her. . . [Aside.] Berwick and I told her that didn't matter much, as the lady in question must have an extremely fine figure. You should have seen Arabella's expression! . . . But, look here, dear

boy. I don't know what to do about Mrs. Erlynne. Egad! I might be married to her; she treats me with such demmed indifference. She's deuced clever, too! She explains everything. Egad! she explains you. She has got any amount of explanations for you--and all of them different.

LORD WINDERMERE. No explanations are necessary about my friendship with Mrs. Erlynne.

LORD AUGUSTUS. Hem! Well, look here, dear old fellow. Do you think she will ever get into this demmed thing called Society? Would you introduce her to your wife? No use beating about the confounded bush. Would you do that?

LORD WINDERMERE. Mrs. Erlynne is coming here to-night.

LORD AUGUSTUS. Your wife has sent her a card?

LORD WINDERMERE. Mrs. Erlynne has received a card.

LORD AUGUSTUS. Then she's all right, dear boy. But why didn't you tell me that before? It would have saved me a heap of worry and demmed misunderstandings!

[LADY AGATHA and MR. HOPPER cross and exit on terrace L.U.E.]

PARKER. Mr. Cecil Graham!

[Enter MR. CECIL GRAHAM.]

CECIL GRAHAM. [Bows to LADY WINDERMERE, passes over and shakes hands with LORD WINDERMERE.] Good evening, Arthur. Why don't you ask me how I am? I like people to ask me how I am. It shows a wide-spread interest in my health. Now, to-night I am not at all well. Been dining with my people. Wonder why it is one's people are always so tedious? My father would talk morality after dinner. I told him he was old enough to know better. But my experience is that as soon as people are old enough to know better, they don't know anything at all. Hallo, Tuppy! Hear you're going to be married again; thought you were tired of that game.

LORD AUGUSTUS. You're excessively trivial, my dear boy, excessively trivial!

CECIL GRAHAM. By the way, Tuppy, which is it? Have you been twice married and once divorced, or twice divorced and once married? I say you've been twice divorced and once married. It seems so much more probable.

LORD AUGUSTUS. I have a very bad memory. I really don't remember which. [Moves away R.]

LADY PLYMDALE. Lord Windermere, I've something most particular to ask you.

LORD WINDERMERE. I am afraid--if you will excuse me--I must join my wife.

LADY PLYMDALE. Oh, you mustn't dream of such a thing. It's most dangerous nowadays for a husband to pay any attention to his wife in public. It always makes people think that he beats her when they're alone. The world has grown so suspicious of anything that looks like a happy married life. But I'll tell you what it is at supper. [Moves towards door of ball-room.]

LORD WINDERMERE. [C.] Margaret! I MUST speak to you.

LADY WINDERMERE. Will you hold my fan for me, Lord Darlington? Thanks. [Comes down to him.]

LORD WINDERMERE. [Crossing to her.] Margaret, what you said before dinner was, of course, impossible?

LADY WINDERMERE. That woman is not coming here to-night!

LORD WINDERMERE. [R.C.] Mrs. Erlynne is coming here, and if you in any way annoy or wound her, you will bring shame and sorrow on us both. Remember that! Ah, Margaret! only trust me! A wife should trust her husband!

LADY WINDERMERE. [C.] London is full of women who trust their husbands. One can always recognise them. They look so thoroughly unhappy. I am not going to be one of them. [Moves up.] Lord Darlington, will you give me back my fan, please? Thanks. . . . A useful thing a fan, isn't it? . . . I want a friend to-night, Lord Darlington: I didn't know I would want one so soon.

LORD DARLINGTON. Lady Windermere! I knew the time would come some day; but why to-night?

LORD WINDERMERE. I WILL tell her. I must. It would be terrible if there were any scene. Margaret . . .

PARKER. Mrs. Erlynne!

[LORD WINDERMERE starts. MRS. ERLYNNE enters, very beautifully dressed and very dignified. LADY WINDERMERE clutches at her fan, then lets it drop on the door. She bows coldly to MRS. ERLYNNE, who bows to her sweetly in turn, and sails into the room.]

LORD DARLINGTON. You have dropped your fan, Lady Windermere. [Picks it up and hands it to her.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. [C.] How do you do, again, Lord Windermere? How charming your sweet wife looks! Quite a picture!

LORD WINDERMERE. [In a low voice.] It was terribly rash of you to come!

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Smiling.] The wisest thing I ever did in my life.

And, by the way, you must pay me a good deal of attention this evening. I am afraid of the women. You must introduce me to some of them. The men I can always manage. How do you do, Lord Augustus? You have quite neglected me lately. I have not seen you since yesterday. I am afraid you're faithless. Every one told me so.

LORD AUGUSTUS. [R.] Now really, Mrs. Erlynne, allow me to explain.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [R.C.] No, dear Lord Augustus, you can't explain anything. It is your chief charm.

LORD AUGUSTUS. Ah! if you find charms in me, Mrs. Erlynne -

[They converse together. LORD WINDERMERE moves uneasily about the room watching MRS. ERLYNNE.]

LORD DARLINGTON. [To LADY WINDERMERE.] How pale you are!

LADY WINDERMERE. Cowards are always pale!

LORD DARLINGTON. You look faint. Come out on the terrace.

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes. [To PARKER.] Parker, send my cloak out.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Crossing to her.] Lady Windermere, how beautifully your terrace is illuminated. Reminds me of Prince Doria's at Rome.

[LADY WINDERMERE bows coldly, and goes off with LORD DARLINGTON.]

Oh, how do you do, Mr. Graham? Isn't that your aunt, Lady Jedburgh? I should so much like to know her.

CECIL GRAHAM. [After a moment's hesitation and embarrassment.] Oh, certainly, if you wish it. Aunt Caroline, allow me to introduce Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. ERLYNNE. So pleased to meet you, Lady Jedburgh. [Sits beside her on the sofa.] Your nephew and I are great friends. I am so much interested in his political career. I think he's sure to be a wonderful success. He thinks like a Tory, and talks like a Radical, and that's so important nowadays. He's such a brilliant talker, too. But we all know from whom he inherits that. Lord Allandale was saying to me only yesterday, in the Park, that Mr. Graham talks almost as well as his aunt.

LADY JEDBURGH. [R.] Most kind of you to say these charming things to me! [MRS. ERLYNNE smiles, and continues conversation.]

DUMBY. [To CECIL GRAHAM.] Did you introduce Mrs. Erlynne to Lady Jedburgh?

CECIL GRAHAM. Had to, my dear fellow. Couldn't help it! That woman can make one do anything she wants. How, I don't know.

DUMBY. Hope to goodness she won't speak to me! [Saunters towards LADY PLYMDALE.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. [C. To LADY JEDBURGH.] On Thursday? With great pleasure. [Rises, and speaks to LORD WINDERMERE, laughing.] What a bore it is to have to be civil to these old dowagers! But they always insist on it!

LADY PLYMDALE. [To MR. DUMBY.] Who is that well-dressed woman talking to Windermere?

DUMBY. Haven't got the slightest idea! Looks like an edition de luxe of a wicked French novel, meant specially for the English market.

MRS. ERLYNNE. So that is poor Dumby with Lady Plymdale? I hear she is frightfully jealous of him. He doesn't seem anxious to speak to me to-night. I suppose he is afraid of her. Those straw-coloured women have dreadful tempers. Do you know, I think I'll dance with you first, Windermere. [LORD WINDERMERE bits his lip and frowns.] It will make Lord Augustus so jealous! Lord Augustus! [LORD AUGUSTUS comes down.] Lord Windermere insists on my dancing with him first, and, as it's his own house, I can't well refuse. You know I would much sooner dance with you.

LORD AUGUSTUS. [With a low bow.] I wish I could think so, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. ERLYNNE. You know it far too well. I can fancy a person dancing through life with you and finding it charming.

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Placing his hand on his white waistcoat.] Oh, thank you, thank you. You are the most adorable of all ladies!

MRS. ERLYNNE. What a nice speech! So simple and so sincere! Just the sort of speech I like. Well, you shall hold my bouquet. [Goes towards ball-room on LORD WINDERMERE'S arm.] Ah, Mr. Dumby, how are you? I am so sorry I have been out the last three times you have called. Come and lunch on Friday.

DUMBY. [With perfect nonchalance.] Delighted!

[LADY PLYMDALE glares with indignation at MR. DUMBY. LORD AUGUSTUS follows MRS. ERLYNNE and LORD WINDERMERE into the ball-room holding bouquet]

LADY PLYMDALE. [To MR. DUMBY.] What an absolute brute you are! I never can believe a word you say! Why did you tell me you didn't know her? What do you mean by calling on her three times running? You are not to go to lunch there; of course you understand that?

DUMBY. My dear Laura, I wouldn't dream of going!

LADY PLYMDALE. You haven't told me her name yet! Who is she?

DUMBY. [Coughs slightly and smooths his hair.] She's a Mrs. Erlynne.

LADY PLYMDALE. That woman!

DUMBY. Yes; that is what every one calls her.

LADY PLYMDALE. How very interesting! How intensely interesting! I really must have a good stare at her. [Goes to door of ball-room and looks in.] I have heard the most shocking things about her. They say she is ruining poor Windermere. And Lady Windermere, who goes in for being so proper, invites her! How extremely amusing! It takes a thoroughly good woman to do a thoroughly stupid thing. You are to lunch there on Friday!

DUMBY. Why?

LADY PLYMDALE. Because I want you to take my husband with you. He has been so attentive lately, that he has become a perfect nuisance. Now, this woman is just the thing for him. He'll dance attendance upon her as long as she lets him, and won't bother me. I assure you, women of that kind are most useful. They form the basis of other people's marriages.

DUMBY. What a mystery you are!

LADY PLYMDALE. [Looking at him.] I wish YOU were!

DUMBY. I am--to myself. I am the only person in the world I should like to know thoroughly; but I don't see any chance of it just at present.

[They pass into the ball-room, and LADY WINDERMERE and LORD DARLINGTON enter from the terrace.]

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes. Her coming here is monstrous, unbearable. I know now what you meant to-day at tea-time. Why didn't you tell me right out? You should have!

LORD DARLINGTON. I couldn't! A man can't tell these things about another man! But if I had known he was going to make you ask her here to-night, I think I would have told you. That insult, at any rate, you would have been spared.

LADY WINDERMERE. I did not ask her. He insisted on her coming--against my entreaties--against my commands. Oh! the house is tainted for me! I feel that every woman here sneers at me as she dances by with my husband. What have I done to deserve this? I gave him all my life. He took it--used it--spoiled it! I am degraded in my own eyes; and I lack courage--I am a coward! [Sits down on sofa.]

LORD DARLINGTON. If I know you at all, I know that you can't live with a man who treats you like this! What sort of life would you

have with him? You would feel that he was lying to you every moment of the day. You would feel that the look in his eyes was false, his voice false, his touch false, his passion false. He would come to you when he was weary of others; you would have to comfort him. He would come to you when he was devoted to others; you would have to charm him. You would have to be to him the mask of his real life, the cloak to hide his secret.

LADY WINDERMERE. You are right--you are terribly right. But where am I to turn? You said you would be my friend, Lord Darlington.-- Tell me, what am I to do? Be my friend now.

LORD DARLINGTON. Between men and women there is no friendship possible. There is passion, enmity, worship, love, but no friendship. I love you -

LADY WINDERMERE. No, no! [Rises.]

LORD DARLINGTON. Yes, I love you! You are more to me than anything in the whole world. What does your husband give you? Nothing. Whatever is in him he gives to this wretched woman, whom he has thrust into your society, into your home, to shame you before every one. I offer you my life -

LADY WINDERMERE. Lord Darlington!

LORD DARLINGTON. My life--my whole life. Take it, and do with it what you will. . . . I love you--love you as I have never loved any living thing. From the moment I met you I loved you, loved you blindly, adoringly, madly! You did not know it then--you know it now! Leave this house to-night. I won't tell you that the world matters nothing, or the world's voice, or the voice of society. They matter a great deal. They matter far too much. But there are moments when one has to choose between living one's own life, fully, entirely, completely--or dragging out some false, shallow, degrading existence that the world in its hypocrisy demands. You have that moment now. Choose! Oh, my love, choose.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Moving slowly away from him, and looking at him with startled eyes.] I have not the courage.

LORD DARLINGTON. [Following her.] Yes; you have the courage. There may be six months of pain, of disgrace even, but when you no longer bear his name, when you bear mine, all will be well. Margaret, my love, my wife that shall be some day--yes, my wife! You know it! What are you now? This woman has the place that belongs by right to you. Oh! go--go out of this house, with head erect, with a smile upon your lips, with courage in your eyes. All London will know why you did it; and who will blame you? No one. If they do, what matter? Wrong? What is wrong? It's wrong for a man to abandon his wife for a shameless woman. It is wrong for a wife to remain with a man who so dishonours her. You said once you would make no compromise with things. Make none now. Be brave! Be yourself!

LADY WINDERMERE. I am afraid of being myself. Let me think! Let me wait! My husband may return to me. [Sits down on sofa.]

LORD DARLINGTON. And you would take him back! You are not what I thought you were. You are just the same as every other woman. You would stand anything rather than face the censure of a world, whose praise you would despise. In a week you will be driving with this woman in the Park. She will be your constant guest--your dearest friend. You would endure anything rather than break with one blow this monstrous tie. You are right. You have no courage; none!

LADY WINDERMERE. Ah, give me time to think. I cannot answer you now. [Passes her hand nervously over her brow.]

LORD DARLINGTON. It must be now or not at all.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Rising from the sofa.] Then, not at all! [A pause.]

LORD DARLINGTON. You break my heart!

LADY WINDERMERE. Mine is already broken. [A pause.]

LORD DARLINGTON. To-morrow I leave England. This is the last time I shall ever look on you. You will never see me again. For one moment our lives met--our souls touched. They must never meet or touch again. Good-bye, Margaret. [Exit.]

LADY WINDERMERE. How alone I am in life! How terribly alone!

[The music stops. Enter the DUCHESS OF BERWICK and LORD PAISLEY laughing and talking. Other guests come on from ball-room.]

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Dear Margaret, I've just been having such a delightful chat with Mrs. Erlynne. I am so sorry for what I said to you this afternoon about her. Of course, she must be all right if YOU invite her. A most attractive woman, and has such sensible views on life. Told me she entirely disapproved of people marrying more than once, so I feel quite safe about poor Augustus. Can't imagine why people speak against her. It's those horrid nieces of mine--the Saville girls--they're always talking scandal. Still, I should go to Homburg, dear, I really should. She is just a little too attractive. But where is Agatha? Oh, there she is: [LADY AGATHA and MR. HOPPER enter from terrace L.U.E.] Mr. Hopper, I am very, very angry with you. You have taken Agatha out on the terrace, and she is so delicate.

HOPPER. Awfully sorry, Duchess. We went out for a moment and then got chatting together.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [C.] Ah, about dear Australia, I suppose?

HOPPER. Yes!

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Agatha, darling! [Beckons her over.]

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma!

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [Aside.] Did Mr. Hopper definitely -

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. And what answer did you give him, dear child?

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [Affectionately.] My dear one! You always say the right thing. Mr. Hopper! James! Agatha has told me everything. How cleverly you have both kept your secret.

HOPPER. You don't mind my taking Agatha off to Australia, then, Duchess?

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [Indignantly.] To Australia? Oh, don't mention that dreadful vulgar place.

HOPPER. But she said she'd like to come with me.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. [Severely.] Did you say that, Agatha?

LADY AGATHA. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Agatha, you say the most silly things possible. I think on the whole that Grosvenor Square would be a more healthy place to reside in. There are lots of vulgar people live in Grosvenor Square, but at any rate there are no horrid kangaroos crawling about. But we'll talk about that to-morrow. James, you can take Agatha down. You'll come to lunch, of course, James. At half-past one, instead of two. The Duke will wish to say a few words to you, I am sure.

HOPPER. I should like to have a chat with the Duke, Duchess. He has not said a single word to me yet.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. I think you'll find he will have a great deal to say to you to-morrow. [Exit LADY AGATHA with MR. HOPPER.] And now good-night, Margaret. I'm afraid it's the old, old story, dear. Love--well, not love at first sight, but love at the end of the season, which is so much more satisfactory.

LADY WINDERMERE. Good-night, Duchess.

[Exit the DUCHESS OF BERWICK on LORD PAISLEY'S arm.]

LADY PLYMDALE. My dear Margaret, what a handsome woman your husband has been dancing with! I should be quite jealous if I were you! Is she a great friend of yours?

LADY WINDERMERE. No!

LADY PLYMDALE. Really? Good-night, dear. [Looks at MR. DUMBY and exit.]

DUMBY. Awful manners young Hopper has!

CECIL GRAHAM. Ah! Hopper is one of Nature's gentlemen, the worst type of gentleman I know.

DUMBY. Sensible woman, Lady Windermere. Lots of wives would have objected to Mrs. Erlynne coming. But Lady Windermere has that uncommon thing called common sense.

CECIL GRAHAM. And Windermere knows that nothing looks so like innocence as an indiscretion.

DUMBY. Yes; dear Windermere is becoming almost modern. Never thought he would. [Bows to LADY WINDERMERE and exit.]

LADY JEDBURGH. Good night, Lady Windermere. What a fascinating woman Mrs. Erlynne is! She is coming to lunch on Thursday, won't you come too? I expect the Bishop and dear Lady Merton.

LADY WINDERMERE. I am afraid I am engaged, Lady Jedburgh.

LADY JEDBURGH. So sorry. Come, dear. [Exeunt LADY JEDBURGH and MISS GRAHAM.]

[Enter MRS. ERLYNNE and LORD WINDERMERE.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. Charming ball it has been! Quite reminds me of old days. [Sits on sofa.] And I see that there are just as many fools in society as there used to be. So pleased to find that nothing has altered! Except Margaret. She's grown quite pretty. The last time I saw her--twenty years ago, she was a fright in flannel. Positive fright, I assure you. The dear Duchess! and that sweet Lady Agatha! Just the type of girl I like! Well, really, Windermere, if I am to be the Duchess's sister-in-law

LORD WINDERMERE. [Sitting L. of her.] But are you--?

[Exit MR. CECIL GRAHAM with rest of guests. LADY WINDERMERE watches, with a look of scorn and pain, MRS. ERLYNNE and her husband. They are unconscious of her presence.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. Oh, yes! He's to call to-morrow at twelve o'clock! He wanted to propose to-night. In fact he did. He kept on proposing. Poor Augustus, you know how he repeats himself. Such a bad habit! But I told him I wouldn't give him an answer till to-morrow. Of course I am going to take him. And I dare say I'll make him an admirable wife, as wives go. And there is a great deal of good in Lord Augustus. Fortunately it is all on the surface. Just where good qualities should be. Of course you must help me in this matter.

LORD WINDERMERE. I am not called on to encourage Lord Augustus, I

suppose?

MRS. ERLYNNE. Oh, no! I do the encouraging. But you will make me a handsome settlement, Windermere, won't you?

LORD WINDERMERE. [Frowning.] Is that what you want to talk to me about to-night?

MRS ERLYNNE. Yes.

LORD WINDERMERE. [With a gesture of impatience.] I will not talk of it here.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Laughing.] Then we will talk of it on the terrace. Even business should have a picturesque background. Should it not, Windermere? With a proper background women can do anything.

LORD WINDERMERE. Won't to-morrow do as well?

MRS. ERLYNNE. No; you see, to-morrow I am going to accept him. And I think it would be a good thing if I was able to tell him that I had--well, what shall I say?--2000 pounds a year left to me by a third cousin--or a second husband--or some distant relative of that kind. It would be an additional attraction, wouldn't it? You have a delightful opportunity now of paying me a compliment, Windermere. But you are not very clever at paying compliments. I am afraid Margaret doesn't encourage you in that excellent habit. It's a great mistake on her part. When men give up saying what is charming, they give up thinking what is charming. But seriously, what do you say to 2000 pounds? 2500 pounds, I think. In modern life margin is everything. Windermere, don't you think the world an intensely amusing place? I do!

[Exit on terrace with LORD WINDERMERE. Music strikes up in ball-room.]

LADY WINDERMERE. To stay in this house any longer is impossible. To-night a man who loves me offered me his whole life. I refused it. It was foolish of me. I will offer him mine now. I will give him mine. I will go to him! [Puts on cloak and goes to the door, then turns back. Sits down at table and writes a letter, puts it into an envelope, and leaves it on table.] Arthur has never understood me. When he reads this, he will. He may do as he chooses now with his life. I have done with mine as I think best, as I think right. It is he who has broken the bond of marriage--not I. I only break its bondage.

[Exit.]

[PARKER enters L. and crosses towards the ball-room R. Enter MRS. ERLYNNE.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. Is Lady Windermere in the ball-room?

PARKER. Her ladyship has just gone out.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Gone out? She's not on the terrace?

PARKER. No, madam. Her ladyship has just gone out of the house.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Starts, and looks at the servant with a puzzled expression in her face.] Out of the house?

PARKER. Yes, madam--her ladyship told me she had left a letter for his lordship on the table.

MRS. ERLYNNE. A letter for Lord Windermere?

PARKER. Yes, madam.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Thank you.

[Exit PARKER. The music in the ball-room stops.] Gone out of her house! A letter addressed to her husband! [Goes over to bureau and looks at letter. Takes it up and lays it down again with a shudder of fear.] No, no! It would be impossible! Life doesn't repeat its tragedies like that! Oh, why does this horrible fancy come across me? Why do I remember now the one moment of my life I most wish to forget? Does life repeat its tragedies? [Tears letter open and reads it, then sinks down into a chair with a gesture of anguish.] Oh, how terrible! The same words that twenty years ago I wrote to her father! and how bitterly I have been punished for it! No; my punishment, my real punishment is to-night, is now! [Still seated R.]

[Enter LORD WINDERMERE L.U.E.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Have you said good-night to my wife? [Comes C.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Crushing letter in her hand.] Yes.

LORD WINDERMERE. Where is she?

MRS. ERLYNNE. She is very tired. She has gone to bed. She said she had a headache.

LORD WINDERMERE. I must go to her. You'll excuse me?

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Rising hurriedly.] Oh, no! It's nothing serious. She's only very tired, that is all. Besides, there are people still in the supper-room. She wants you to make her apologies to them. She said she didn't wish to be disturbed. [Drops letter.] She asked me to tell you!

LORD WINDERMERE. [Picks up letter.] You have dropped something.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Oh yes, thank you, that is mine. [Puts out her hand to take it.]

LORD WINDERMERE. [Still looking at letter.] But it's my wife's

handwriting, isn't it?

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Takes the letter quickly.] Yes, it's--an address. Will you ask them to call my carriage, please?

LORD WINDERMERE. Certainly.

[Goes L. and Exit.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. Thanks! What can I do? What can I do? I feel a passion awakening within me that I never felt before. What can it mean? The daughter must not be like the mother--that would be terrible. How can I save her? How can I save my child? A moment may ruin a life. Who knows that better than I? Windermere must be got out of the house; that is absolutely necessary. [Goes L.] But how shall I do it? It must be done somehow. Ah!

[Enter LORD AUGUSTUS R.U.E. carrying bouquet.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. Dear lady, I am in such suspense! May I not have an answer to my request?

MRS. ERLYNNE. Lord Augustus, listen to me. You are to take Lord Windermere down to your club at once, and keep him there as long as possible. You understand?

LORD AUGUSTUS. But you said you wished me to keep early hours!

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Nervously.] Do what I tell you. Do what I tell you.

LORD AUGUSTUS. And my reward?

MRS. ERLYNNE. Your reward? Your reward? Oh! ask me that to-morrow. But don't let Windermere out of your sight to-night. If you do I will never forgive you. I will never speak to you again. I'll have nothing to do with you. Remember you are to keep Windermere at your club, and don't let him come back to-night.

[Exit L.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. Well, really, I might be her husband already. Positively I might. [Follows her in a bewildered manner.]

ACT DROP.

THIRD ACT

SCENE

Lord Darlington's Rooms. A large sofa is in front of fireplace R.

At the back of the stage a curtain is drawn across the window. Doors L. and R. Table R. with writing materials. Table C. with syphons, glasses, and Tantalus frame. Table L. with cigar and cigarette box. Lamps lit.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Standing by the fireplace.] Why doesn't he come? This waiting is horrible. He should be here. Why is he not here, to wake by passionate words some fire within me? I am cold--cold as a loveless thing. Arthur must have read my letter by this time. If he cared for me, he would have come after me, would have taken me back by force. But he doesn't care. He's entrammelled by this woman--fascinated by her--dominated by her. If a woman wants to hold a man, she has merely to appeal to what is worst in him. We make gods of men and they leave us. Others make brutes of them and they fawn and are faithful. How hideous life is! . . . Oh! it was mad of me to come here, horribly mad. And yet, which is the worst, I wonder, to be at the mercy of a man who loves one, or the wife of a man who in one's own house dishonours one? What woman knows? What woman in the whole world? But will he love me always, this man to whom I am giving my life? What do I bring him? Lips that have lost the note of joy, eyes that are blinded by tears, chill hands and icy heart. I bring him nothing. I must go back--no; I can't go back, my letter has put me in their power--Arthur would not take me back! That fatal letter! No! Lord Darlington leaves England to-morrow. I will go with him--I have no choice. [Sits down for a few moments. Then starts up and puts on her cloak.] No, no! I will go back, let Arthur do with me what he pleases. I can't wait here. It has been madness my coming. I must go at once. As for Lord Darlington--Oh! here he is! What shall I do? What can I say to him? Will he let me go away at all? I have heard that men are brutal, horrible . . . Oh! [Hides her face in her hands.]

[Enter MRS. ERLYNNE L.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. Lady Windermere! [LADY WINDERMERE starts and looks up. Then recoils in contempt.] Thank Heaven I am in time. You must go back to your husband's house immediately.

LADY WINDERMERE. Must?

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Authoritatively.] Yes, you must! There is not a second to be lost. Lord Darlington may return at any moment.

LADY WINDERMERE. Don't come near me!

MRS. ERLYNNE. Oh! You are on the brink of ruin, you are on the brink of a hideous precipice. You must leave this place at once, my carriage is waiting at the corner of the street. You must come with me and drive straight home.

[LADY WINDERMERE throws off her cloak and flings it on the sofa.]

What are you doing?

LADY WINDERMERE. Mrs. Erlynne--if you had not come here, I would have gone back. But now that I see you, I feel that nothing in the whole world would induce me to live under the same roof as Lord Windermere. You fill me with horror. There is something about you that stirs the wildest--rage within me. And I know why you are here. My husband sent you to lure me back that I might serve as a blind to whatever relations exist between you and him.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Oh! You don't think that--you can't.

LADY WINDERMERE. Go back to my husband, Mrs. Erlynne. He belongs to you and not to me. I suppose he is afraid of a scandal. Men are such cowards. They outrage every law of the world, and are afraid of the world's tongue. But he had better prepare himself. He shall have a scandal. He shall have the worst scandal there has been in London for years. He shall see his name in every vile paper, mine on every hideous placard.

MRS. ERLYNNE. No--no -

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes! he shall. Had he come himself, I admit I would have gone back to the life of degradation you and he had prepared for me--I was going back--but to stay himself at home, and to send you as his messenger--oh! it was infamous--infamous.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [C.] Lady Windermere, you wrong me horribly--you wrong your husband horribly. He doesn't know you are here--he thinks you are safe in your own house. He thinks you are asleep in your own room. He never read the mad letter you wrote to him!

LADY WINDERMERE. [R.] Never read it!

MRS. ERLYNNE. No--he knows nothing about it.

LADY WINDERMERE. How simple you think me! [Going to her.] You are lying to me!

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Restraining herself.] I am not. I am telling you the truth.

LADY WINDERMERE. If my husband didn't read my letter, how is it that you are here? Who told you I had left the house you were shameless enough to enter? Who told you where I had gone to? My husband told you, and sent you to decoy me back. [Crosses L.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. [R.C.] Your husband has never seen the letter. I--saw it, I opened it. I--read it.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Turning to her.] You opened a letter of mine to my husband? You wouldn't dare!

MRS. ERLYNNE. Dare! Oh! to save you from the abyss into which you are falling, there is nothing in the world I would not dare, nothing in the whole world. Here is the letter. Your husband has

never read it. He never shall read it. [Going to fireplace.] It should never have been written. [Tears it and throws it into the fire.]

LADY WINDERMERE. [With infinite contempt in her voice and look.] How do I know that that was my letter after all? You seem to think the commonest device can take me in!

MRS. ERLYNNE. Oh! why do you disbelieve everything I tell you? What object do you think I have in coming here, except to save you from utter ruin, to save you from the consequence of a hideous mistake? That letter that is burnt now WAS your letter. I swear it to you!

LADY WINDERMERE. [Slowly.] You took good care to burn it before I had examined it. I cannot trust you. You, whose whole life is a lie, could you speak the truth about anything? [Sits down.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Hurriedly.] Think as you like about me--say what you choose against me, but go back, go back to the husband you love.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Sullenly.] I do NOT love him!

MRS. ERLYNNE. You do, and you know that he loves you.

LADY WINDERMERE. He does not understand what love is. He understands it as little as you do--but I see what you want. It would be a great advantage for you to get me back. Dear Heaven! what a life I would have then! Living at the mercy of a woman who has neither mercy nor pity in her, a woman whom it is an infamy to meet, a degradation to know, a vile woman, a woman who comes between husband and wife!

MRS. ERLYNNE. [With a gesture of despair.] Lady Windermere, Lady Windermere, don't say such terrible things. You don't know how terrible they are, how terrible and how unjust. Listen, you must listen! Only go back to your husband, and I promise you never to communicate with him again on any pretext--never to see him--never to have anything to do with his life or yours. The money that he gave me, he gave me not through love, but through hatred, not in worship, but in contempt. The hold I have over him -

LADY WINDERMERE. [Rising.] Ah! you admit you have a hold!

MRS. ERLYNNE. Yes, and I will tell you what it is. It is his love for you, Lady Windermere.

LADY WINDERMERE. You expect me to believe that?

MRS. ERLYNNE. You must believe it! It is true. It is his love for you that has made him submit to--oh! call it what you like, tyranny, threats, anything you choose. But it is his love for you. His desire to spare you--shame, yes, shame and disgrace.

LADY WINDERMERE. What do you mean? You are insolent! What have I to do with you?

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Humbly.] Nothing. I know it--but I tell you that your husband loves you--that you may never meet with such love again in your whole life--that such love you will never meet--and that if you throw it away, the day may come when you will starve for love and it will not be given to you, beg for love and it will be denied you--Oh! Arthur loves you!

LADY WINDERMERE. Arthur? And you tell me there is nothing between you?

MRS. ERLYNNE. Lady Windermere, before Heaven your husband is guiltless of all offence towards you! And I--I tell you that had it ever occurred to me that such a monstrous suspicion would have entered your mind, I would have died rather than have crossed your life or his--oh! died, gladly died! [Moves away to sofa R.]

LADY WINDERMERE. You talk as if you had a heart. Women like you have no hearts. Heart is not in you. You are bought and sold. [Sits L.C.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Starts, with a gesture of pain. Then restrains herself, and comes over to where LADY WINDERMERE is sitting. As she speaks, she stretches out her hands towards her, but does not dare to touch her.] Believe what you choose about me. I am not worth a moment's sorrow. But don't spoil your beautiful young life on my account! You don't know what may be in store for you, unless you leave this house at once. You don't know what it is to fall into the pit, to be despised, mocked, abandoned, sneered at--to be an outcast! to find the door shut against one, to have to creep in by hideous byways, afraid every moment lest the mask should be stripped from one's face, and all the while to hear the laughter, the horrible laughter of the world, a thing more tragic than all the tears the world has ever shed. You don't know what it is. One pays for one's sin, and then one pays again, and all one's life one pays. You must never know that.--As for me, if suffering be an expiation, then at this moment I have expiated all my faults, whatever they have been; for to-night you have made a heart in one who had it not, made it and broken it.--But let that pass. I may have wrecked my own life, but I will not let you wreck yours. You--why, you are a mere girl, you would be lost. You haven't got the kind of brains that enables a woman to get back. You have neither the wit nor the courage. You couldn't stand dishonour! No! Go back, Lady Windermere, to the husband who loves you, whom you love. You have a child, Lady Windermere. Go back to that child who even now, in pain or in joy, may be calling to you. [LADY WINDERMERE rises.] God gave you that child. He will require from you that you make his life fine, that you watch over him. What answer will you make to God if his life is ruined through you? Back to your house, Lady Windermere--your husband loves you! He has never swerved for a moment from the love he bears you. But even if he had a thousand loves, you must stay with your child. If he was harsh to you, you must stay with your child. If he ill-treated

you, you must stay with your child. If he abandoned you, your place is with your child.

[LADY WINDERMERE bursts into tears and buries her face in her hands.]

[Rushing to her.] Lady Windermere!

LADY WINDERMERE. [Holding out her hands to her, helplessly, as a child might do.] Take me home. Take me home.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Is about to embrace her. Then restrains herself. There is a look of wonderful joy in her face.] Come! Where is your cloak? [Getting it from sofa.] Here. Put it on. Come at once!

[They go to the door.]

LADY WINDERMERE. Stop! Don't you hear voices?

MRS. ERLYNNE. No, no! There was no one!

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes, there is! Listen! Oh! that is my husband's voice! He is coming in! Save me! Oh, it's some plot! You have sent for him.

[Voices outside.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. Silence! I'm here to save you, if I can. But I fear it is too late! There! [Points to the curtain across the window.] The first chance you have, slip out, if you ever get a chance!

LADY WINDERMERE. But you?

MRS. ERLYNNE. Oh! never mind me. I'll face them.

[LADY WINDERMERE hides herself behind the curtain.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Outside.] Nonsense, dear Windermere, you must not leave me!

MRS. ERLYNNE. Lord Augustus! Then it is I who am lost! [Hesitates for a moment, then looks round and sees door R., and exits through it.]

[Enter LORD DARLINGTON, MR. DUMBY, LORD WINDERMERE, LORD AUGUSTUS LORTON, and MR. CECIL GRAHAM.]

DUMBY. What a nuisance their turning us out of the club at this hour! It's only two o'clock. [Sinks into a chair.] The lively part of the evening is only just beginning. [Yawns and closes his eyes.]

LORD WINDERMERE. It is very good of you, Lord Darlington, allowing

Augustus to force our company on you, but I'm afraid I can't stay long.

LORD DARLINGTON. Really! I am so sorry! You'll take a cigar, won't you?

LORD WINDERMERE. Thanks! [Sits down.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. [To LORD WINDERMERE.] My dear boy, you must not dream of going. I have a great deal to talk to you about, of demmed importance, too. [Sits down with him at L. table.]

CECIL GRAHAM. Oh! We all know what that is! Tuppy can't talk about anything but Mrs. Erlynne.

LORD WINDERMERE. Well, that is no business of yours, is it, Cecil?

CECIL GRAHAM. None! That is why it interests me. My own business always bores me to death. I prefer other people's.

LORD DARLINGTON. Have something to drink, you fellows. Cecil, you'll have a whisky and soda?

CECIL GRAHAM. Thanks. [Goes to table with LORD DARLINGTON.] Mrs. Erlynne looked very handsome to-night, didn't she?

LORD DARLINGTON. I am not one of her admirers.

CECIL GRAHAM. I usen't to be, but I am now. Why! she actually made me introduce her to poor dear Aunt Caroline. I believe she is going to lunch there.

LORD DARLINGTON. [In Purple.] No?

CECIL GRAHAM. She is, really.

LORD DARLINGTON. Excuse me, you fellows. I'm going away to-morrow. And I have to write a few letters. [Goes to writing table and sits down.]

DUMBY. Clever woman, Mrs. Erlynne.

CECIL GRAHAM. Hallo, Dumby! I thought you were asleep.

DUMBY. I am, I usually am!

LORD AUGUSTUS. A very clever woman. Knows perfectly well what a demmed fool I am--knows it as well as I do myself.

[CECIL GRAHAM comes towards him laughing.]

Ah, you may laugh, my boy, but it is a great thing to come across a woman who thoroughly understands one.

DUMBY. It is an awfully dangerous thing. They always end by

marrying one.

CECIL GRAHAM. But I thought, Tuppy, you were never going to see her again! Yes! you told me so yesterday evening at the club. You said you'd heard -

[Whispering to him.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. Oh, she's explained that.

CECIL GRAHAM. And the Wiesbaden affair?

LORD AUGUSTUS. She's explained that too.

DUMBY. And her income, Tuppy? Has she explained that?

LORD AUGUSTUS. [In a very serious voice.] She's going to explain that to-morrow.

[CECIL GRAHAM goes back to C. table.]

DUMBY. Awfully commercial, women nowadays. Our grandmothers threw their caps over the mills, of course, but, by Jove, their granddaughters only throw their caps over mills that can raise the wind for them.

LORD AUGUSTUS. You want to make her out a wicked woman. She is not!

CECIL GRAHAM. Oh! Wicked women bother one. Good women bore one. That is the only difference between them.

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Puffing a cigar.] Mrs. Erlynne has a future before her.

DUMBY. Mrs. Erlynne has a past before her.

LORD AUGUSTUS. I prefer women with a past. They're always so demmed amusing to talk to.

CECIL GRAHAM. Well, you'll have lots of topics of conversation with HER, Tuppy. [Rising and going to him.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. You're getting annoying, dear-boy; you're getting demmed annoying.

CECIL GRAHAM. [Puts his hands on his shoulders.] Now, Tuppy, you've lost your figure and you've lost your character. Don't lose your temper; you have only got one.

LORD AUGUSTUS. My dear boy, if I wasn't the most good-natured man in London -

CECIL GRAHAM. We'd treat you with more respect, wouldn't we, Tuppy? [Strolls away.]

DUMBY. The youth of the present day are quite monstrous. They have absolutely no respect for dyed hair. [LORD AUGUSTUS looks round angrily.]

CECIL GRAHAM. Mrs. Erlynne has a very great respect for dear Tuppy.

DUMBY. Then Mrs. Erlynne sets an admirable example to the rest of her sex. It is perfectly brutal the way most women nowadays behave to men who are not their husbands.

LORD WINDERMERE. Dumby, you are ridiculous, and Cecil, you let your tongue run away with you. You must leave Mrs. Erlynne alone. You don't really know anything about her, and you're always talking scandal against her.

CECIL GRAHAM. [Coming towards him L.C.] My dear Arthur, I never talk scandal. _I_ only talk gossip.

LORD WINDERMERE. What is the difference between scandal and gossip?

CECIL GRAHAM. Oh! gossip is charming! History is merely gossip. But scandal is gossip made tedious by morality. Now, I never moralise. A man who moralises is usually a hypocrite, and a woman who moralises is invariably plain. There is nothing in the whole world so unbecoming to a woman as a Nonconformist conscience. And most women know it, I'm glad to say.

LORD AUGUSTUS. Just my sentiments, dear boy, just my sentiments.

CECIL GRAHAM. Sorry to hear it, Tuppy; whenever people agree with me, I always feel I must be wrong.

LORD AUGUSTUS. My dear boy, when I was your age -

CECIL GRAHAM. But you never were, Tuppy, and you never will be. [Goes up C.] I say, Darlington, let us have some cards. You'll play, Arthur, won't you?

LORD WINDERMERE. No, thanks, Cecil.

DUMBY. [With a sigh.] Good heavens! how marriage ruins a man! It's as demoralising as cigarettes, and far more expensive.

CECIL GRAHAM. You'll play, of course, Tuppy?

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Pouring himself out a brandy and soda at table.] Can't, dear boy. Promised Mrs. Erlynne never to play or drink again.

CECIL GRAHAM. Now, my dear Tuppy, don't be led astray into the paths of virtue. Reformed, you would be perfectly tedious. That is the worst of women. They always want one to be good. And if we

are good, when they meet us, they don't love us at all. They like to find us quite irretrievably bad, and to leave us quite unattractively good.

LORD DARLINGTON. [Rising from R. table, where he has been writing letters.] They always do find us bad!

DUMBY. I don't think we are bad. I think we are all good, except Tuppy.

LORD DARLINGTON. No, we are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars. [Sits down at C. table.]

DUMBY. We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars? Upon my word, you are very romantic to-night, Darlington.

CECIL GRAHAM. Too romantic! You must be in love. Who is the girl?

LORD DARLINGTON. The woman I love is not free, or thinks she isn't. [Glances instinctively at LORD WINDERMERE while he speaks.]

CECIL GRAHAM. A married woman, then! Well, there's nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman. It's a thing no married man knows anything about.

LORD DARLINGTON. Oh! she doesn't love me. She is a good woman. She is the only good woman I have ever met in my life.

CECIL GRAHAM. The only good woman you have ever met in your life?

LORD DARLINGTON. Yes!

CECIL GRAHAM. [Lighting a cigarette.] Well, you are a lucky fellow! Why, I have met hundreds of good women. I never seem to meet any but good women. The world is perfectly packed with good women. To know them is a middle-class education.

LORD DARLINGTON. This woman has purity and innocence. She has everything we men have lost.

CECIL GRAHAM. My dear fellow, what on earth should we men do going about with purity and innocence? A carefully thought-out buttonhole is much more effective.

DUMBY. She doesn't really love you then?

LORD DARLINGTON. No, she does not!

DUMBY. I congratulate you, my dear fellow. In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is much the worst; the last is a real tragedy! But I am interested to hear she does not love you. How long could you love a woman who didn't love you, Cecil?

CECIL GRAHAM. A woman who didn't love me? Oh, all my life!

DUMBY. So could I. But it's so difficult to meet one.

LORD DARLINGTON. How can you be so conceited, DUMBY?

DUMBY. I didn't say it as a matter of conceit. I said it as a matter of regret. I have been wildly, madly adored. I am sorry I have. It has been an immense nuisance. I should like to be allowed a little time to myself now and then.

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Looking round.] Time to educate yourself, I suppose.

DUMBY. No, time to forget all I have learned. That is much more important, dear Tuppy. [LORD AUGUSTUS moves uneasily in his chair.]

LORD DARLINGTON. What cynics you fellows are!

CECIL GRAHAM. What is a cynic? [Sitting on the back of the sofa.]

LORD DARLINGTON. A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

CECIL GRAHAM. And a sentimentalist, my dear Darlington, is a man who sees an absurd value in everything, and doesn't know the market price of any single thing.

LORD DARLINGTON. You always amuse me, Cecil. You talk as if you were a man of experience.

CECIL GRAHAM. I am. [Moves up to front off fireplace.]

LORD DARLINGTON. You are far too young!

CECIL GRAHAM. That is a great error. Experience is a question of instinct about life. I have got it. Tuppy hasn't. Experience is the name Tuppy gives to his mistakes. That is all. [LORD AUGUSTUS looks round indignantly.]

DUMBY. Experience is the name every one gives to their mistakes.

CECIL GRAHAM. [Standing with his back to the fireplace.] One shouldn't commit any. [Sees LADY WINDERMERE'S fan on sofa.]

DUMBY. Life would be very dull without them.

CECIL GRAHAM. Of course you are quite faithful to this woman you are in love with, Darlington, to this good woman?

LORD DARLINGTON. Cecil, if on really loves a woman, all other women in the world become absolutely meaningless to one. Love changes one--_I_ am changed.

CECIL GRAHAM. Dear me! How very interesting! Tuppy, I want to talk to you. [LORD AUGUSTUS takes no notice.]

DUMBY. It's no use talking to Tuppy. You might just as well talk to a brick wall.

CECIL GRAHAM. But I like talking to a brick wall--it's the only thing in the world that never contradicts me! Tuppy!

LORD AUGUSTUS. Well, what is it? What is it? [Rising and going over to CECIL GRAHAM.]

CECIL GRAHAM. Come over here. I want you particularly. [Aside.] Darlington has been moralising and talking about the purity of love, and that sort of thing, and he has got some woman in his rooms all the time.

LORD AUGUSTUS. No, really! really!

CECIL GRAHAM. [In a low voice.] Yes, here is her fan. [Points to the fan.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Chuckling.] By Jove! By Jove!

LORD WINDERMERE. [Up by door.] I am really off now, Lord Darlington. I am sorry you are leaving England so soon. Pray call on us when you come back! My wife and I will be charmed to see you!

LORD DARLINGTON. [Up sage with LORD WINDERMERE.] I am afraid I shall be away for many years. Good-night!

CECIL GRAHAM. Arthur!

LORD WINDERMERE. What?

CECIL GRAHAM. I want to speak to you for a moment. No, do come!

LORD WINDERMERE. [Putting on his coat.] I can't--I'm off!

CECIL GRAHAM. It is something very particular. It will interest you enormously.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Smiling.] It is some of your nonsense, Cecil.

CECIL GRAHAM. It isn't! It isn't really.

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Going to him.] My dear fellow, you mustn't go yet. I have a lot to talk to you about. And Cecil has something to show you.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Walking over.] Well, what is it?

CECIL GRAHAM. Darlington has got a woman here in his rooms. Here is her fan. Amusing, isn't it? [A pause.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Good God! [Seizes the fan--DUMBY rises.]

CECIL GRAHAM. What is the matter?

LORD WINDERMERE. Lord Darlington!

LORD DARLINGTON. [Turning round.] Yes!

LORD WINDERMERE. What is my wife's fan doing here in your rooms?
Hands off, Cecil. Don't touch me.

LORD DARLINGTON. Your wife's fan?

LORD WINDERMERE. Yes, here it is!

LORD DARLINGTON. [Walking towards him.] I don't know!

LORD WINDERMERE. You must know. I demand an explanation. Don't
hold me, you fool. [To CECIL GRAHAM.]

LORD DARLINGTON. [Aside.] She is here after all!

LORD WINDERMERE. Speak, sir! Why is my wife's fan here? Answer
me! By God! I'll search your rooms, and if my wife's here, I'll--
[Moves.]

LORD DARLINGTON. You shall not search my rooms. You have no right
to do so. I forbid you!

LORD WINDERMERE. You scoundrel! I'll not leave your room till I
have searched every corner of it! What moves behind that curtain?
[Rushes towards the curtain C.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Enters behind R.] Lord Windermere!

LORD WINDERMERE. Mrs. Erlynne!

[Every one starts and turns round. LADY WINDERMERE slips out from
behind the curtain and glides from the room L.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. I am afraid I took your wife's fan in mistake for my
own, when I was leaving your house to-night. I am so sorry.
[Takes fan from him. LORD WINDERMERE looks at her in contempt.
LORD DARLINGTON in mingled astonishment and anger. LORD AUGUSTUS
turns away. The other men smile at each other.]

ACT DROP.

FOURTH ACT

SCENE--Same as in Act I.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Lying on sofa.] How can I tell him? I can't tell him. It would kill me. I wonder what happened after I escaped from that horrible room. Perhaps she told them the true reason of her being there, and the real meaning of that--fatal fan of mine. Oh, if he knows--how can I look him in the face again? He would never forgive me. [Touches bell.] How securely one thinks one lives--out of reach of temptation, sin, folly. And then suddenly--Oh! Life is terrible. It rules us, we do not rule it.

[Enter ROSALIE R.]

ROSALIE. Did your ladyship ring for me?

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes. Have you found out at what time Lord Windermere came in last night?

ROSALIE. His lordship did not come in till five o'clock.

LADY WINDERMERE. Five o'clock? He knocked at my door this morning, didn't he?

ROSALIE. Yes, my lady--at half-past nine. I told him your ladyship was not awake yet.

LADY WINDERMERE. Did he say anything?

ROSALIE. Something about your ladyship's fan. I didn't quite catch what his lordship said. Has the fan been lost, my lady? I can't find it, and Parker says it was not left in any of the rooms. He has looked in all of them and on the terrace as well.

LADY WINDERMERE. It doesn't matter. Tell Parker not to trouble. That will do.

[Exit ROSALIE.]

LADY WINDERMERE. [Rising.] She is sure to tell him. I can fancy a person doing a wonderful act of self-sacrifice, doing it spontaneously, recklessly, nobly--and afterwards finding out that it costs too much. Why should she hesitate between her ruin and mine? . . . How strange! I would have publicly disgraced her in my own house. She accepts public disgrace in the house of another to save me. . . . There is a bitter irony in things, a bitter irony in the way we talk of good and bad women. . . . Oh, what a lesson! and what a pity that in life we only get our lessons when they are of no use to us! For even if she doesn't tell, I must. Oh! the shame of it, the shame of it. To tell it is to live through it all again. Actions are the first tragedy in life, words are the second. Words are perhaps the worst. Words are merciless. . . Oh! [Starts as LORD WINDERMERE enters.]

LORD WINDERMERE. [Kisses her.] Margaret--how pale you look!

LADY WINDERMERE. I slept very badly.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Sitting on sofa with her.] I am so sorry. I came in dreadfully late, and didn't like to wake you. You are crying, dear.

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes, I am crying, for I have something to tell you, Arthur.

LORD WINDERMERE. My dear child, you are not well. You've been doing too much. Let us go away to the country. You'll be all right at Selby. The season is almost over. There is no use staying on. Poor darling! We'll go away to-day, if you like. [Rises.] We can easily catch the 3.40. I'll send a wire to Fannen. [Crosses and sits down at table to write a telegram.]

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes; let us go away to-day. No; I can't go to-day, Arthur. There is some one I must see before I leave town--some one who has been kind to me.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Rising and leaning over sofa.] Kind to you?

LADY WINDERMERE. Far more than that. [Rises and goes to him.] I will tell you, Arthur, but only love me, love me as you used to love me.

LORD WINDERMERE. Used to? You are not thinking of that wretched woman who came here last night? [Coming round and sitting R. of her.] You don't still imagine--no, you couldn't.

LADY WINDERMERE. I don't. I know now I was wrong and foolish.

LORD WINDERMERE. It was very good of you to receive her last night--but you are never to see her again.

LADY WINDERMERE. Why do you say that? [A pause.]

LORD WINDERMERE. [Holding her hand.] Margaret, I thought Mrs. Erlynne was a woman more sinned against than sinning, as the phrase goes. I thought she wanted to be good, to get back into a place that she had lost by a moment's folly, to lead again a decent life. I believed what she told me--I was mistaken in her. She is bad--as bad as a woman can be.

LADY WINDERMERE. Arthur, Arthur, don't talk so bitterly about any woman. I don't think now that people can be divided into the good and the bad as though they were two separate races or creations. What are called good women may have terrible things in them, mad moods of recklessness, assertion, jealousy, sin. Bad women, as they are termed, may have in them sorrow, repentance, pity, sacrifice. And I don't think Mrs. Erlynne a bad woman--I know she's not.

LORD WINDERMERE. My dear child, the woman's impossible. No matter what harm she tries to do us, you must never see her again. She is

inadmissible anywhere.

LADY WINDERMERE. But I want to see her. I want her to come here.

LORD WINDERMERE. Never!

LADY WINDERMERE. She came here once as YOUR guest. She must come now as MINE. That is but fair.

LORD WINDERMERE. She should never have come here.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Rising.] It is too late, Arthur, to say that now. [Moves away.]

LORD WINDERMERE. [Rising.] Margaret, if you knew where Mrs. Erlynne went last night, after she left this house, you would not sit in the same room with her. It was absolutely shameless, the whole thing.

LADY WINDERMERE. Arthur, I can't bear it any longer. I must tell you. Last night -

[Enter PARKER with a tray on which lie LADY WINDERMERE'S fan and a card.]

PARKER. Mrs. Erlynne has called to return your ladyship's fan which she took away by mistake last night. Mrs. Erlynne has written a message on the card.

LADY WINDERMERE. Oh, ask Mrs. Erlynne to be kind enough to come up. [Reads card.] Say I shall be very glad to see her. [Exit PARKER.] She wants to see me, Arthur.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Takes card and looks at it.] Margaret, I BEG you not to. Let me see her first, at any rate. She's a very dangerous woman. She is the most dangerous woman I know. You don't realise what you're doing.

LADY WINDERMERE. It is right that I should see her.

LORD WINDERMERE. My child, you may be on the brink of a great sorrow. Don't go to meet it. It is absolutely necessary that I should see her before you do.

LADY WINDERMERE. Why should it be necessary?

[Enter PARKER.]

PARKER. Mrs. Erlynne.

[Enter MRS. ERLYNNE.]

[Exit PARKER.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. How do you do, Lady Windermere? [To LORD

WINDERMERE.] How do you do? Do you know, Lady Windermere, I am so sorry about your fan. I can't imagine how I made such a silly mistake. Most stupid of me. And as I was driving in your direction, I thought I would take the opportunity of returning your property in person with many apologies for my carelessness, and of bidding you good-bye.

LADY WINDERMERE. Good-bye? [Moves towards sofa with MRS. ERLYNNE and sits down beside her.] Are you going away, then, Mrs. Erlynne?

MRS. ERLYNNE. Yes; I am going to live abroad again. The English climate doesn't suit me. My--heart is affected here, and that I don't like. I prefer living in the south. London is too full of fogs and--and serious people, Lord Windermere. Whether the fogs produce the serious people or whether the serious people produce the fogs, I don't know, but the whole thing rather gets on my nerves, and so I'm leaving this afternoon by the Club Train.

LADY WINDERMERE. This afternoon? But I wanted so much to come and see you.

MRS. ERLYNNE. How kind of you! But I am afraid I have to go.

LADY WINDERMERE. Shall I never see you again, Mrs. Erlynne?

MRS. ERLYNNE. I am afraid not. Our lives lie too far apart. But there is a little thing I would like you to do for me. I want a photograph of you, Lady Windermere--would you give me one? You don't know how gratified I should be.

LADY WINDERMERE. Oh, with pleasure. There is one on that table. I'll show it to you. [Goes across to the table.]

LORD WINDERMERE. [Coming up to MRS. ERLYNNE and speaking in a low voice.] It is monstrous your intruding yourself here after your conduct last night.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [With an amused smile.] My dear Windermere, manners before morals!

LADY WINDERMERE. [Returning.] I'm afraid it is very flattering--I am not so pretty as that. [Showing photograph.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. You are much prettier. But haven't you got one of yourself with your little boy?

LADY WINDERMERE. I have. Would you prefer one of those?

MRS. ERLYNNE. Yes.

LADY WINDERMERE. I'll go and get it for you, if you'll excuse me for a moment. I have one upstairs.

MRS. ERLYNNE. So sorry, Lady Windermere, to give you so much trouble.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Moves to door R.] No trouble at all, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Thanks so much.

[Exit LADY WINDERMERE R.] You seem rather out of temper this morning, Windermere. Why should you be? Margaret and I get on charmingly together.

LORD WINDERMERE. I can't bear to see you with her. Besides, you have not told me the truth, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. ERLYNNE. I have not told HER the truth, you mean.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Standing C.] I sometimes wish you had. I should have been spared then the misery, the anxiety, the annoyance of the last six months. But rather than my wife should know--that the mother whom she was taught to consider as dead, the mother whom she has mourned as dead, is living--a divorced woman, going about under an assumed name, a bad woman preying upon life, as I know you now to be--rather than that, I was ready to supply you with money to pay bill after bill, extravagance after extravagance, to risk what occurred yesterday, the first quarrel I have ever had with my wife. You don't understand what that means to me. How could you? But I tell you that the only bitter words that ever came from those sweet lips of hers were on your account, and I hate to see you next her. You sully the innocence that is in her. [Moves L.C.] And then I used to think that with all your faults you were frank and honest. You are not.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Why do you say that?

LORD WINDERMERE. You made me get you an invitation to my wife's ball.

MRS. ERLYNNE. For my daughter's ball--yes.

LORD WINDERMERE. You came, and within an hour of your leaving the house you are found in a man's rooms--you are disgraced before every one. [Goes up stage C.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. Yes.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Turning round on her.] Therefore I have a right to look upon you as what you are--a worthless, vicious woman. I have the right to tell you never to enter this house, never to attempt to come near my wife -

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Coldly.] My daughter, you mean.

LORD WINDERMERE. You have no right to claim her as your daughter. You left her, abandoned her when she was but a child in the cradle, abandoned her for your lover, who abandoned you in turn.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Rising.] Do you count that to his credit, Lord Windermere--or to mine?

LORD WINDERMERE. To his, now that I know you.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Take care--you had better be careful.

LORD WINDERMERE. Oh, I am not going to mince words for you. I know you thoroughly.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Looks steadily at him.] I question that.

LORD WINDERMERE. I DO know you. For twenty years of your life you lived without your child, without a thought of your child. One day you read in the papers that she had married a rich man. You saw your hideous chance. You knew that to spare her the ignominy of learning that a woman like you was her mother, I would endure anything. You began your blackmailing,

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Shrugging her shoulders.] Don't use ugly words, Windermere. They are vulgar. I saw my chance, it is true, and took it.

LORD WINDERMERE. Yes, you took it--and spoiled it all last night by being found out.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [With a strange smile.] You are quite right, I spoiled it all last night.

LORD WINDERMERE. And as for your blunder in taking my wife's fan from here and then leaving it about in Darlington's rooms, it is unpardonable. I can't bear the sight of it now. I shall never let my wife use it again. The thing is soiled for me. You should have kept it and not brought it back.

MRS. ERLYNNE. I think I shall keep it. [Goes up.] It's extremely pretty. [Takes up fan.] I shall ask Margaret to give it to me.

LORD WINDERMERE. I hope my wife will give it you.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Oh, I'm sure she will have no objection.

LORD WINDERMERE. I wish that at the same time she would give you a miniature she kisses every night before she prays--It's the miniature of a young innocent-looking girl with beautiful DARK hair.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Ah, yes, I remember. How long ago that seems! [Goes to sofa and sits down.] It was done before I was married. Dark hair and an innocent expression were the fashion then, Windermere! [A pause.]

LORD WINDERMERE. What do you mean by coming here this morning? What is your object? [Crossing L.C. and sitting.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. [With a note of irony in her voice.] To bid good-bye to my dear daughter, of course. [LORD WINDERMERE bites his under lip in anger. MRS. ERLYNNE looks at him, and her voice and manner become serious. In her accents as she talks there is a note of deep tragedy. For a moment she reveals herself.] Oh, don't imagine I am going to have a pathetic scene with her, weep on her neck and tell her who I am, and all that kind of thing. I have no ambition to play the part of a mother. Only once in my life like I known a mother's feelings. That was last night. They were terrible--they made me suffer--they made me suffer too much. For twenty years, as you say, I have lived childless,--I want to live childless still. [Hiding her feelings with a trivial laugh.] Besides, my dear Windermere, how on earth could I pose as a mother with a grown-up daughter? Margaret is twenty-one, and I have never admitted that I am more than twenty-nine, or thirty at the most. Twenty-nine when there are pink shades, thirty when there are not. So you see what difficulties it would involve. No, as far as I am concerned, let your wife cherish the memory of this dead, stainless mother. Why should I interfere with her illusions? I find it hard enough to keep my own. I lost one illusion last night. I thought I had no heart. I find I have, and a heart doesn't suit me, Windermere. Somehow it doesn't go with modern dress. It makes one look old. [Takes up hand-mirror from table and looks into it.] And it spoils one's career at critical moments.

LORD WINDERMERE. You fill me with horror--with absolute horror.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Rising.] I suppose, Windermere, you would like me to retire into a convent, or become a hospital nurse, or something of that kind, as people do in silly modern novels. That is stupid of you, Arthur; in real life we don't do such things--not as long as we have any good looks left, at any rate. No--what consoles one nowadays is not repentance, but pleasure. Repentance is quite out of date. And besides, if a woman really repents, she has to go to a bad dressmaker, otherwise no one believes in her. And nothing in the world would induce me to do that. No; I am going to pass entirely out of your two lives. My coming into them has been a mistake--I discovered that last night.

LORD WINDERMERE. A fatal mistake.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Smiling.] Almost fatal.

LORD WINDERMERE. I am sorry now I did not tell my wife the whole thing at once.

MRS. ERLYNNE. I regret my bad actions. You regret your good ones--that is the difference between us.

LORD WINDERMERE. I don't trust you. I WILL tell my wife. It's better for her to know, and from me. It will cause her infinite pain--it will humiliate her terribly, but it's right that she should know.

MRS. ERLYNNE. You propose to tell her?

LORD WINDERMERE. I am going to tell her.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Going up to him.] If you do, I will make my name so infamous that it will mar every moment of her life. It will ruin her, and make her wretched. If you dare to tell her, there is no depth of degradation I will not sink to, no pit of shame I will not enter. You shall not tell her--I forbid you.

LORD WINDERMERE. Why?

MRS. ERLYNNE. [After a pause.] If I said to you that I cared for her, perhaps loved her even--you would sneer at me, wouldn't you?

LORD WINDERMERE. I should feel it was not true. A mother's love means devotion, unselfishness, sacrifice. What could you know of such things?

MRS. ERLYNNE. You are right. What could I know of such things? Don't let us talk any more about it--as for telling my daughter who I am, that I do not allow. It is my secret, it is not yours. If I make up my mind to tell her, and I think I will, I shall tell her before I leave the house--if not, I shall never tell her.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Angrily.] Then let me beg of you to leave our house at once. I will make your excuses to Margaret.

[Enter LADY WINDERMERE R. She goes over to MRS. ERLYNNE with the photograph in her hand. LORD WINDERMERE moves to back of sofa, and anxiously watches MRS. ERLYNNE as the scene progresses.]

LADY WINDERMERE. I am so sorry, Mrs. Erlynne, to have kept you waiting. I couldn't find the photograph anywhere. At last I discovered it in my husband's dressing-room--he had stolen it.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Takes the photograph from her and looks at it.] I am not surprised--it is charming. [Goes over to sofa with LADY WINDERMERE, and sits down beside her. Looks again at the photograph.] And so that is your little boy! What is he called?

LADY WINDERMERE. Gerard, after my dear father.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Laying the photograph down.] Really?

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes. If it had been a girl, I would have called it after my mother. My mother had the same name as myself, Margaret.

MRS. ERLYNNE. My name is Margaret too.

LADY WINDERMERE. Indeed!

MRS. ERLYNNE. Yes. [Pause.] You are devoted to your mother's memory, Lady Windermere, your husband tells me.

LADY WINDERMERE. We all have ideals in life. At least we all should have. Mine is my mother.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Ideals are dangerous things. Realities are better. They wound, but they're better.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Shaking her head.] If I lost my ideals, I should lose everything.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Everything?

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes. [Pause.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. Did your father often speak to you of your mother?

LADY WINDERMERE. No, it gave him too much pain. He told me how my mother had died a few months after I was born. His eyes filled with tears as he spoke. Then he begged me never to mention her name to him again. It made him suffer even to hear it. My father--my father really died of a broken heart. His was the most ruined life know,

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Rising.] I am afraid I must go now, Lady Windermere.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Rising.] Oh no, don't.

MRS. ERLYNNE. I think I had better. My carriage must have come back by this time. I sent it to Lady Jedburgh's with a note.

LADY WINDERMERE. Arthur, would you mind seeing if Mrs. Erlynne's carriage has come back?

MRS. ERLYNNE. Pray don't trouble, Lord Windermere.

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes, Arthur, do go, please.

[LORD WINDERMERE hesitated for a moment and looks at MRS. ERLYNNE. She remains quite impassive. He leaves the room.]

[To MRS. ERLYNNE.] Oh! What am I to say to you? You saved me last night? [Goes towards her.]

MRS. ERLYNNE. Hush--don't speak of it.

LADY WINDERMERE. I must speak of it. I can't let you think that I am going to accept this sacrifice. I am not. It is too great. I am going to tell my husband everything. It is my duty.

MRS. ERLYNNE. It is not your duty--at least you have duties to others besides him. You say you owe me something?

LADY WINDERMERE. I owe you everything.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Then pay your debt by silence. That is the only way

in which it can be paid. Don't spoil the one good thing I have done in my life by telling it to any one. Promise me that what passed last night will remain a secret between us. You must not bring misery into your husband's life. Why spoil his love? You must not spoil it. Love is easily killed. Oh! how easily love is killed. Pledge me your word, Lady Windermere, that you will never tell him. I insist upon it.

LADY WINDERMERE. [With bowed head.] It is your will, not mine.

MRS. ERLYNNE. Yes, it is my will. And never forget your child--I like to think of you as a mother. I like you to think of yourself as one.

LADY WINDERMERE. [Looking up.] I always will now. Only once in my life I have forgotten my own mother--that was last night. Oh, if I had remembered her I should not have been so foolish, so wicked.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [With a slight shudder.] Hush, last night is quite over.

[Enter LORD WINDERMERE.]

LORD WINDERMERE. Your carriage has not come back yet, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. ERLYNNE. It makes no matter. I'll take a hansom. There is nothing in the world so respectable as a good Shrewsbury and Talbot. And now, dear Lady Windermere, I am afraid it is really good-bye. [Moves up C.] Oh, I remember. You'll think me absurd, but do you know I've taken a great fancy to this fan that I was silly enough to run away with last night from your ball. Now, I wonder would you give it to me? Lord Windermere says you may. I know it is his present.

LADY WINDERMERE. Oh, certainly, if it will give you any pleasure. But it has my name on it. It has 'Margaret' on it.

MRS. ERLYNNE. But we have the same Christian name.

LADY WINDERMERE. Oh, I forgot. Of course, do have it. What a wonderful chance our names being the same!

MRS. ERLYNNE. Quite wonderful. Thanks--it will always remind me of you. [Shakes hands with her.]

[Enter PARKER.]

PARKER. Lord Augustus Lorton. Mrs. Erlynne's carriage has come.

[Enter LORD AUGUSTUS.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. Good morning, dear boy. Good morning, Lady Windermere. [Sees MRS. ERLYNNE.] Mrs. Erlynne!

MRS. ERLYNNE. How do you do, Lord Augustus? Are you quite well this morning?

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Coldly.] Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. ERLYNNE. You don't look at all well, Lord Augustus. You stop up too late--it is so bad for you. You really should take more care of yourself. Good-bye, Lord Windermere. [Goes towards door with a bow to LORD AUGUSTUS. Suddenly smiles and looks back at him.] Lord Augustus! Won't you see me to my carriage? You might carry the fan.

LORD WINDERMERE. Allow me!

MRS. ERLYNNE. No; I want Lord Augustus. I have a special message for the dear Duchess. Won't you carry the fan, Lord Augustus?

LORD AUGUSTUS. If you really desire it, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. ERLYNNE. [Laughing.] Of course I do. You'll carry it so gracefully. You would carry off anything gracefully, dear Lord Augustus.

[When she reaches the door she looks back for a moment at LADY WINDERMERE. Their eyes meet. Then she turns, and exit C. followed by LORD AUGUSTUS.]

LADY WINDERMERE. You will never speak against Mrs. Erlynne again, Arthur, will you?

LORD WINDERMERE. [Gravely.] She is better than one thought her.

LADY WINDERMERE. She is better than I am.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Smiling as he strokes her hair.] Child, you and she belong to different worlds. Into your world evil has never entered.

LADY WINDERMERE. Don't say that, Arthur. There is the same world for all of us, and good and evil, sin and innocence, go through it hand in hand. To shut one's eyes to half of life that one may live securely is as though one blinded oneself that one might walk with more safety in a land of pit and precipice.

LORD WINDERMERE. [Moves down with her.] Darling, why do you say that?

LADY WINDERMERE. [Sits on sofa.] Because I, who had shut my eyes to life, came to the brink. And one who had separated us -

LORD WINDERMERE. We were never separated.

LADY WINDERMERE. We never must be again. O Arthur, don't love me less, and I will trust you more. I will trust you absolutely. Let

us go to Selby. In the Rose Garden at Selby the roses are white and red.

[Enter LORD AUGUSTUS C.]

LORD AUGUSTUS. Arthur, she has explained everything!

[LADY WINDERMERE looks horribly frightened at this. LORD WINDERMERE starts. LORD AUGUSTUS takes WINDERMERE by the arm and brings him to front of stage. He talks rapidly and in a low voice. LADY WINDERMERE stands watching them in terror.] My dear fellow, she has explained every demmed thing. We all wronged her immensely. It was entirely for my sake she went to Darlington's rooms. Called first at the Club--fact is, wanted to put me out of suspense--and being told I had gone on--followed--naturally frightened when she heard a lot of us coming in--retired to another room--I assure you, most gratifying to me, the whole thing. We all behaved brutally to her. She is just the woman for me. Suits me down to the ground. All the conditions she makes are that we live entirely out of England. A very good thing too. Demmed clubs, demmed climate, demmed cooks, demmed everything. Sick of it all!

LADY WINDERMERE. [Frightened.] Has Mrs. Erlynne--?

LORD AUGUSTUS. [Advancing towards her with a low bow.] Yes, Lady Windermere-- Mrs. Erlynne has done me the honour of accepting my hand.

LORD WINDERMERE. Well, you are certainly marrying a very clever woman!

LADY WINDERMERE. [Taking her husband's hand.] Ah, you're marrying a very good woman!

CURTAIN

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